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FROM
LADY WASHINGTON

TO
MRS. CLEVELAND

BY
LYDIA L. GORDON



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FROM LADY WASHINGTON TO MRS. CLEVELAND.

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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
LADY WASHINGTON ^X	I
MRS. JOHN ADAMS	37
MRS. JEFFERSON	61
MRS. MADISON	87
MRS. MONROE	103
MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS	117
MRS. JACKSON	135
MRS. VAN BUREN	168
MRS. HARRISON	185
MRS. LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER—MRS. JULIA GARDINER TYLER	202
MRS. POLK	217
MRS. TAYLOR	238
MRS. FILLMORE	264
MRS. PIERCE	278
MISS LANE	293
MRS. LINCOLN ^X	314
MRS. JOHNSON	344
MRS. GRANT	357
MRS. HAYES	389
MRS. GARFIELD	408
MRS. ARTHUR	420
MRS. CLEVELAND	431



FROM

LADY WASHINGTON

TO

MRS. CLEVELAND.

LADY WASHINGTON.

ONE hundred and fifty-six years ago, in the month of May, was born a girl, to whom the god-parents gave the name of Martha. Her father, of Welsh descent, was a Virginia planter of the olden style, by the name of Dandridge. In a home of ease, wealth, and refinement, the girl grew and blossomed into womanhood.

In those days there were no United States, only colonies, which belonged to England, and the governors of each held vice-regal courts. Dinwiddie bore sway in Williamsburg, and to make court life attractive and gay, gathered about him all the youth and beauty of the colony.

Miss Dandridge, just turned sixteen, became a belle in her first season, and when it was over she was the pledged wife of Colonel Custis, a man of distinction and great wealth. Marriage soon followed. Three children came in quick succession. The first-

born drooped and died. Grief told upon the frail, consumptive husband, and in a few short weeks he too sickened and died. He gave a large portion of his great wealth to his young wife and made her guardian of the two remaining children.

The wife and mother thought love, hope, and happiness were buried with her dead. Yet time, youth, natural gayety, and sound common sense did their work, and a couple of years later we hear of the young widow of Colonel Custis, visiting about the county seats and entertaining in her own home. She was the guest of Mr. Chamberlayne when she first met Washington.

Every American is familiar with George Washington as the mischievous boy, as the wise general, as the dignified president of these United States, yet, few associate his name with that of a wooing lover — his heart always bare to Cupid's darts. In school-boy days, before he had turned fifteen, he was madly in love with a girl older than himself. His school-books were scribbled over with doggerel sonnets — love-sick rhymes — badly written and worse spelled, in which he addresses her as the "Lowland Beauty" — the only claim she has to be mentioned in history. Pardon! she was the mother of Light Horse Harry and the grandmother of Robert Edward Lee, — the great general of the Confederate army of the Rebellion.

When the people of the North were mad with

passion, — could hardly be touched by *the irons of Jefferson Davis*, — there was always a kindly feeling towards Lee, who would have foreborne, pleaded, done what he thought man might do with unclouded honor to save the Union; yet when his state cast off her allegiance, feeling that he could not draw his sword against her, against children, relatives, home, after days and nights of struggle, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he cast off his.

All through the war, there was a thrill of admiration for the man who maintained his cause so bravely against such bitter odds.

Amid the exultation at Appomattox, there were pity and respect for the Hero of the Confederacy. Following that event, he wrote a friend: "I am looking for some little, quiet house in the woods, where I can procure shelter and my daily bread."

To his honor be it spoken, he took the comparatively humble office of president of a small college, taught loyalty, and charged Southern mothers not to bring up their sons "in hostility to the government of the United States." An English nobleman, who would have been glad to have seen the American Union in ruins, so misunderstood the noble fibre of the man as to come forward and proffer a mansion and large estate on English soil, as a gift.

To-day, we can but mourn the death and revere the memory of one so great, who has passed into

history shorn of military rank, won at West Point, and military glory, won upon the field.

His grandmother probably looked upon Washington as a foolish stripling and laughed at his callow love.

Even after his luggage was on board ship, the boy had been thwarted by his mother in his project of entering the English navy, and now that the love which had been the consolation of his disappointed ambition could gain no hold upon the heart of the girl, he went on writing bad verses, thinking life had lost its zest, and that he was very unhappy.

The boy lover closes a letter to a school friend to whom he has confided his woes, by saying: "Were I to live retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows, by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion."

He left school, and went to Mount Vernon, the home of his half-brother, Laurence, with whom he was an especial favorite.

Laurence had been sent to England in early youth, and had had the advantages of a thorough education. On his return, he had married Anne Fairfax, which brought George into close intimacy with the whole Fairfax family, who ranked high in the social scale both in England and America. Their county seat, Belvoir, was in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon.

George William Fairfax had just brought from the mother country a bride, and with her came a sister who soon shook the constancy of Washington for his "Lowland Beauty." He writes to a certain "Dear Sally" of a young and agreeable lady, who helps him to pass his time pleasantly, but makes him rather uneasy, as she revives a very "troublesome passion."

Lord Fairfax, the head of the house, was a man of sixty years — made shy and eccentric, an exile from England, by an unfortunate love affair in early life.

The boy's bold riding and enthusiastic ardor for field sports attracted the recluse, whose chief delight was in fox-hunting, and he made him his chosen companion. He possessed broad tracts of land beyond the Blue Ridge, where in time he meant to locate and build a manor house.

Observing at Mount Vernon, that Washington practised surveying with care and accuracy, he proposed that he should cross the mountains, survey his land, and mark its boundaries.

One month from his sixteenth birthday, Washington assumed this responsible position. The life in the woods just suited the high spirits of the active boy and soon repaired the damages done to his heart.

To a school friend, he wrote in great glee, "I

have not slept in a bed more than three or four nights this summer. After walking all day, I have lain down at night upon a little straw or fodder, or a bearskin, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats—happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire.”

A year later he attracted the attention of government officers and was appointed public surveyor; upon the records of Culpeper county, may be read that “thereupon he took the usual oaths to His Majesty’s person and government, and took and subscribed the abjuration oath and then the oath of surveyor, according to law.”

The greater part of the year was spent beyond the Alleghanies, and the boy became a man, skilled in woodcraft, learned in the red men’s way, and the foundation of his future greatness was laid.

Laurence, his brother, the master of Mount Vernon, was in failing health; sunnier climes were ordered, and our Washington was his companion and nurse to Barbadoes. Here he had the small-pox in the natural way, and, for a time, was very ill.

The change and climate were of no benefit to Laurence, and it was suggested that he should try Bermuda. George went home to bring his wife to make the voyage with him.

Hope, however, died out of the sick man’s bosom, and such a longing for home, to die at home, came

over him, that he took the next vessel and reached there soon after his brother. Consumption paved the way, and before the summer ended, death came to end his sufferings and bear him to the unknown world.

Upon the death of his only child, George, by his will, became the master of Mount Vernon, which, added to the estate he had inherited from his father on the banks of the Rappahannock, made him, at twenty, one of the wealthiest of planters.

The French began at the North to build a chain of forts; one in the Ohio region roused the ire of the English; they denied the claims of the French, and meant to resist them.

When Governor Dinwiddie was seeking an agent to interview the commandant, and remonstrate against the building of forts, Washington, just twenty-one, offered his services to tread, in mid-winter, the trackless forest, beset with unfriendly savages. He performed his task with the skill of a veteran. Though he only brought back the ambiguous answer of the polite, wily Frenchman, his military eye had noted much that it was well for the English governor to know.

Troops were called out, a regiment formed, and the command given to Washington, with title of lieutenant-colonel. An advance was made, but as the French and Indians had taken the field with

greatly superior numbers, the attempt was a failure, and, for the time, abandoned.

Then followed more stirring times; Braddock came from England with two regiments to do more than remonstrate against fort-building south of Lake Erie. He heard the praises of the young colonel who had been at the French forts, and invited him to headquarters. Washington eagerly obeyed the summons.

There had been a distinction made between the pay and rank of a provincial officer and one who held a commission from the king. Washington, having too much self-respect to submit to insult or injustice, had resigned and retired to Mount Vernon.

To obviate the difficulty, Braddock invited him to join his military family as aide-de-camp. His military ardor being aroused to fight under one of the most skilled generals of the British army, he gladly accepted and joined the troops bound for the Monongahela.

Used only to militia troops, his eyes kindled with delight at the brilliant display of the perfectly drilled and finely equipped soldiers, under their martinet commander.

As the march went on, the young aide ventured to make a suggestion to the officer of His Grace the King. It was rejected, if not scorned.

An Englishman can march, fire, fight, if it be done

according to the military rule in which he has been drilled — none better — can even fight after he has been whipped, too obtuse to find it out ; but there is in him no versatility of talent to adapt himself to any peculiar tactics of his foe. Now he has to deal with skulking savages, but “regulars” must stand in squads, and shoot by rule. Screen themselves by trees ! Heaven forbid ! better die, and die they did. Braddock, after having five horses killed under him, was mortally wounded. Only four officers alive and unwounded of the eighty-six who had marched so gallantly forth !

Now that the battle is fought and lost, our young provincial and the despised Virginia Rangers come to the front and bear away the dying commander and lead the shattered remnant to a place of safety.

The English chaplain being wounded, Washington read the burial service over the brave officer he had so admired, and laid him in a grave in the forest.

There was one man at least in the land, who was not surprised by Braddock's defeat. Franklin had been in England and knew Englishmen. When the consequential general came, he had assisted in his equipment, and given some advice as to Indian ambuscades. The way it was taken — the general's confident smile at his ignorance of the skill of the “King's regulars” in fighting savages, told him that

the man was going to his ruin, and the fort would not be taken.

Money was raised in Philadelphia for fireworks to celebrate the victory. Franklin declined giving, on the ground that there would be no victory to celebrate.

The story of the defeat went to England, where it was told, that the provincial aide-de-camp had said that the whistling of the bullets was like music in his ears, and so earned the title of "braggadocio," years before he was known as the arch-rebel of America. George II. sneeringly remarked "that if he had heard more, he would not have thought so." In after years, Washington said if the words were his, they were spoken when he was very young.

At twenty-four he went to Boston, to confer with the military authorities on the vexed subject of rank. On his return he tarried in New York, and there he came again in contact with troublesome "young women." As in his boy days, his heart settled upon the fairest and brightest, but "faint heart ne'er won fair lady." While our modest Washington was dallying about, afraid to woo too boldly, his brother-in-arms, the bolder Morris, talked business, and the fair Mary Philipse, mistress of broad acres on the Hudson, was won.

Active service again healed the wounds of love. For the fourth time Washington was ordered to

Fort Du Quesne, to lead Virginia troops to do what the skilled Braddock had failed to do.

This time the lion of England devoured the lilies of France, and the red-cross banner of St. George waved on the banks of the Monongahela.

Washington was now famous, his name familiar in all the colonies. Again, one of those "young women" crossed his path. He was making one of his military trips on horseback and was ferried over the Pamunkey to the estate of Mr. Chamberlayne. The hospitable owner met him and urged a visit to the house. Washington, without that strict regard to truth which has so immortalized him, declined, on the ground that his military business with the governor was too urgent for delay. His would-be host must have known something of his fondness for women, for he descanted upon the guests gathered at the house, among whom was a widow, young, rich, and charming. Washington, never proof against such inducements, accepted for dinner, with the proviso that he should leave as soon as it was over, and ride through the night, that he may keep his promise of meeting the governor at dawn.

The young woman did her work upon his heart, and "love ruled the hour." This time he struck a responsive chord. At the appointed time, the faithful servant brought round his horse, was met by the smiling host, and ordered to stable him for the

night. Had the Heavens fallen?—was his exact and punctual master to play the governor false?

The next day, the sun was high before Washington spurred his way to Williamsburg. He did his business with despatch and returned to visit the widow in her home, called the White House, a name which the nation has fondly preserved in the presidential mansion. An engagement was formed, which ended in marriage, on Twelfth Night, 1759, at St. Peter's church—in the presence of the bride's father, children, and a host of distinguished guests.

The bridegroom was dressed in a red velvet coat and embroidered waistcoat; the bride, in rich white silk.

It was a gay party that returned to the White House to eat the marriage feast, and toast the pair in champagne and rich wines, that were served without stint.

All the servants on the entire estate were given a holiday, and in holiday attire joined in the merry-making.

Mr. and Mrs. Washington danced the minuet, and the house rang with laughter, merriment, music, and dancing.

All the house servants were given a slice of cake and a piece of money.

Washington rose early and ate with his bride in her chamber, before the guests had risen.

The portrait of Mrs. Washington, painted by Woolaston, in the days of her widowhood, presents a woman rather below the middle size, but extremely well-shaped, with an animated face, dark chestnut hair, and hazel eyes — not a beauty, but very attractive. She is said to have had those frank, engaging manners so captivating in Southern women.

Washington was a member of the House of Burgesses, and for three months lived in the home of his wife. The session over, Mrs. Washington and her two children, a boy of six and a girl of three, were driven to Mount Vernon.

Washington wrote his English relatives that now he had an “agreeable partner he should settle down to domestic life.” Life was like that of a gentleman’s country life in England, — driving, visiting, fox-hunting, shooting, boating, and agricultural pursuits, filled up a round of pleasures. Mrs. Washington had a chariot with four horses, and black postilions in white and scarlet livery; if her husband joined her, it was on horseback, only on Sundays did he use a carriage.

Upon this almost holiday life began to be heard the low mutterings of a coming storm. Upon the arrival of the Stamp Act in Massachusetts, the tempest broke and out of it came the whirlwind. England, astonished and alarmed, repealed, and things took on a brighter aspect, but with the

shortsightedness of George III., and with England's generosity, she declared her right to levy taxes at will, and again the parted clouds rolled together. Washington carefully scanned the political horizon, and kindled at the oppression of the mother country.

While he was sitting at session in Williamsburg, 1773, Mrs. Washington wrote him of the alarming illness of her daughter. This girl, just budding into womanhood, was very beautiful, — a brunette of so dark a type that she went by the name of the "dark lady." She inherited her father's face, and a delicacy of constitution which had always been a cause of great anxiety.

The frail, lovely girl had been an especial favorite with her stepfather, and she returned his fondness with all the warmth of a young girl's heart, — at her death giving him her great fortune.

Hearing of her illness, Washington hastened to her side, threw himself on his knees and prayed: before the prayer had ended, her spirit had passed away.

For a time, Washington, to console his wife, remained at home, though he had made an engagement to go into the western country with Lord Dunmore.

The only differences between Washington and his wife, which have come down to us, were on the subject of managing the children. As they were hers,

not his, and independent of him, he felt much delicacy in interfering with the discipline.

The girl had been gentle and obedient, not spoiled by indulgence and petting, but with the boy it was different.

Washington would often say he could govern men, but not boys. Two years before Miss Martha's death, Master John Parke had been sent to Annapolis, to study with an Episcopal clergyman.

When Washington returned from one of his military trips, he found that arrangements were made, with the mother's consent, for the boy to go abroad, taking his teacher for a travelling companion. He was resolute in opposing the scheme. The boy's education was very imperfect; he had been rather given to fox-hunting and other outdoor sports, and now he was approaching manhood. Another consideration was the expense. The services of the reverend gentleman would be a heavy charge,— would anticipate half his income, wrote his stepfather. There was much controversy over it; but where duty was concerned, Washington could be very firm, even with his wife. The journey was postponed, if not abandoned.

After the burial of his sister, the young gentleman presented a new and far more serious difficulty for the consideration of his family. He has asked Eleanor Calvert to be his wife, and she has promised

that she will. The youth of eighteen was ready to redeem his pledge to this young lady of fifteen. His mother had heard the love-tale earlier, and had not been shocked. Mr. Calvert had been duly asked for his daughter, and had given his consent. Washington was in dismay, — rather wished the boy were travelling in Europe.

Miss Nelly came from the best of blue blood, was the daughter of Benedict Calvert, granddaughter of Lord Baltimore. She was very pretty, and very charming; no objection to the girl.

Washington thought it unnecessary for a gentleman to be a scholar, but this boy was deficient in arithmetic, — in the common branches of learning. It was rather delicate business for him to present objections to Mr. Calvert, but the affair must be postponed. It was finally arranged that the young gentleman should go to King's College, New York, and remain two years; then the marriage should take place. Washington accompanied him there, and made all necessary arrangements.

John Parke Custis did not love study nor books — was homesick; visions of pretty Nelly Calvert floated before his eyes, and he spent most of his time scribbling to her.

In a few months he was at home again, urging an immediate marriage.

In consideration of the boy's inclination, the de-

sire of his mother and the consent of his friends, Washington felt that it was not wise, at the last, to push his opposition too far, and submitted to necessity.

The children were married at Mt. Airy, Maryland, and the bride was brought to Mount Vernon.

The mutterings of the rising storm grew louder and louder. Long before, the English government had sown the dragon's teeth, and had kept them well watered; now the time of harvest was setting in.

Boston had risen in her might, made tea in Massachusetts Bay, thus defying the power of Great Britain. George the Third, in almost crazy fury, determined to mete out due punishment to the rebels, — grass should grow in the busy streets of Boston.

A new governor was sent, with two regiments of soldiers, to do the royal will and crush the commerce of the rebels.

Before, there had been no union among the colonies, but the oppression of England and the resistance of Boston roused the spirit of the people, and, at the suggestion of Franklin, a general Congress met at Philadelphia, of which body, Washington was a member.

Little was done, and times grew darker, and men more sober, until the story of Lexington and Concord was told, when it was determined that the little

band defying the British Regulars around Boston should be the nucleus of an army to oppose Great Britain.

Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief. Touching was the letter he wrote his wife, begging her to summon all her fortitude, and to pass her time as agreeably as possible; yet he was not thinking it more than a summer's campaign. Seven long years of trial and anxiety followed, and Washington saw Mount Vernon but once.

In July he took command of the army beneath an elm in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In November, he invited Mrs. Washington to join him, at the same time ordering his agent to keep up the hospitalities of his house. "Let no one go away hungry." Mrs. Washington came in her own chariot drawn by four horses, with black postilions in white and scarlet livery. Her coming brightened the dark days for him and for the army. That winter, Washington made a house in Cambridge historic, which Longfellow has since made classic.

On New Year's Day, 1776, the Union flag of thirteen stripes was hoisted for the first time "in compliment to the United Colonies," and there were great festivities held in the general's quarters.

It had been the custom at Mount Vernon to celebrate Twelfth Night — the anniversary of the wedding. Mrs. Washington was reluctant to omit its

observance, and proposed giving a party at headquarters. Washington objected—thought it unseemly. His wife was never the man of the house, but had very coaxing ways, and when she had a personal whim or fancy to gratify, she was very sure he could not hold out against her. Twelfth Night was celebrated with great elegance, and there are traditional memories of other entertainments, which were equally fine.

One bright, sunny morning in March, His Majesty's officers, cooped in Boston, opened their eyes very wide,—the view was not exactly exhilarating. Heights which commanded the city and its harbor were covered with works.

Thinking there must be genii in the American army and they were rubbing Aladdin's wonderful lamp, they thought it the better part of valor to sail away, warning Washington that they would burn the city if he fired a shot. They went to Halifax to recuperate their spirits, after being outwitted. Washington, with his family and army, removed to New York.

The Americans had won the first point in the game, and the commander-in-chief was waiting for the second deal.

“When I first took command of the army,” he said, “I abhorred the idea of independence; but now I am fully convinced that nothing else will save us.”

There were many cases of small-pox among the troops, and Washington felt great anxiety, lest his wife might take the disease. He urged that she should submit to inoculation. At this very time, Jenner knew the cow-pox was the better remedy, but he had not given his discoveries to the world. There was a violent prejudice against inoculation. So persecuted was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that she repented ever pouring her Turkish knowledge into English ears. Mrs. Washington shared this prejudice, but at Philadelphia, on her way to Mount Vernon, she submitted to her husband's entreaties, and the result was satisfactory.

The dramatic event of 1776 was the Declaration of Independence. A unanimous vote of the thirteen colonies was taken in its favor just after the hour of noon, Fourth of July. The populace knew this day was to decide the great event. From early morning the old bellman had been in the belfry, having stationed a boy below to give the signal. The hours went by, and the old man began to lose hope. "Ah!" he groaned, "they will never do it. They dare not do it!" Just then the boy clapped, threw up his hat and shouted, "Ring, bellman, ring!" For two hours the man did ring, and the joyous peal gave notice that the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and rang a knell that England's authority over the colonies was over.

By a curious chance, upon the fillets of the bell, imported from England years before, are the words: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." When the news reached New York, Washington commanded the Declaration to be read at the head of each brigade.

The second winter was spent at Morristown, and again Mrs. Washington and wives of the officers came to headquarters, but we hear of no parties or any gayety. Winter set in early and was uncommonly severe. The troops, huddled on the heights, without blankets, were for weeks on half rations, — sometimes without bread or meat. The presence of ladies in camp, intent on charity and deeds of kindness, did much to dispel the gloom, and the blessings of thousands followed them, when the season was over.

It was in this winter of almost actual starvation, that Mrs. Philipse, the mother of Miss Mary of "Lang Syne," complained by letter to Washington, that his troops had stolen her cows, and the family had to do without milk. He courteously replied, "Far be it from me to add to the distress of a lady who, I am but too sensible, must already have suffered much uneasiness, if not inconvenience, on account of Colonel Philipse's absence;" assuring her that cows should be sent her, but she must be on honor not to keep more than was necessary for the private use of her family.

At one time, Washington's headquarters were in the house where he had once tried to summon courage to whisper a love tale to its fair mistress.

How widely had the paths of the two diverged! Major Morris and his lady were quartered among the Royalists.

Times were hard for the patriots, but now and then Washington would do some daring deed. One Christmas night, he burst upon a card-playing, wine-drinking party, and accomplished such brilliant results that the effect upon the country was electrical. Early in the new year, he swept around Princeton. When Cornwallis thought he heard thunder, an officer said, "To arms, general! Washington has outgeneraled us. Let us fly to the rescue of Princeton?" The mischief was done and the rebel chief beyond pursuit. As he was so elusive, Lord Dunmore, his old companion, planned to capture his wife and lay his estate in ruins. The Virginia militia rushed to arms, and the scheme failed.

In February, 1778, Mrs. Washington joined her husband at Valley Forge. She wrote her daughter-in-law: "The general's apartments are very small; he has had a log cabin built for a dining-room, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." Sometimes the only food was bacon and greens served on tin dishes. Dinners were conducted with as much ceremony as if turtle

soups, canvas-back ducks, and terrapin were served on silver plate and porcelain.

Once on inviting two ladies to dine at headquarters, Washington playfully wrote the bill of fare, lest imagination might stimulate their appetites—adding however that when his cook wishes to cut a figure which he will do in honor of lady guests, he tacks a beef-steak pie and a dish of crabs to the *menu*, all to be served on “tin plates turned to iron, but not by polishing.”

Late one October night, the family at Mount Vernon were surprised by the return of the master. The visit was a hurried and busy one. It was the first time he had seen the grandchildren of his wife, four in number. He was on his way to join Lafayette and confront Cornwallis at Yorktown. The surrender was the next great act in the drama, and very imposing it was. The French provided the music. His Majesty's troops, compelled to file by their conquerors with cased colors, were sullen and angry, and threw down their arms with such force that the greater part were ruined. To the grief of his mother, the stepson of Washington followed him to Yorktown as aide-de-camp. Every day a courier was sent from headquarters, but when he carried the glad tidings of surrender, he carried dismay to the heart of the mother; her only son was lying ill of camp fever. She and the young wife hurried to his side—the

coachman was bidden not to spare horses that day. They came, — thank God, he was alive! — but they could only speak a farewell and he was gone, struck down in the prime of early manhood — just twenty-eight.

Washington was thought to be many miles away, but as the two women stood bending over their dead, he walked into the room. He was ardently attached to the young man, and at the sight of his dead face, threw himself upon a sofa and sobbed like a woman.

To console his wife, he adopted the two younger children, Eleanor Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, as his own.

Their mother was reluctant, but as the doors of Mount Vernon were to be open to herself and the older children, when it suited her to be there, she yielded consent.

A swift horseman sent from camp reached Philadelphia at two in the morning. Watchmen tore through the streets shouting, “Past two o’clock and Cornwallis is taken.” Lights flashed from the windows, people half dressed thronged the streets. They fell into each other’s arms; could it be true? One man died of joy. The old bellman hurried to the steeple, the militia to their cannons, and the boys kindled bonfires. The horseman sped on as if he were on the wings of the wind. Every town and hamlet in the land had its celebration.

Old Lord Fairfax, who had remained a staunch Royalist, said to his servant, "Turn me to the wall, John ; it is time for me to die."

The news crossed the ocean. Lord North received it as if he were shot by a pistol, threw up his arms, exclaiming : " Oh God ! it is all over."

Washington, with his wife, was at Newberg, ready for a new campaign ; but British statesmen felt as Lord North, that all was over and peace must be granted. The treaty was signed at Paris and read at the head of the brigades of the American army, on the nineteenth of April, a day destined to be memorable in the annals of the country. The army was not disbanded until the English and Hessians had sailed for home, which took place in November. In December, Washington resigned his commission at Annapolis. Mrs. Washington journeyed from Mount Vernon to meet him, and Congress gave a dinner and a ball in their honor. On Christmas Eve, the proud and happy wife returned to Mount Vernon in company with its master. More than five years were spent in private life ; she dispensed the boundless hospitalities of the house with a tact and graciousness which charmed her guests. Washington would say, " There is always a bit of mutton and a glass of wine for a friend," and the warm welcome made them very palatable.

Washington had selected the site of the city

which bears his name, and laid the corner stone of the present Capitol, called one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. His chief interest centred in the progress of the city. From the first there was a difficulty in purchasing land, the owners holding it for fabulous prices which turned the city in an opposite direction from that originally intended, and accounts for the Statue of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol, rather turning away from the city than towards it.

Washington parleyed with Burns, a Scotchman, who owned a large tract of land, and pointed out the advantages that the location of the city would be to his property. With the Scotch indifference to the presence of power, and scorn of authority, he said: "I suppose you think folks here are going to take every grist that comes frae you as pure meal; but who'd you a ben, sir, and where'd you a ben, sir, ef you hadn't uv married the Widder Custis?" If Washington had occasion to speak of him afterwards, it was as that "very obstinate man."

Artists and sculptors pressed their claims, and the great man had to pay the penalty of being great. As he put it, he was at first as restive as a colt is of the saddle; the next time, there was less flouncing, but now no dray moves more readily to the 'thill than he does to the painter's chair. The best likeness of Washington is said to be the one called the

pitcher portrait. The pitchers were imported from England. A Philadelphia gentleman managed to cleanly separate the part bearing the portrait from the pitcher. It was handsomely framed and sent to Mount Vernon to Judge Washington, a nephew who inherited the estate.

Gifts of affection and appreciation were sent the general by his countrymen, by private English gentlemen, and by crowned heads. It is often claimed in the present day that the greatness, especially the military greatness of Washington is overrated, but Frederick the Great inscribed upon his gift: "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest," and there was never any mere glamor of sentiment about him.

The French officers, who served in the war, gave Mrs. Washington a set of Sevres china. Around the outside of each cup and tureen, and the inside of each plate and saucer, is painted a chain of thirteen large links and thirteen small elliptical links. Within each link is the name of one of the original thirteen states. Her monogram is on each piece, enclosed in a beautiful green wreath of laurel and olive, from which spread rays of gold, making it very brilliant.

Again the country called for the wise and honored Washington; this time to be the head of civil affairs, as he had been before of the military.

Mrs. Washington was a perfect Virginian housewife, could judiciously direct her numerous servants, could receive guests with amenity and grace, and could preside with dignity. So accustomed had she become to knitting in camp for the soldiers, that the needles were rarely out of her hands. She was as reluctant to leave this pleasant, comfortable life as her husband.

She tarried a month after his departure. Accompanied by the grandchildren, Miss Nelly and Master George, she set out in her own travelling carriage, with an escort of horse, to join her husband in New York. On the route, bells were rung and cannons were fired, as if she were making a royal progress.

Washington met her at Elizabeth; from thence they crossed in his splendid barge presented at the inauguration, manned by thirteen master pilots, dressed in white. Thirteen guns were fired as they rounded the battery. Amid deafening cheers and booming cannon she stepped into the presidential mansion, "first lady" of the land. It was not a *rôle* to her taste, but she was a true woman, and gloried in her husband's honors, and meant that the elegant etiquette due to the head of the nation should be maintained.

The question of etiquette in this new court was a vexed one. John Adams, versed in the glare of foreign courts, was not ready to cast loose from royal

titles and splendors, thought the President should only be interviewed through the Minister of State. Jefferson was intolerant of any style, so there was a din at the outset. Washington said he was neither master of himself nor of his house.

It was decided that he was to have no title but that of President. By courtesy, guests addressed him, as "Your Excellency," and his wife as "Lady Washington." In honor of her arrival, her husband gave a dinner party. On Friday, and every succeeding Friday, she held a levee. Her doors were not easy of access, and a certain style of dress was required, — *décolleté* and bare arms, swallow-tail coats, ruffles in sleeves and shirt fronts. The President's wife sat, while others stood. There was no shaking of the hands; the stiffness and formality of royalty prevailed. The hours were from eight to ten. If the guests failed to mark the time on the tall clock, by very plain words she would smilingly dismiss them: "The President retires at ten, and I usually precede him."

When Mrs. Washington honored one with a call, a footman in livery was sent to announce her coming; after a proper interval she started, accompanied by a gentleman of the household. Did she wish to take an airing with Master and Miss Custis, the fine, cream-colored coach, frescoed with Cupids bearing festoons of flowers, emblazoned with the Washington

arms, imported from England, with six bay horses attached (full-blooded ones), attended by outriders, was brought to her door; frequently, the President "exercised" with them.

Mrs. Washington was even more indulgent with her grandson than she had been with his father. His sister would say: "Grandmamma always spoiled him." His daughter, in a memoir, said: "Had he been under sterner discipline, he might have done more for his own and for his country's good."

The grandmother was very fond of Nelly Custis, but somehow she seemed to think a thorough training more necessary for girls than for boys. Her own daughter had never needed control, was all gentleness and docility, but this Nelly was full of vivacity, and had a will of her own. "The poor girl," said her brother, "would play and cry, and cry and play, for four or five hours a day, under the immediate eye of her grandmother." Then her lessons must be scrupulously learned.

Washington liked to exact submission to thorough discipline from the boy, much as he loved him, but for this girl he had a very soft spot in his heart. There were the same family jars that had risen in the days when the stepchildren were young.

Washington imported a harpsichord, costing one thousand dollars, hoping its elegance would make the daily practising easier. The eight official years

were spent, and the public life ended. Mrs. Washington called them the "lost years" of her life, and the President said he had lived in a "hornet's nest," and yet, he added indignantly, they said, "I desired to be king."

No formal regulations had then been made as to state dinners, but Mrs. Washington decided to give a large party the day before the close of the administration. The Listons, Wolcotts, Pickerings, McHenry, Cushings, Bingham, Adamses, Jefferson, were all there, with the foreign ministers and their wives, and several church dignitaries. On the removal of the cloth, the President rose quite unexpectedly, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." Bishop White, who was a guest and described the scene, said: "This put an end to all pleasantries, and forced tears into many eyes."

On the ninth of March of 1797, the coach with its six bay horses, flanked by outriders, stood at the door of the presidential mansion. General and Mrs. Washington, Master and Miss Curtis, and the son of Lafayette, with his preceptor, were driven to Mount Vernon.

Guests were more numerous than ever; to relieve himself, Washington invited his nephew, Major Laurence Lewis, to assist in entertaining them, espe-

cially evenings, that he might indulge his inclination of retiring soon after candlelight.

No complaints were ever made that young Laurence neglected his duties, but, in addition to them, he found time to hang over Miss Nelly's harpsichord, take moonlight walks in the grounds, and whisper tales that her grandmother would rather that she did not hear from his lips. There was a frequent visitor at the house, and if he whispered the same story, and Nelly listened with a beating heart and mantling cheek, there would be no harm done. The visitor was Charles Carroll, — a Carroll of Carrolton, — travelled, accomplished, adorned with the social graces derived from a sojourn in foreign lands.

Her brother joined her grandmother in singing the young man's praises, and advocating his suit. Not so the grandfather; and as for Miss Nelly, in the proud flush of her seventeen years and happy maidenhood, she didn't mean to marry anybody. She liked to wander in the woods *alone*, to indulge in "meditations, fancy free." Grandmamma thought it wrong and unsafe, and forbade it. Nelly's inclination and restive disposition led her out in the gloaming again. She knew she was in the wrong, and listened silently to a severe reprimand, making no excuses. As she left the room, she heard her grandfather say, "My dear, I would say no more, — perhaps she was not alone." The girl's spirit rose,

she turned and stood before him. "Sir, you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told grand-mamma I was alone, I hope you believed I *was* alone."

He made one of his most magnanimous bows, saying: "My child, I beg your pardon."

Before Miss Nelly's decisive plans for remaining single had fully matured, Major Lewis used some sort of convincing arguments, which induced her to change her mind.

The engagement was very satisfactory to her grandfather, and he celebrated the wedding, which Miss Nelly arranged should be on his birthday, in old Virginia style. She planned and coaxed in vain, that he should wear the gold-laced uniform adopted by the army officers. On national *fête* days he wore the continental uniform, and he would appear in no other. It was only this girl bride and Light Horse Harry who ever took liberties with the dignified general. Irving relates the extreme length to which the latter would go in his jokes; he was one day dining at Mount Vernon when

"Washington mentioned his being in want of carriage horses, and asked Lee if he knew where he could get a pair.

"'I have a fine pair, general,' replied Lee, 'but you cannot get them.'

"'Why not?'

“ ‘Because you will never pay more than half price for anything; and I must have full price for my horses.’

“The bantering reply set Mrs. Washington laughing, and her parrot perched beside her joined in the laugh. The general took this familiar assault upon his dignity in good part. ‘Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow,’ he said, ‘see, that bird is laughing at you.’”

The year which began with wedding bells was to end in dirges. The angel who had entered the house so many times before was even now spreading its wings to bear away the best beloved. The blow fell in chill December. As Mrs. Washington sat at the foot of the bed, fearing, dreading what might come, she knew it had come by the looks of anguish painted on the faces of those about her. In a firm and collected voice she said, “Is he gone?”

Thrice a mother, yet childless; twice widowed, is it strange that she said: “’Tis well, all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.” She rose, looked at her dead, tottered to the door, turned, gave a last look and never, in the thirty months left to her, entered the room again.

An old negro servant who showed the house to a visitor said: “The gen’al’s room is de room I likes de bes’ in de house.” The bedstead, a little table, a

secretary, a trunk, his leathern chair with his military cloak thrown over it, and a surveyor's tripod, are all there as they were eighty-nine years ago. "Many wonders," said the servant, "why Mrs. Washington died up in de attic, and not in de gen'al's room. It was the custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Washington went up in de attic an' dere she stayed for thirty mu'n's, till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an' in de summer it was very hot, but dere she stayed, wif only her cat fur comp'ny."

There is a square cut from the lower part of the door for the use of this companion. Mrs. Washington fell into a gentle melancholy, which overshadowed her life, till she felt that the glad summons for which she longed was on its way. Then she grew radiant, blessing those to be left behind, and bidding them a blissful farewell.

Born in the fresh springtime, in the fresh springtime she was laid by the side of our Washington, who had made her name immortal.

Long before Washington's death, he wished to manumit his servants, but the intermixture by marriage with the "dower negroes" made it impracticable. He made provision in his will that upon the death of his wife, they should have their freedom.

Mrs. Washington waived her right of dower, and the matter was settled at once.

It was the son of the "Lowland Beauty," who pronounced Washington's eulogy, made memorable by the words: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

THE wife of the first President of these United States was born and bred in the purple ; how different the birth and training of the wife of the second in the presidential order.

Miss Abigail Smith, the daughter and granddaughter of a Congregationalist clergyman, was born at Weymouth, Massachusetts.

The family income was small, every dollar must tell its full hundred cents. Life was without servants ; sons must be educated, but for the girls what mattered it ? It was the fashion of the day even to ridicule a woman's learning, if she had any. Girls were to stay by the hearthstone and bear full share of the household burdens, not light ones when the parson tilled a farm in addition to his parochial duties.

Miss Abigail spent the greater part of her girlhood at the home of her maternal grandfather, Colonel John Quincy. The grandmother was the daughter of a clergyman, and the daily life was maintained in strict conformity with the austere religion of a hundred years ago. However, the girl had no frivolity about her, and the grandmother's heart was very

loving. Her lessons on frugality and piety, she admits, made a deeper impression on her mind than those of her own parents.

Books were few, but what were to be found in the homes to which she had access were standard. Eagerly did the young girl read all that came in her way; that she stored carefully what she read is shown by her free use of quotations; at times she seems almost pedantic. Homes were widely scattered, means too narrow for journeying, therefore little intercourse could be had, save by letter writing.

She seemed fanciful about her signature. As a girl, she was Diana; perhaps after her marriage, she thought it not fit to bear the name of one vowed to maidenhood, for she assumed that of Portia, maybe, as better fitted to her prudence, courage, and conjugal fidelity.

This apparently isolated young girl, never sent to any school, always in ill-health, spent a happy, joyous life, and in those days of her solitary girlhood, if denied music and dancing, acquired that habit of easy letter writing which has given her a wider literary celebrity than that of any of her successors in the presidential mansion. Her letters were written in those stormy days when household items tell so much.

Those who have time to read Bancroft can know all American history, but to every woman's heart is

dear the way women fought the battle of life in those troublous days, and how charmingly she tells the story in her family letters, describes events, notes a thousand things that would have escaped a man's eye.

When Miss Smith was nineteen, John Adams, the son of a poor farmer, a lawyer by profession, who, if laurels were to be won, had yet to begin the strife, came to the parsonage a wooing. He won the heart of the girl, but the parson father and the parson grandfather looked coldly on the suit. In those days, parsons held their heads high. The Pope of to-day can hardly be more absolute in the church than was a New England parson, in colonial days, in his own parish. Her sisters were thought to be better mated, and our heroine losing caste by uniting with one whose calling, if not rascally, was surely not above suspicion.

Parishioners in country districts usually think that when they hire a parson, the wife and children are something thrown in as makeweights, upon whom they have a claim, and over whom they have some control. If parsons walk a little awry, if the sons have a few wild oats to sow—such things may perhaps be condoned, but woe to the wives and daughters, if off the common track.

The eldest, Miss Mary, had married an English immigrant, who had not then risen to the height

to which he in after years attained—Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts.

Miss Elizabeth had married a parson, Reverend John Shaw, settled in Haverhill, Massachusetts. Hymen's torch was lighted for her a second time by Reverend Mr. Peabody, of Atkinson, New Hampshire.

Here was Miss Abigail throwing herself away on a young man of blue blood very much paler than her own, who refused to till the ground as his fathers had done before him, but had signed away his patrimony that he might take a course at Harvard, and then forsooth, he could put his learning to no better use than standing up before twelve men and trying to make black appear white, and white appear black. It was scandalous! What was the parson thinking about?

The objections of the ancestral parsons gave way to the pleadings of the young people, and before the twentieth birthday, the parson father had performed the marriage ceremony and bestowed his blessing, and a married home was set up in Braintree.

However, the disaffected busybodies of the parish should have a quietus from the pulpit. The text was, "For John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." At the marriage of Miss Mary, two years earlier, he

had preached from the text, "And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Ten years of happy, wedded life passed, partly in Braintree, partly in Boston, according as her husband's impaired health or professional duties required. The greatest anxiety was to lay the foundations of a competency for age, and for the rearing of the children. When away on his court circuit he would write to his wife of the necessity of cultivating the farm and attending to the stock and dairy, rather unnecessary to one trained as she had been, none of your modern blue-stockings, too absorbed in her classical learning to be a practical housewife.

Without her, maybe, he might have been a bit of a spendthrift, for when his law business is brought to a standstill by the Stamp Act, he bewails that he has spent an "estate in books," bought a pew and a house in Boston. He had not then risen to the high plane of patriotism, which later on his feet so fearlessly trod, for we read of his taking sides against the incensed people who had destroyed the furniture of the stamp distributor, and attacked the house of Governor Hutchinson.

As no law business can be done, he thinks he must become foreman on his own farm and school-master to his own children.

With the New England thrift, there was never a bit of sordid meanness in the man. Once lodging with a friend, he tells his Portia that he gave pistareens enough to servants and children to pay his charge twice over. He was a dear lover of the cup that cheers, and he wrote of asking a country woman, if she would make him a dish, provided it had been "honestly smuggled and no duties paid."

"No, sir, we have renounced all tea in this place, but I'll make you a cup of coffee," was the answer.

The same letter said, "For God's sake make your children industrious, for activity and industry will be their only resource and dependence."

A change is coming over the spirit of his dream, the practical business man, so thoughtful for his future, and for his children, is merging into a politician and a zealous patriot; no half-way measures with John Adams. Even Otis said, "His zeal-pot boils over."

Great political anxiety was felt throughout the country. The other colonies heard the mutterings of the storm, raised by North's shortsightedness and George III.'s obstinacy, but in Massachusetts the tempest raged. Otis and Samuel Adams had sounded the trumpet of revolution and made stirring speeches against the Stamp Act.

Blood had been shed on Boston Common. A cargo of tea, upon which the English government

levied a tax, was tossed into the sea. The port of Boston was closed.

Mr. Adams left his wife, with four young children, in a lonely country house to go to Philadelphia, to take counsel with the other colonies. No lack of encouragement for bold daring and mighty deeds in her epistles. She bids him beware of the way in which Sparta lost her liberty—she was like the women of that country, she wanted her husband with his shield, or upon it. She gives him Polybius's views upon peace and liberty. She expects great and immediate results from this first united Congress. It is late in August now, and she hopes that the first of September will be of as much importance to Great Britain as the Ides of March were to Caesar.

In the midst of all this classical budget, the loving heart of the wife and mother shone forth. He has been absent from her side but a week and a day, and she counts it months. She must have some amusement to while away his absence, and she has fixed upon Rollin's Ancient History, as the kind that will best conduce to it. She has little Johnny, seven years old, read a couple of pages a day, lest he too may miss papa, and she hopes that such small doses, taken to while away the time, may give him a fondness for the book. He was a very peculiar boy, so possibly it did.

Nineteenth-century scholars tell us that in the light of recent excavations and deciphered hieroglyphics, Rollin's account of the Ancients is very wide of the mark; but as Washington Irving said: "It matters not, if things thousands of years ago were not as they are written, if we only believe they were so."

This modern knowledge is apt to unsettle one's brain. Shakespeare didn't write, Tell didn't shoot, Joan didn't burn, and at Christmastide the clergymen unite to teach the children that even Santa Claus is a myth.

Where ignorance is bliss, isn't it folly to be *so* wise?

Eighteen days from home, Mr. Adams was within forty-two miles of Philadelphia. He wrote his wife, that it would take a volume to describe the journey. He is charmed with the amusement that she has provided "for our little Johnny," and he hopes to hear a good account of his "accidence and nomenclature," on his return. It is time to teach him and the younger children, French.

Mr. Adams returned to Braintree in October, but in the spring, counsels were again held, and again that perilous horseback ride to Philadelphia was taken. When he was at Hartford, five days from home, a swift courier rode through the town telling the story of Concord and Lexington. Full of anx-

xiety for wife and children, he sped on his way, writing back, if danger threatened her home, to take to the woods with the little ones. Heroic advice in the month of April, but he knew the mettle of the woman to whom he proffered it.

The state of affairs was very serious. Guards were regularly kept, lest there might be a descent upon the sea-coast. The woman made but little complaint, but there is a touching pathos in the letter written just after he left, "I tried to be insensible and heroic, yet my heart felt like a heart of lead. Every line from you is like a precious relic of the saints." When he reaches the "far country," she begs him to send her some pins, even if they be ten dollars per package.

Her house was one scene of confusion, soldiers came for lodging, for breakfast, for supper, for drink, etc. Refugees from Boston, anxious and fatigued, sought an asylum for a day, a night, a week, and her doors were open to all, and what hospitality her scanty means allowed was given with right good-will. Whortleberries and milk were often the only food in the house.

From Penn's Hill, Mrs. Adams watched the battle of Bunker Hill, the burning of Charlestown, and daily looked for the destruction of Boston, but the woman's heart never quailed, though she wrote, "The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing

that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. We hear that the troops destined for New York are all expected here, but we have got to pass that a whole legion of them would not intimidate us."

The remarkable Johnny gives an account of the times, —

"The year 1775, was the eighth year of my age. . . . For the space of twelve months my mother, with her infant children, dwelt liable every hour of the day and of the night to be butchered in cold blood—of being consumed with them all in a conflagration, kindled by a torch in the same hands which, on the Seventeenth of June, lighted the fires of Charlestown. I saw with my own eyes those fires from Penn's Hill, and witnessed the tears of my mother and mingled with them my own at the fall of Warren, a dear friend of my father, and a beloved physician to me. He had been our family physician and surgeon, and had saved my forefinger from amputation under a very bad fracture."

Before, there had been only strife and bickerings with the mother country; occasionally, an humble remonstrance was laid at the foot of the throne, but now Americans were rebels, rebels in arms, who, as Franklin wittily put it, "must all hang together or all hang separately."

Early in July, Washington drew his sword beneath the Cambridge elm. In these days when it is

almost the fashion to smile at the veneration in which Washington was held, to express grave doubts of his being either a soldier or a statesman, it is pleasant to note the favorable impression he made upon a woman like Mrs. Adams. "I was struck with General Washington. You had prepared me to entertain a favorable opinion of him, but I thought the half was not told me."

A quotation hoarded up in her mind, slips from her lips, —

"Mark his majestic fabric; he's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god."

Most of the time for more than three years did Mr. Adams sit at the council-board at Philadelphia. What Mrs. Adams wrote him was worse than war, — was the pestilence which followed in its train. Some in every household were prostrated; some families stripped of every member. For four weeks even the churches were closed. Five members of her own family were ill at one time; three died, one of whom was her own mother. This was a severe trial for the heroic woman, and her heart went out to her husband with a cry of anguish.

At such a time her heart craves something more than politics, than talks of the sagacity of Newton and Locke, or the valor, bravery, and courage of the Saracens and the Knights of Malta. She asks for

some "sentimental effusion of the heart." Mr. and Mrs. Adams never indulged in any more endearing epithet than that of "my dearest friend." If the little ones loved papa their warmest word for expressing it was, "respect."

Early in 1776, Mr. Adams joined Congress for the third time. In his youth he had hesitated whether to choose the army, the church, or the law for a profession. The army had been his choice, but he had been unable to obtain a commission; now as he sees troops raised, and leaving for the North, his martial spirit rekindles, and he writes his wife that if an emergency come, he will not fail to march, even if it be with rank and file.

By his absence at this time, we have an interesting account of the evacuation of Boston from the facile pen of Portia. Unlike any other woman, she is not elated, not even pleased; rather mourns that the cooped redcoats have slipped through our fingers; would rather that there had been a meeting at Philippi of which the ghost of Cæsar told Brutus. However, she thought Washington might say without boasting "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

In the midst of these stirring times, she is amused at her husband's Latin couplets, and thinks that his daughter, ten years old, may construe (she can't herself) as she has already made "some considerable proficiency in her accidence."

Mr. Adams returned home in October and remained three months. On reaching Fishkill, New York, on his way back, he wrote that his journey had been like that of "Hannibal's over the Alps." It does one good to read that "if he could take his wife to Philadelphia he should be as happy as a bridegroom." Not that one can doubt their affection, only one can but smile at their formal way of expressing it. Repeatedly, she asked him to burn her letters; had he done so, how much we should have lost, even if she be at times a little beyond us.

In the autumn of 1777, Mr. Adams came home to resume his law practice; in less than a month he was chosen commissioner to France with advice to weight his despatch-bags, ready to sink if captured. If taken, he would be but a traitor, and the statute against treason was death. With streaming eyes, the noble wife counselled him to do his duty. This time she was doubly lonely, for Johnnie, her oldest boy, her "little post-rider," the man of the house, sailed away with his father.

The surrender of Burgoyne, united with the influence of Franklin and Lafayette, had induced France to acknowledge the independence of the colonies, to assist in which was the object of Mr. Adams's mission.

He felt stranded, was puzzled what to do; "I cannot eat pensions and sinecures; they would

choke me." Months go on and spring comes round ; and he has had to submit to the choking. At last came the news that Franklin alone was to represent America at the French court, but he indignantly exclaimed, "They never so much as bid me come home, bid me stay, or told me I had done well or done ill."

It is amusing to see how Franklin tried and vexed the methodical New England lawyer. In his eyes, the office of the embassy was all in confusion,—important papers lying about, no books kept, no time given to business ; the doctor seemed to be always dining out, hobnobbing with the court, not only embracing ladies, but actually embraced by them. It was all true. Yet Franklin always inspired confidence. By his tact, wit, humor, and genial ways he could accomplish an immense amount of diplomatic business, form treaties, negotiate loans, and bring French statesmen to his views, while the precise, hard-working, irascible John Adams, always treading upon some one's toes, was constantly giving offence, and was snubbed by the officials with whom he had to deal.

After eighteen months of perplexity and dissatisfaction, he was again upon the farm at Braintree, ready to draw writs and deeds, and harangue juries.

Two months later, he was ordered to Europe a second time, to attempt to treat with Great Britain,

and end the war. In obedience, he sailed in November, taking not only Johnny, but the second son, Charles.

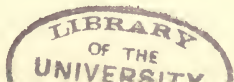
“My habitation, how disconsolate it looks; my table, I sit down to it, but cannot swallow my food;” moaned the wife and mother. When the separation had stretched to three weary years, she was asked if she would have given her consent, if she could have foreseen the time.

“Yes, if need be, thrice three years, to have him do what he has for his country,” was her answer. She was a true Portia.

The Treaty of Peace was signed, but Mr. Adams's return was still uncertain, and he sent for his wife to join him.

After some hesitation, she sailed with her daughter in a merchant vessel. Her letters give us a vivid description of what an ocean voyage was in the days before James Watt had watched the nose of a tea-kettle.

After a residence of nine months in Auteuil, four miles from Paris, Mr. Adams was appointed Minister to England; not a pleasant position, for the spirit of the King rankled over the loss of his colonies, and he treated the new ambassador with marked coldness, and the court circle followed the lead of royalty. Our Republican minister preserved his dignity and manly independence. In the first interview, when the King



would have him commit himself in regard to France, he made the naive remark which has become famous in history: "I must avow to Your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country."

Mrs. Adams was made anxious by the thought that she had the social repute of her countrywomen to answer for. At her presentation, the Queen was haughtily cool, and nothing but the duty of her position could have induced her to repeat her visit to St. James. She wrote her sister: "Years hence it may be a pleasure to reside here as an American minister, but with the present temper of the English, no one need envy the embassy." The keenness of her resentment is shown by her remark years later, when the French Revolution shook the British throne, "Humiliation for Charlotte will be no sorrow for me."

It was some time before the Puritan children, brought up on the secluded farm at Braintree, taking part in the domestic duties, taught to be seen and not heard, could become accustomed to the servants, the pomp, and the expense of living at Paris and London. Miss Abigail, the only daughter, was presented to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who treated her with gracious sweetness.

Presented at St. James, she shared with her mother, the cold British stare of Queen Charlotte and her ladies. Little cared the American maiden;

the days were halcyon ones for her. She had met and loved Colonel William Stephens Smith, and he had asked her to be his wife ; he had been aide-de-camp to Washington, and now was secretary of the legation. She was married in London and her marriage endowed her with her mother's maiden name. The marriage proved rather unhappy, and was a great source of grief to her parents. She died at forty-eight, leaving several children. Johnny or John Quincy as he was now called, had been chosen private secretary to Mr. Dana, Minister to Russia, had travelled extensively in Europe, and studied in Paris. He returned to America before the family, that he might graduate from Harvard.

In the spring of 1788, Mr. Adams resigned, and returned to his village home. A few months later, he was chosen vice-president.

For eight years, Mrs. Adams lived at the capital, first at New York, then at Philadelphia, and was one of the social leaders of her day.

She was rather of the Minerva type, and inclined, after the custom of her people, to return thanks that she had no part in anything not New England.

It was said that when her New England frigidity gave way and kindled into enthusiasm, it was not like light straw on fire, but red-hot steel.

At the resignation of Washington, Mr. Adams was chosen President ; and now the daughter of the

village clergyman and the wife of the village lawyer was "first lady" at the Republican court.

Mr. Adams's administration was unpopular. The Alien and Sedition laws proved a fruitful source of contention and bitter feeling. They were not the product of his brain, but he did not veto or even oppose them; therefore, the obloquy of them rested upon him.

Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette had perished by the guillotine, and there was a new order of government in France.

Talleyrand, the excommunicated Bishop of Autun, was the tricky minister for Foreign Affairs to the Directory. In the arrogance of power, he treated American ministers with contempt, — refused them audience, covertly asking for a bribe. The gentlemen were not wanting in spirit, threw scorn into their answer. "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," said Pinckney. That ended negotiations and the American Embassy in France; our flag was insulted on the high seas, and new depredations were made on our commerce.

Mr. Adams took the initiative in war measures, and the people were so hot to avenge the insults, that for a time he rode high on the wave of popular favor. Washington was chosen commander-in-chief, and all were breathless for the next move in the game. It came from an unexpected quarter; the

wily Talleyrand threw out hints that he would meet half-way measures. Adams knew peace to be the best policy for the country, and was patriotic enough to eat his words and swallow his pride. However, the Directory was at an end; Talleyrand had resigned and when American ministers negotiated again, it was with Napoleon. The war cloud had rolled away.

Before the inauguration, Mrs. Adams had been attacked by intermittent fever, which had so impaired her health, that she spent much of the time on the home farm.

The new city of Washington had been laid out, and in 1800, the Capitol and White House, so long building, were ready for occupancy.

Mrs. Adams, travelling by the way of Baltimore, joined her husband. Her account of the journey is very amusing. They lost their way in the woods, retraced their steps, and wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Finally, a straggling negro came up and extricated them from their difficulty.

The Executive Mansion she called a palace, — it must have been a palace with miserable surroundings. It had not then even the rough fence and turnstile which later, Tom Moore wrote his mother, stood in front of the President's home.

Inaugurating housekeeping, Mrs. Adams found to be a very difficult task, — thirty servants required,

and not a bell in the house — no means of heating or lighting the large establishment, and ladies clamoring for a drawing-room. On New Year's Day, 1801, she held it with all the formality and etiquette of royalty. The east room was unfinished, and used as a drying room for the weekly washing. The reception was held in the oval room directly over it. Except on state occasions, Mrs. Adams was less ceremonious than Mrs. Washington, and scrupulously returned visits like any other lady — “yesterday I returned fifteen visits,” she triumphantly wrote her daughter. After a residence of four months she went to her home in Braintree, or rather Quincy, for the name of the town had been changed in honor of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

Mr. Adams was crushed with shame and filled with indignation, when his old friend, Thomas Jefferson, defeated him in the presidential election. He even lost his dignity. From motives of delicacy, Jefferson did not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Adams, for greeting, exclaimed, “You’ve turned me out! you’ve turned me out!” — it was petty, if meant for vengeance. What was worse, and called uncourteous, on March third, he sat until the clock was on the stroke of twelve, making appointments, which were termed the “midnight appointments.” A new law had given him the power, and he had wielded it with personal hatred and partisan rage, which cost

him the respect of many friends, and embittered his enemies.

The government was too new to say what was the custom, but Washington had established the courteous precedent of riding with him to the Capitol, listening to his inaugural, and congratulating him when he had taken the oath of office.

Then, the retiring President was the hero of the day, but to play a second part in the inauguration of a successor was beyond the magnanimity of John Adams.

Before sunrise, he was in the saddle, and rode away from the capital, and never visited it again.

Years after, Mrs. Adams, without her husband's knowledge, wrote Jefferson; and by her tact and innate good sense managed to renew the friendship of the two men who had stood shoulder to shoulder in the stormy days, at the formation of the government. If one wrote the Declaration of Independence, the other was the Atlas to bear it, until the immortal fifty-six (himself one) eased him of the burden.

Mrs. Adams had maternal joys and sorrows in full share. An infant daughter, her married daughter, Mrs. Smith, and her second son, Charles, died before her. The latter dying without fortune, his wife and two children were dependent on Mr. Adams for maintenance. Thomas, the youngest, studied law

in Philadelphia, but his career was not satisfactory to his parents. Mrs. Adams, the brightest woman of her day, had little patience with complaints of hard study and ill-health. She wrote in one of her letters: "He who dies with studying, dies in a good cause, and may go to another world much better calculated to improve his talents than if he had died a blockhead

Parental pride and parental ambition were fully satisfied by the honors bestowed on the eldest son. He had been a great favorite with Washington, who had appointed him minister to the Netherlands. Later, he was minister to Berlin, to Russia, and now he was appointed by Madison, minister to St. James.

The crazy George III. was in his padded cell, and his son, afterwards George IV., was Regent. Nearly four decades had passed since the new nation had asserted itself, but now it was growing and prosperous, and no one questioned its right to join in the stately march of European nations.

At the election of Monroe, young Adams was recalled and made Secretary of State. The mother's heart swelled with pride and pleasure, and had her life been prolonged she would have seen him at the head of the nation.

After the revolution, Mr. Adams left the farmhouse, which had been the home of his father, and bought a more commodious residence, which had

belonged to one of the Royalists. He doubled its size, and altered its appearance. It was the home of his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, who also altered and improved it.

One of the rooms was finished in mahogany. Mrs. Adams always liked everything about her bright and cheerful, and to carry out her taste, over this polished almost priceless wood she put a coat of white paint. It has since been scraped and its polish restored.

After her husband's retirement, she spent seventeen happy years in the town to which she went as a bride. She died of fever, at the age of seventy-four.

Her capacity as housekeeper, steward, and farm manager had preserved her husband's private property, upon which she early foresaw that he would be obliged to depend for support in his last years. In addition to her good sense and superior mental abilities, she had that happy faculty, so rare among women, of having her own way, and, at the same time, instilling into her husband's mind the idea that he was having his, — yet she was careful of his dignity, and never forfeited his affection or respect.

Mr. Adams lived eight years after the death of his wife, dying Fourth of July, 1826. He never forgot that the people had denied him a second election. He carried on a large political correspondence, well-flavored with acrimony; would say that the franking

privilege was the only favor for which he was indebted to the government.

For a long time he was helpless, and had to be fed with a spoon, but his intellect was clear to the last. Two hours before he died he gave a toast, to be offered at the Fourth of July dinner, — “Independence forever.” When the chill of death was creeping upon him, he remembered his old friend, and said, “Jefferson still lives.”

The entrance of Jefferson into the spirit world was in reality two hours before his own.

History has done ample justice to John Adams, who was the Colossus of the Congress of the Revolution.

MRS. JEFFERSON.

WHEN Jefferson became the chief magistrate of these United States, there was no woman to share his triumph and preside at the presidential mansion. In the prime of his early manhood, at the house of John Wayles, one of his legal associates, he met and loved Martha Skelton, a widowed daughter, reputed to be one of the fairest and most accomplished of the fair women of the Old Dominion. As she was a woman with a tall, graceful figure, abundant auburn hair, a face beaming with color and expression, educated, with a taste for the higher literature, a marvellous voice, and skilled in playing the harpsichord, it is not strange that she had many suitors. The wooing of our hero was long and difficult ; for a time it was hard to tell to whom she would give her hand.

By chance, one evening, two of his would-be rivals met at her door ; something in the tone of a love song, played by Mrs. Skelton and sung by Jefferson, told them that the battle was fought, and *they* had not won. They left without seeing the musicians, and Jefferson found the field all his own, and the successful wooing went on without a rival.

On New Year's day, 1772, the happy ending was

celebrated, and after a few festive days at the "Forest," the home of the bride, the wedding journey was begun to Monticello, the home of Jefferson, more than a hundred miles away. A snowstorm that would have done credit to New England swept over Virginia, and, on the last day of the journey, they were compelled to leave the carriage and mount the horses. At the setting of the sun, the snow was two feet deep, and Monticello not only eight miles away, but on a mountain five hundred and eighty feet high. The hearts of the pair were light, their spirits gay, and the distance was made amid mirth and fun. The bride and bridegroom had come unexpectedly; the house servants, thinking the storm too severe for travelling, had gone to their cabins, and were wrapped in sleep. No fire. No supper.

In Southern homes, no stores are kept in the houses, and, in this establishment, nothing eatable or drinkable could be found, save a bottle of wine. It was dreary, but the house rang with laughter and song, and the home coming was ever looked back upon as a joyous time.

A lull in the political strife gave them a year of perfect happiness. In the autumn, the little daughter, Martha, who figured so largely in Jefferson's life, was born. In youth, Jefferson had had a bosom friend. The two, lying on the grass beneath an immense oak on the Little Mount, had made to each

other the romantic promise that the one who died first should be buried under this tree, by the other. This friend, Dabney Carr, married Jefferson's sister. Away from home, he was attacked by malignant typhoid fever, and died before his friends knew that he was ill. He left six young children. The shock was too much for the wife, lying helpless with an infant but a few days old, and for a time she lost her reason. Jefferson took them all to his home. The six were educated and treated with the same love and tenderness as his own children, and their love for him partook of idolatry.

He laid the body of the father beneath the oak tree, and wrote his epitaph, ending: "To his virtue, good sense, learning, and friendship, this stone is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who, of all men living, loved him most." His fondness for children was excessive, and what would have been a burden to most men was absolute joy to him. The death of his wife's father fortunately doubled his estate.

Though Jefferson was a successful lawyer, Coke had been, as he put it, "a dull old scoundrel" and only mastered by his unbending will. What he did love were music, mathematics, and architecture. To fiddle, he would steal hours from sleep. Master of Latin, Greek, and of several modern languages,—intent even on Gaelic, versed in science and litera-

ture, not neglecting Coke, he managed to give three hours a day to this amusement. His negro servant, in the simplicity of his heart, thought that the fire which had burned not only Jefferson's own, but his father's books, and all his papers, could not be a crushing blow, when he could say at the end of the disastrous news, "But, Massa, we saved the fiddle."

Before he was of age, he had planned a home on the Little Mount. For years he brooded over it, was his own architect. A distinguished marquis of France, travelling in America, wrote: "Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts, to know how he should shelter himself from the weather." In this Italian villa, surrounded by ornamental grounds, one hundred and fifty miles from the sea, with nothing to break the view, Martha Jefferson spent all her married life, almost unclouded, until Boston raised her cry of distress. Jefferson's spirit kindled at the tyranny of the mother country; he was called to Philadelphia, to meet the master minds of the day. It was he who was chosen to prepare an humble and dutiful address to the king. Humble and dutiful!

He, a colonial subject, spoke to the King of England as man to man. Every sentence had a barbed point. At the end, he bade him, "Not let the name of George III. be a blot on the page of history," bade him, "Aim to do his duty." It was

not sent to the King, but it was printed and sent to England, which placed his name on a list of proscriptions, enrolled in a bill of attainder.

Americans had been intensely loyal to the mother country, and with singular pertinacity clung to her, but the burning of Falmouth and Norfolk turned the current of their loyalty and made them almost unanimous for independence. As Jefferson had proved that he could wield a masterly pen, he was called upon to draught a Declaration. Always foremost in some overt act, which England called treason, Mrs. Jefferson was kept in constant anxiety for his personal safety.

Twice, Jefferson was named with Dr. Franklin as envoy to Paris. He had an intense desire to go, but his wife was too delicate to bear him company, and nothing would induce him to leave the country without her.

At the surrender of Burgoyne, there was a scarcity of provisions at the North, and the prisoners, four thousand in number, were marched to Virginia, the wheatfield of America. Their barracks were within sight of Monticello. Mrs. Jefferson was very active in assisting the officers' wives to settle, and Jefferson threw open his house, library, and grounds. The winter was very gay, concerts were frequent, and now and then a play was given. Even General Phillips, commander of

the English troops, whom Jefferson described as the "proudest man of the proudest nation on earth," was not proof against the Monticello civilities.

In 1779, Jefferson was chosen governor of Virginia. The State stood shoulder to shoulder with Massachusetts, but since the burning of Norfolk the horrors of war had not invaded her soil. Jefferson had sent every available man and horse to Gates, but after his defeat at Camden there was nothing to prevent the British troops from sweeping down upon Virginia, determined to lay waste the country they could not conquer. Arnold sailed up the James and ravaged as far as Richmond. There was a burning desire throughout the country for his capture. At the first call, twenty-five hundred militia were on the traitor's path. Jefferson promised them five thousand guineas, if he were taken alive, but he was wary and the elements favored him.

This period is the only one when the name of Mrs. Jefferson appears among the patriotic women of the day. Her life was apart from politics, engrossed in the duties of a large household, but when Mrs. Washington called upon her, as the Governor's wife, to enlist the women of Virginia, in assisting to supply the needs of the army, she promptly responded, and her letter to forward the scheme is preserved in the New York Historical Society.

Cornwallis and Tarleton swept over the border. The famous Tarleton, with two hundred cavalry, hoped to capture the Governor and Legislature. At midnight, as he halted to refresh his men and the horses, a man mounted a fleet steed, rode away, and warned them in time to escape.

Jefferson put his wife and children (the youngest two months old) in a carriage, selected his most valuable papers, mounted his horse and rode away, after he had seen the advance of the troopers, who entered the house five minutes after he left it.

Two faithful servants, Martin and Cæsar, were bent on concealing the family silver beneath the portico,—one stowed away while the other handed down. At the sound of horsemen, the one above closed the plank, and left the other cramped in a small hole and almost suffocated with heat—the troops stayed eighteen hours and the devoted fellow made no sound. However, it was needless suffering, for Tarleton had forbidden any injury to the house or its contents. It was only the Governor who was wanted, and a pistol was held at the breast of Martin, with the threat of putting a ball through him, if he did not tell the direction in which his master had gone. “Fire away, then,” was the undaunted reply.

Jefferson had another estate a hundred miles away, upon which Cornwallis bestowed his atten-

tions, destroyed the growing crops, cut the throats of the colts, burned the fences, and carried away the negroes to his camp, reeking with small-pox and putrid fever.

The frequent raids of the enemy, and the severe losses of the defenceless people made them bitter, and they cast the blame upon their Governor, who had suffered as severely as any. Censure, which so often falls to the lot of public men in times of adversity, cut him to the quick. He indignantly retired from public life, with the determination never again to accept office. Nursing his wrath, he even declined the coveted mission to Paris, when his wife was in a condition to make the voyage with him, and retired to the domestic affairs of Monticello.

Now the war was to be fought upon Virginian soil and in Virginian waters; for nine months the contest went on. What was begun in the Old Bay State was ended in the Old Dominion.

Constant anxiety and maternal cares told heavily upon the delicate wife of Jefferson. Three babies died, and when the sixth came, serious fears were felt for the mother. Gleams of hope were followed by despair, which settled into certainty. He, with his sister and her sister were the only watchers. For four months, Jefferson was never beyond her call, and most of the time sat at her bedside. He

preferred to give her food and medicines with his own hands. A wife's pride and ambition for her husband had been satisfied, and his tenderness and devotion, so lavishly bestowed, had turned her love into idolatry. She exacted a promise from him that he would never marry again, which he, holding her hand, solemnly gave. A child of the Church, with no fear of death, she clung to him as if there could be no heaven without him. At the end he fainted, and was so long unconscious it was feared he had joined his wife. For three weeks he kept his room, attended day and night by his little daughter, who was the solace of all his after life. Day and night he walked the floor, and at times the violence of his grief amazed and frightened the child, but she ever kept to her post. When he left his room, it was to mount his horse and ride for hours, always taking the child, who bore the name of her mother.

Again the mission to France to assist Franklin and Jay in negotiations for peace, was offered him. Monticello had lost its charm, and it was a boon to go. A house was engaged in Paris, and he was at Baltimore ready to sail, when the news came that the treaty was signed.

Peace softened the asperities of war, and when Virginia elected him senator to Congress, sitting at Annapolis, he accepted the position. Martha was placed at school in Philadelphia. His letters to her

are touching, blending the advice of a father and a mother. She must strive to be good at all times and to all living creatures; she must acquire accomplishments. His daughter must be very neat in her dress and appearance, her hair must be kept neatly brushed; gentlemen despise slovenliness, and a young girl should be careful to avoid it; "it produces great praise to spell well;" if she be so unhappy as to incur the displeasure of her teacher she must think no apology or concession too great to regain her good-will.

After peace was signed, commercial treaties were to be made, and for the fourth time Jefferson was chosen an envoy to Paris. This time he sailed from Boston, with the little Martha at his side. Had they been a day earlier, they could have sailed with Mrs. Adams and her daughter; but in those days, a large supply of stores must be taken, and more preparations made than could be accomplished in so short a time.

Jefferson succeeded Dr. Franklin, but as he said to the French minister in presenting his credentials, "No one can replace him." He had the pleasure of witnessing the departure of the grand old man; royalty paid him honor; the people treated him with homage accorded only to royalty: ladies of the highest distinction threw their arms around his neck and kissed him. Jefferson looked smilingly on,

saying, "if he were to do his work, he wished to enjoy all his privileges." "Ah, you are too young, too young," said the doctor.

Miss Martha wrote home an amusing account of their arrival. "I wish you could have been with us when we arrived, I am sure you would have laughed, for we were obliged to send immediately for the stay-maker, the mantua-maker, the milliner, and even the shoemaker, before I could go out. I have never had the *friseur* but once, but I soon got rid of him and turned down my hair, in spite of all they could say. . . . I have seen two nuns take the veil. . . . I was placed in a convent at my arrival, and I leave you to judge of my situation, — I did not speak a word of French, and no one here knew English but a little girl two years old . . . There are about fifty or sixty pensioners in the house, so that, speaking as much as I could with them, I learned the language very soon. . . . We wear the uniform, which is crimson, made like a frock, laced behind, with the train, like a *robe de cour*, hooked on, muslin cuffs, and tuckers."

At first, the child was very homesick, but she learned to like convent life even better than her father desired that she should.

The first news from home was that Lucy, the baby who came as the mother faded, had died of whooping-cough.

The loss of this child made the father wish to have his other daughter, his Polly, as he called her, with him. He wrote his sister, Mrs. Eppes, who had the care of her, to send her in charge of a servant. The sensitive child was so heartbroken, that a letter of remonstrance was written to her father. When persuasions, the promises of big dolls, playthings unheard of in America and the companionship of her sister availed nothing, a decided order was given to send her. So violent was her opposition that she was taken, with her cousins, on board a vessel, as if it were for a visit; when from sheer weariness she fell asleep, the cousins left her and the vessel sailed. The child was old enough to know that she was ill-treated; it seemed worse than leaving her playmate, Jacky Eppes.

Mrs. Adams received her in London, and from her charming letters, we glean an account of Jefferson's younger daughter.

“I have had with me for a fortnight a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson's, who arrived here with a young negro girl, her servant, from Virginia. A finer child for her age, I never saw. So mature an understanding; so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility united, are rarely to be met with. I grew so fond of her, and she so much attached to me, that when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they had to force the little creature away. She is but eight

years old. She would sit sometimes and describe to me, her aunt who brought her up, the obligation she was under to her, and the love she had for her little cousins, until tears would stream down her cheeks, and how I had been her friend, and she loved me. Her papa would break her heart by making her go again. She clung round me so that I could not help shedding a tear at parting with her. She was the favorite of every one in the house. I regret that such fine spirits must be spent in the walls of a convent. She is a beautiful girl, too."

She had another season of homesickness in Paris. — She cared little for music or study, but she had her father's power of winning hearts. The nuns could not chide, but their hearts went out in caresses and love for this beautiful child.

The sweet purity of the nuns, and their intellectual pursuits, which were the charm of her life, made the convent of Panthemont a charmed place to Miss Martha, the girl of sixteen.

She wrote her father that her choice was to join the nuns and live a religious life. The father did not hasten to answer, but when he did it was in person. He privately interviewed the abbess, with beaming smiles met his daughters, and told them he had come to take them home. The convent life had ended, and never was the girl's request alluded to by her father.

Masters were employed for the young ladies, and Miss Martha was allowed to mix in Parisian society; that espousing the church had no deep hold upon her is proved by a rule, laid down by her father, that she should go to only three balls in a week.

A kinsman of Jefferson's, Thomas Randolph, educated at Edinburgh, had visited him at Paris, and asked permission to woo Miss Martha, the playmate of his boyhood. The father was gracious, but on account of the girl's age had asked him to defer his proposals.

The young man sailed for Virginia, and in the autumn of the next year, Jefferson took his daughters home.

They had a very long passage; entered Chesapeake Bay in a fog and barely escaped shipwreck, and then were run into by another vessel. After landing, they nearly lost their effects by the burning of the ship.

At Richmond, they received an ovation. Just before Christmas, they reached Monticello. The servants had been notified and given a holiday. They enthusiastically resolved to meet "the family" at the foot of the mountain. In their impatience they started too early, and walked on. Four miles from home, they espied the carriage, and, amid shouts and cheers, detached the horses and drew them home — up the mountain — at a run. Between

two files, "the family" entered the house, the negroes shouting, "God bless you's — Look at the chilluns — Ain't our Miss Patsy tall? Our dear little Polly, bless her soul!" Long years after, Mrs. Randolph wrote, "such a scene, I never witnessed in my life."

After settling his daughters, Jefferson intended to return to Paris, but Washington had appointed him Secretary of State, and, as he backed the appointment by a personal request, Jefferson sacrificed his inclinations and accepted.

In Paris, Miss Jefferson must have had some insight into Thomas Randolph's affections and aspirations, or else she required little wooing, for in February, after her return, we read of a braw wedding at Monticello, wherein she played the part of bride, and Thomas Randolph, of bridegroom. In the light of this event we can see why she was so easily dissuaded from becoming a nun. Jefferson expressed his satisfaction by saying: "She has a man of science, sense, virtue, and competence."

The pair lived at Monticello and took charge of little Polly. Jefferson's letters are as frequent as ever, teeming with advice and instruction, spiced with anecdotes, never omitting the latest New York fashions. He astonished New Yorkers himself, by dressing in red breeches and red waistcoat — Paris fashion.

When Miss Marie entered her teens, her father took her to Philadelphia for the season. On the way they visited Mount Vernon.

Nelly Custis and Polly formed an intimate friendship, and were so "particularly happy" that Polly's father left her to go on later with Mrs. Washington and her granddaughter.

She was in a circle of loving friends and passed a very happy winter. Mrs. Adams fondly welcomed the beautiful girl, who as a child had so clung to her in London; and Jack Eppes, who loved her as a child, loved her then, and always loved her, was there studying law. When Congress was not in session, she divided her time between Monticello and her aunt, Mrs. Eppes.

Jefferson's next public office was that of vice-president. In the first year of his term, his daughter wrote for his approval of her engagement to her cousin Jack. "If he had the whole earth to choose from, he would have chosen Jack for her husband," was the return answer. In the autumn, the marriage took place, and she became mistress of her father's house, Mrs. Randolph having removed to her husband's estate, which was in sight of Monticello.

In 1801, Jefferson became President. John Adams, by his courageous independence had maintained peace, and the country was prosperous and

happy ; yet so popular was the election of his successor, that the day of his inauguration was celebrated throughout the United States, as if the nation had faced the rocks of Scylla and escaped them.

Regardless of the parade made by the people, Jefferson conducted his part of the programme with simplicity. He intended to ride to the Capitol, in a carriage-and-four, but as this portion of his equipment had been left to the care of "Jack Eppes," his son-in-law, who failed to produce them in time "he rode on horseback to the Capitol, without a single guard or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades."

Whatever injury Napoleon worked in Europe, his day of power was a boon to the United States. The English had won Canada from France and their covetous eyes were cast upon Louisiana, — to control the Mississippi was almost to control the continent.

The dearest wish of Jefferson's heart — the subject upon which he had brooded for years, was to add it to his country's domain ; he had counselled Washington to fight, rather than let it pass into the hands of Great Britain. Fortune favored him. Napoleon knew its priceless value — no man better, but to have invaded and humbled England he would almost have sold France. Money he must have, to strike

the mighty blow he meditated. Jefferson sent Monroe to proffer it, without haggling over the amount. This largest and cheapest piece of real estate ever sold, almost doubled the territory and importance of the United States.

For years, the Algerine pirates had been thorns, with very sharp points to all Christian nations. It seems incredible to-day, that, at the beginning of the century, each paid an annual tribute to the haughty Dey of Algiers, to protect its commerce; and contributions were taken in churches to ransom the captured, a regular scale of prices, according to rank, being fixed by my lord of Tripoli, but history tells the story.

To the wise foresight of John Adams, the United States was indebted for a small navy. Jefferson reduced it, but he was very careful that what he did keep afloat, should do good service. The port of Tripoli was blockaded, the city bombarded, and in its harbor, the daring Decatur immortalized his name.

A new era and a new race seemed to have dawned upon the bashaw. As these American Christian dogs had a spirit, which it was not well to defy, he made peace.

European nations looked on and beheld what prowess and a very small force could do, and by combining managed to extract the thorns from their flesh and snake the incubus from their shoulders.

One year of Jefferson's administration was rendered memorable by the sail of Robert Fulton's steamboat on the Hudson. For five years, that river could boast of having the only one in the world.

England, always fertile in picking a quarrel, never caring for the right, arrogantly claimed that she would take seamen of English birth wherever she could find them, and if our vessels passed her on the high seas, she would stop them and make search. Dastardly deeds were done in our own waters. She disavowed ordering them and politely expressed "regrets," but as for making honest reparation, she had no idea of it, not she.

As the United States was a neutral power, she had an honest right to fetch and carry. Napoleon said we should have no commerce with England, and England, *vice versa*. As we were a prey to both parties, an Embargo Act was passed forbidding American vessels to leave port. It was intended that our enemies should suffer for our supplies, but unfortunately it worked two ways, and we suffered for their money.

Jefferson entailed this feverish state of affairs upon his successor, yet his popularity never waned, and he could have had a third term, if he would have accepted it.

No one suffered more from the Embargo Act than

Jefferson himself; his cotton and tobacco were stored in his warehouses, and he had not wherewithal to pay his debts on leaving Washington, until his agent had contracted a large loan.

Absorbed in public affairs, he had not looked into his own. He wrote that he was in an agony of humiliation, and should pass sleepless nights until the matter was arranged.

In his first term the daughters spent one season with him. At the close of it, Mrs. Eppes, whose beauty exceeded that of her mother, with a constitution that was even more frail, died after the birth of her second child.

Grief at her loss told so heavily upon the President, that Mrs. Randolph spent the succeeding winter with him, and her second son was born that season; at other times the White House was without a mistress.

The stately etiquette and the formality practised among crowned heads had been maintained through Washington's and Adams' administration, but Jefferson put it all aside. He was not only Republican in politics, but in manners and dress. The weekly levees were abolished, and only on New Year's Day and Fourth of July did he keep open house. He kept up old Virginian hospitality; a long table was daily spread and was always full, but the company were men. His steward told a guest that it often

took fifty dollars to pay for what marketing they would use in a day. It is said that during Jefferson's eight years' administration, he and his guests drank twenty thousand dollars worth of wines and brandy.

If a dinner were to be given and ladies were included, he would ask Mrs. Madison to receive and preside. On one occasion, when the dinner was announced, he offered her his arm and led the way, without any regard to precedence, much to the indignation of the British minister, whose wife was present. He even made it a matter of complaint, and laid it before the English minister for Foreign Affairs. Had the royal Charlotte been present, she would have had no courtesy on the score of rank.

Jefferson courteously remained in Washington to see his successor installed in office. A family letter tells us that, "At Madison's first inauguration, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, his grandson and namesake, was a lad of seventeen years, and was his grandfather's sole companion as he rode, in those days of republican simplicity, up Pennsylvania Avenue on horseback, from the President's house to the Capitol, where grandfather and grandson, dismounting, hitched their horses to the paling, and the latter went into the Congressional halls to see the government pass from his hands into those of his friend."

The next day Jefferson went to his beloved Monticello, and for seventeen years lived the life of a southern planter.

Mrs. Randolph presided over his house. She was the mother of twelve children, six of whom were daughters, who never had any teacher but herself; these, with Francis, son of Mrs. Eppes, made a merry household.

One serious annoyance was the number of guests that thronged the house and literally ate up the master's substance. Once, Mrs. Randolph was obliged to prepare beds for fifty inmates. One family of six persons came from Europe and remained ten months.

Jefferson twice had the pleasure of receiving Lafayette, and it was he who proposed that Congress should indemnify the noble Frenchman for the money he advanced in the Revolutionary War.

At a time of financial panic, Jefferson generously indorsed a note for a large amount, hoping to save a relative from ruin—the ruin came, not only to his relative but to himself.

This loss, with the debt for the Washington expenses, his immense family, added to the locusts which devoured him, brought him to great financial straits. The war of 1812 destroyed commerce, and his cotton and tobacco were housed as in the days of the Embargo Act. Debt was abhorrent to his nature. To meet the more urgent claims, he made

the sacrifice of selling what was the most precious — his library. The collection of it was begun directly after the fire that spared the fiddle. For sixty years, in Europe and America, he had searched for the rarest treasures ; priceless as it was to him personally, he offered it to Congress to replace the library burned by the British. A committee was appointed to appraise its value. Twenty-three thousand dollars, half its cost, was the result.

Congress was as scrupulously exact in payment, as Portia with Shylock.

This was but a temporary relief, and there were no purchasers for land, his only resource. Compelled to pay the note of twenty thousand dollars which he had indorsed, in the last year of his life, he asked of the state legislature permission to seil some of his farms by lottery, as was often done, if the money were to be given for a public object.

He pathetically wrote : “ If it be permitted in my case, my lands here alone, with the mills, etc., will pay everything, and will leave Monticello and a farm free. If refused, I must sell everything here, perhaps considerably at Bedford, move thither with my family, where I have not even a log-hut to put my head into.”

There was so much reluctance and red-tape business, that the scheme was given up, even after the Legislature consented ; in sorrow, but with no bitter-

ness, he exclaimed, "I count on nothing now. I am taught to know my standard."

Individuals in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, who honored the sage of Monticello, and sympathized in his distress, raised a subscription for his benefit, which he proudly called, "The pure and unsolicited offering of love," and happily thought it would save Monticello for his daughter and grandchildren.

He had no disease, nor decay of mental powers, — the state he most dreaded. In 1822, he wrote Mr. Adams, —

"I have ever dreaded a dotting old age ; and my health has been so generally good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter, has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer I enjoy its temperature ; but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever."

It was a case of crossing a bridge, that was never reached.

In June his family were aroused to a sense of his weakness by a remark of his own, — handing a paper to his grandson, which would require his own signature, he said : "Don't delay ; there is no time to be lost."

Every day he grew weaker, and dozed more ; muttered in his sleep, and always of the events of the Revolution — once, with startling emphasis, “Warn the committee to be on the alert.”

He compared himself to an “old watch, with a pinion worn out here, and a wheel there, until it can go no longer.”

As Fourth of July drew near, he expressed a wish that he might live to see the day, — so anxious was he, that on the third, he would ask upon rousing from naps, “Is this the Fourth?”

He died on the nation’s birthday, 1826, in the blissful assurance that “two seraphs” in heaven awaited his coming.

He was buried beneath the spreading oak, where he had laid Dabney Carr, his wife, and “his Polly.”

Jefferson appointed Thomas Jefferson Randolph, his grandson, his executor. He found the estate insolvent. Monticello was sold, and still there was a deficit of forty thousand dollars. He assumed this debt and paid it, assisted by his daughters, who opened a school.

To leave Monticello was heartbreaking to Mrs. Randolph ; she wrote, “There is a time in human suffering when succeeding sorrows are but like snow falling on an iceberg.”

She proposed opening a young ladies’ school, for

the maintenance of herself and unmarried daughters ; but when the legislatures of North Carolina and Louisiana, each generously voted her ten thousand dollars, she abandoned the idea, and removed to Washington, where she died in 1837.

MRS. MADISON.

WHEN Jefferson was at the head of the nation, he conducted the public domestic affairs mostly without women. It was a sore grievance to the society class, for few men had more power to win popularity than he. They thought by woman's wit and woman's will to baffle and master him. At the place where and at the time when, a drawing-room had been wont to be held, they came in full force. The master was out riding. A servant met him on the threshold and told him the drawing-room was crowded with guests. Whip in hand, booted and spurred, splashed with mud, he entered. There was a smile and a pleasant word for each; there was nothing lacking in his genial high-bred courtesy; none could tell where the rebuke came in, but the thing was never repeated.

After eight years, he gracefully gave way to the silent, solemn Madison, in whose life boyhood and youth seemed to have dropped out, and who passed more than forty years without quickening a heart-beat in a woman's bosom; yet he led into the White House a wife who was the most winsome woman of any who has ever graced the station. She has been

dubbed "Queen Dolly, the most gracious and beloved of all our female sovereigns." She won favors from Congress never before or since granted to woman.

Under all Madison's solemnity and unapproachable bearing, he was ever quick to discern and appreciate a beautiful woman. When he had passed into the thirties, he saw and admired Catharine Floyd, a girl less than half his years, said to be of great beauty and vivacity (his style). His way of wooing was to sit in the room with her and talk of the public debt, imposts, etc., with her father. When he would put a seal to the wooing, the girl, under home pressure, said "Yes," when she would rather have said, "No."

Now, Madison had a betrothed, and congratulations poured in. Unfortunately for him, while he kept up the political flow with the father, there was often another guest, a young clergyman, who looked into the girl's eyes, and talked neither politics nor shop. Whatever the subject was, it induced her to break her troth. It went hard with the staid, sombre man, and that he made a moan is shown by Jefferson's philosophical letter of condolence, hinting of the fishes whose flavor is always recommended to one in his strait. But more than a decade went by before he angled again, and then it was for the sweet Quaker widow Todd.

Born in bright, free America, with the blood of a Scotch grandame, an English father, and an Irish mother in her veins, she seemed to have caught a grace from each. When she was a mere child, her family removed to Philadelphia, and embraced the Quaker faith. No restraints could check the joyous flow of spirits in Dolly, nor the love of carnal pleasures.

The Scotch grandmother had little patience with the new faith, and when Dolly, at times, put into words her longing to be, and to dress like the "world's people," would give her bits of jewelry worn in her own girlhood. As the child could not wear or even show them, she made a bag and kept them in her bosom, often throbbing with wicked delight that such things were hers. Alas! if it were sin, "it found her out," and brought her her first great grief. A day came when the bag opened, and they were left in the woods, where Dolly had been flitting about.

If the mother thought it wicked to wear a ribbon or a bit of lace as a foil to beauty, she took good care to preserve all nature had given. The equipment for school was a white linen mask, sewed to the sun-bonnet, and gloves drawn to the elbow.

Early in life her father had had no money cares, but war had swept away the savings of a lifetime, and the stern man sank bodily and mentally.

There was a young Quaker lawyer of good estate, who found Dolly very fair, and wished to possess her. His plan of wooing was to heap favors on the father; with his sanction he spoke to the girl.

“I never mean to marry,” was the demure reply.

Her father was more persuasive, and soon John Todd bore away a bride. For three years she lived the secluded life of a proper Quaker matron, and became the mother of two babies; then the yellow fever was epidemic in Philadelphia.

John Todd sent away Dolly and her babies, but lingered himself to do what a man and a Christian might. When he knew the fever to be burning in his veins, he followed his wife, with the cry, “I must see *her* once more.”

In a few hours he was dead, and soon Dolly and a baby lay battling with the fever. When the disease was stayed, Dolly, with one baby, went home to her mother, now widowed.

The married years had turned the shy girl-bride into a beautiful woman. Men would station themselves where they might see her pass. Her bride-maid said: “Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face, there are so many staring at thee.”

It was in a walk that her bright beauty first flashed upon Madison. Its effect is shown by a note, written the next day, by Dolly:—

“Dear Friend: Come to me. Aaron Burr says

the great-little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

Dolly was in mulberry satin, silk tulle, with curls creeping from beneath the dainty Quaker cup, brimming with fun and sparkling with wit. Soon a strange rumor spread through the city.

The President and Mrs. Washington shared in the amused surprise, and, to be assured, sent for Dolly. "Is it true?" asked Mrs. Washington.

In the same manner with which she had once answered John Todd, she said, "No, I think not." Confusion and blushes told the tale she would hide, and Mrs. Washington bade her "not be ashamed," it was "an honor to win a man so great and so good; he will make thee a good husband, and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it; the esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great and we would wish thee to be happy."

Soon, with her child, sister, and maid, she was driven from the city in an open barouche, and the "Father of the Constitution," mounted, rode at her side. At the home of her sister, who married a nephew of Washington, she became Mrs. Madison. Guests came from far and near, and the merry-making went on for days. That love had transformed the man is proved by the young girl guests daring to cut bits of Mechlin lace from his shirt ruffles, as mementoes.

Amid showers of rice and tossings of slippers, the barouche was driven away, with the bridal pair, bound for Montpellier, Madison's ancestral estate, where his parents still lived.

Madison had won the whole heart of this brilliant woman, and he proved the most devoted of husbands, an indulgent father to her child, a tender son to her mother, and to her little sister he gave a home, until he gave her away, a bride.

Country life, with abundant means, was for Mrs. Madison, one round of pleasures. The poor blessed her name, servants vied with one another to do her bidding; little negroes would trot after her, in her walks and call her "Sweetie," and the mother of Madison thought there was never a woman the equal of "James's wife."

When Jefferson became president, he made Madison, Secretary of State, and even then it may be said that his wife's reign began. As there was no lady in the Executive Mansion, this brilliant, sunny-hearted, witty little quakeress from Philadelphia, was the social centre of the city. If a "first lady" were needed in the White House, Jefferson sent his compliments, with a note requesting the society of Mrs. Madison.

Party spirit never ran so high, but in the drawing-room of Mrs. Madison, under her gracious tact, men, who would meet at no other place forgot their bitter-

ness. She made foes friends. Her civilities were never influenced by party politics, and at her social board, where she dispensed her lavish hospitality with quiet dignity and elegance of manner, the subject was never mentioned.

The step to the White House was only what might be called her coronation. When she was congratulated on her husband's occupation of it, with her ready wit, she answered, "I don't know that there is much cause for congratulation. The President of the United States generally comes in at the iron gate and goes out at the weeping willows." At that time, there was a side entrance, a stone archway, with a weeping-willow on each side of it.

Whatever the end was to be, the beginning was very brilliant. Mrs. Madison in buff velvet and bird-of-paradise plume, looked and moved a queen. Madison was very pale, and more solemn than usual. Jefferson was all life and exhilaration. The Embargo and troubles with France and England might lead him under the willows, but then, he had taught the Bashaw of Tripoli manners, which all Europe had failed to do; the purchase of Louisiana was his crown of glory, and Martha, grandchildren, and Monticello were before him.

Now, there was a Republican Court in earnest. Drawing-rooms were held, which were never dull nor tiresome. Washington Irving would have it, that

he met there the "merry wives of Windsor." Dinners were given, which the English minister, in derision, called harvest-home feasts. Mrs. Madison would smile, thank God for abundance, and the unlikeness of her court to that of the shamefully dissolute one of the Regent of England. She returned, like Mrs. Adams, all visits paid her, and organized "dove parties," composed of the wives of cabinet officers and foreign ministers, which were very gay and popular. She had high-bred airs and refinement, was beautiful in form and features, always richly and elegantly dressed, as became her position. At her marriage, by her husband's request, she laid aside the Quaker dress, retaining only the dainty cap, which was very becoming, but even that was put aside in the Executive Mansion. The Quakers charged her with "an undue fondness for the things of this world," but by her sweetness and affability she retained their favor. She was remarkable for rarely forgetting a name, would even remember little incidents connected with her guests.

The first term, which had passed for Mrs. Madison in unclouded happiness, was drawing to a close. It was said that Jefferson chose his own successor, but he had passed the government to him with Pandora's box wide open, and had also reduced the means of stamping out the evils, which had escaped and were working bitter results.

George III. was harmless in his padded cell, but his son, who resembled him in everything but his virtues, retained the old ministry, and a heavy hand was laid upon the new and struggling nation.

British emissaries had stirred up an Indian war in the West and paid bounties for scalps; on the sea, they had captured the vessels of the East, and had impressed American seamen. The people hated England and clamored for war. Madison was a statesman, and knew that the best interests of the country demanded peace. Did he pursue it, he must lay down his sceptre.

The opposition jeered, and one member declared in Congress, that "the President could not be kicked into a fight," which passed into a proverb. He was human and the stakes were high. War was declared, and a second term began, not smooth or uneventful.

Through want of military skill or foresight, an order was given to send to Michigan a general never in action, unnerved at the thought of bloodshed, with a handful of raw troops and raw militia, to invade Canada. He showed the white feather to his men as they stood before their guns with lighted matches—to the enemy a white tablecloth before a gun was fired. Instead of taking Canada, Canada took Michigan.

Two months later there was another advance on

Canada at Queenstown Heights ; powder and cannon balls *did* come into use, but it ended in defeat and disgrace.

Hull, who had surrendered Michigan, had a nephew, the captain of the "Constitution," who poured his broadsides with the intent of bringing blood and doing mischief, and astonished the country by a naval victory, which somewhat retrieved the name from disgrace. The country was in one blaze of enthusiasm. Privateers fitted out from every port, scoured every sea, and inflicted heavy injuries upon the "mistress of the seas."

Canada was allowed a year to recuperate from the invasion of her frontiers, and then, to make sure work, a triple force was sent. Harrison by land and Perry on the Lakes covered themselves with glory, not by taking Canada but by rescuing what Hull had so basely flung into English hands. Perry's despatch to headquarters was as laconic and graphic as Cæsar's, when he conquered the King of Pontus.

There was a fresh complication. The Creeks had donned the war-paint and started on the war-path. Jackson, disabled by wounds received in a personal fray, managed by iron will and military skill, aided by his majestic mien and blazing eyes, to wipe out that difficulty and end that nation. Ah! If *he* had been sent to take Canada!

In the third year of the war, there was another attempt to invade that country.

Scott won his spurs, and had there been a suitable force, his victory might have been followed up; as it was, the Americans, with an inferior force, had simply whipped the British at Lundy's Lane.

Canadians tried invasion on the borders of Lake Champlain—their soldiers were veterans, trained by Wellington. Result: They fought, aided by the British fleet—lost the fleet—ran away, leaving wounded and military stores behind them.

The British blockaded and ravaged the Atlantic coast from North to South. Lighthouses only benefited the enemy, and the lighting of the lamps was forbidden.

The crowning humiliation came, when the British sailed up the Potomac and burned Washington. Madison was called away the day before; his wife lingered until the sound of the cannons was heard, even then stopped to secure the picture of Washington painted by Stuart; the Declaration of Independence was in her bag. She said, "I lived a lifetime in those last moments." There was not even the semblance of an army to protect the national capital, though the President was warned two months in advance, that the British were preparing to take it.

Admiral Cockburn, at the head of his men, entered

the Capitol, mounted the speaker's chair in the Hall of Representatives, and shouted: "Shall this harbor of Yankee Democracy be burned? All for it will say, Aye!" And a thousand voices answered, "Aye!" It was a vote, and it was done.

Proud of the night's achievements, they would repeat them at Baltimore, and so they sailed away. The Baltimoreans were roused and made so vigorous a defence that the enemy retired, with the loss of General Ross, commander of the land forces.

During the bombardment, the sight of the flag waving over the Fort, making such a plucky defence, inspired Francis S. Key, a prisoner on board the British fleet, to write the "Star Spangled Banner."

The pusillanimous way in which the war was conducted, roused the nation to fury. New England felt equal to taking care of herself, but she was going to give no more help in the taking of Canada. The President might give up the capital without putting forth his hand, but her people were not of Virginia stock and would not submit tamely to the burning of her sea-ports. A convention met at Hartford and made some propositions to be laid before the government of the United States. There was a very plain intimation of what measures would be taken if her propositions were not acceded to.

The peace-loving and war-making President was

more distraught than ever. Civil war was more to be dreaded than foreign.

Opportunely, peace was declared, and we are spared from knowing to what lengths New England would have gone. A Hartford Convention Federalist and a Southern Secessionist, both terms of obloquy, mean about the same thing. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

Jackson had fought his famous battle; fought it after peace was signed, signed without England's giving up the right of impressment—America's grievance, for which she went to war.

If Madison's fame were tarnished, Queen Dolly held a more dazzling court than ever, and was called the most popular person in the United States. Traditions and sweet memories of her last New Year's levee still linger about Washington. She was dressed in pink satin, elaborately trimmed with ermine, gold clasps around her waist and wrists, white satin turban with a crescent in front, topped with towering ostrich feathers, which were said to gleam above the rout like the white plumes of Navarre. She seemed to invest the city itself with a courtly tone and something of a royal flavor clung to the manners and presence of the heads of the government.

The troubled administration closed amid the social pyrotechnics of Queen Dolly. Madison retired to

Montpellier and maintained, like Washington and Jefferson, old Virginia hospitality. His wife was a magnet who drew about her, not only the nation's best and distinguished guests from abroad, but country people would beg the privilege of seeing her, and one farmer's wife from a distance asked to kiss her, that her girls might tell of it in the years to come.

Madison had a suffering, lingering illness. She tended him with most wifely devotion, and for eight months never went beyond her own grounds. At his death, she thought the only work left her to do was to arrange his letters and manuscripts, which both parties in Congress voted to purchase, because it was she who offered them. She was given the franking privilege, allowed a seat on the floor of Congress, a favor accorded to no other woman. The flirtations of that august body with Mrs. Madison became a topic of the press.

To be among her old friends, she returned to Washington, where it was not only deemed an honor to be her guest, but to be a guest where she was present. She was the President's guest on the steamer "Princeton" when the great cannon, called the Peacemaker, exploded. Rumors of the accident went abroad, and crowds assembled at her house, anxious to be assured of her safety.

She preserved her presence of mind in the midst

of that dreadful scene, assisted in the care of the wounded, soothed their friends, went home, walked before her guests, pale as death, smiling but silent. At no time could she speak of it, or hear it spoken of.

She had never been a Quaker at heart. Hers was a nature to appreciate, and a heart to love the splendid ritual of the Episcopal Church, of which in these later years she became a member.

A dissolute son had been the one shadow of her life, and the shadow deepened in her widowed years. He had spent his own patrimony, — Madison had many times paid his debts, — and now he brought straitened means upon his mother, which forced her to sell Montpelier. With the glossing of a mother's love, she would pathetically say: "Forgive my boy his eccentricities; his heart is all right."

In advanced years, this brilliant woman, so popular and beloved, a queen of society, took Solomon's view of life, and thus expressed it to a troubled young girl: "My dear, there is nothing, nothing in this world worth caring for."

With a sore, grieved heart, she died at the age of eighty-two, the name of her "poor boy" on her lips at the last. Two years later, Payne Todd died of typhoid fever, having just grace enough to be sorry for his misdoings. In his illness, he was tended by the faithful servants of his mother, and they alone followed him to his grave.

Until ruined by dissipation, he had a markedly handsome face, and the gracious manners of his mother. He accompanied the American Commissioners to Russia and Ghent, and at each court he was treated as if he were a prince of the blood royal. In his last years, Clay asked him if he remembered when he was admitted to the floor at a royal ball and danced with a Czar's daughters, while he, as a commissioner, was only allowed in the gallery as a spectator.

MRS. MONROE.

MISS ELIZA KORTWRIGHT was the daughter of an American who was loyal to England, and through the war of Independence fought under her banner. When loyalty would no longer avail, he settled in New York, and became a citizen under the laws of that State.

In the year of Washington's inauguration, his daughters were among the belles of that brilliant season. The first mention of Miss Eliza, apart from her sisters, is in a note of Monroe's to Madison, expressing a wish to introduce him to a young lady who would soon become an adopted citizen of Virginia. Three months later he wrote to Jefferson, breaking promises of visiting, and settling plans for the future, and from what follows, we gather that his excuse lay in the fact that he had married a wife. In the gush of friendship and devotion which Jefferson so often inspired, he declared his intention of making a home where he can enjoy the companionship of the master of Monticello.

Mrs. Monroe must have been a very quiet, domestic woman, for while private letters and the press

teem with notices of the wives of the earlier presidents, we find little mention of her.

Mrs. Adams, in her printed letters, says the ladies of the Republican Court were the most beautiful women in the world, and in this respect, Mrs. Monroe was no exception. After four years in Congress, Monroe was sent as envoy to Paris, and there the sobriquet for his wife was "*la belle Americaine.*"

It is in Paris that we find the only link which connects her with her husband's public life. His appointment came just after the fall of Robespierre. He had not then acquired the wisdom which came with years. His instructions were to attend exclusively to the interests of his own newborn and struggling government. From the first, he threw his whole soul into the affairs of France, trying to become a sister republic.

Americans did not particularly love France, who only sent them aid to thwart her hereditary foe. What was begun as shrewd policy, Charles X.,—dethroned, an exile, sailing away in an American ship,—declared the greatest mistake France ever made. But Lafayette, Rochambeau, DeKalb, and a host of others, lived in the hearts of the nation. They had proffered their services without pay, and followed Louis XVI.'s generous orders to yield precedence to American officers.

Lafayette had been foremost, and his young and doting wife, putting self aside, had urged him on.

When it was told that he was in an Austrian dungeon, his wife and children imprisoned in Paris, Monroe, forgetting that, as an accredited minister, he should express no personal feelings, threw prudence to the winds.

To interfere in the Marchioness's behalf, and fail, was to seal her fate. He proposed to Mrs. Monroe that she should go to the prison and try to obtain an interview. Retiring and diffident as she was, her woman's heart was stirred, and an unnatural daring, inspired by zeal, carried her to success.

Monroe was the only foreign envoy received by the government, and the coming of his wife in a carriage, on which were the emblems of his rank, aroused the awe and respect of the gaoler. Expecting a refusal, Mrs. Monroe proffered her request as one that she had a right to demand. She was asked to the reception-room, and in a short time the prisoner came, accompanied by a guard. For hours, she had been listening for the steps of the gendarmes, to take her to the guillotine. When she was told that she had a visitor, and that visitor proved to be the wife of the American ambassador, she could only sink and sob at her feet. In the presence of a sentinel, little could be said, but as Mrs. Monroe rose to leave, in a firm, steady

voice, she promised to repeat her visit in the morning.

That evening was really the one fixed for the execution, but a council was called, in which it was held that the fate of the woman was of little moment, but to risk the displeasure of the American minister, and the American people, would be serious.

When the morning came, the prison doors opened, and she was free.

Sending her boy to Washington — whose name he bore — she, in disguise, made her way to Olmutz, and begged to share her husband's fate. If she crossed the threshold, there was to be no return, and the loving woman accepted the cruel terms.

More than three years in a dungeon ten feet deep, where the sun never sent a ray, had lain the friend of America, in chains. Twenty-two more weary months dragged on, but these were cheered by the presence of his wife.

As soon as Washington was free from his official position, he appealed to Napoleon, and, backed by his power, gained their release.

The conqueror of Italy declared that the most difficult point to settle with the Austrians was the giving up of the prisoners at Olmutz. The Emperor claimed as an excuse, that "his hands were tied" — tied by whom? His allies; which only meant England. In vain had Fox, supported by Wilber-

force and Sheridan, pled the prisoner's cause with impassioned eloquence before the British Parliament.

It was the will of Parliament that the Republican, who had helped to tear from the English crown its brightest jewel should lie in a dungeon in chains. He was the first leader upon whom it had had the power to wreak vengeance, and the Emperor of Austria was given to understand that its ministers enjoyed it. If the release displeased England, the more it pleased Napoleon to insist.

Monroe's second exploit had been to procure the release of Thomas Paine from prison, and keep him ten months in his own house. Jefferson said: "If the soul of Monroe were turned inside out, not a spot would be found upon it," but his enthusiastic espousal of the French Revolution, the using of his official position for the benefit of political prisoners, caused his recall, as a disgraced minister. In all his after life, though crowned with the highest honors, he felt the sting of that recall as he felt the bullet, never extracted, received at the battle of Trenton.

Upon his return, the home life which he had promised Jefferson, when he made Eliza Kortwright his bride, began in Virginia. He was chosen governor of the state and held the office three years, but in no way can we find any mention of Mrs. Monroe.

Monroe's effusive sympathy when minister, and consequent recall, had made him popular in France,

and when Jefferson sought to gain Louisiana, he sent Monroe as special minister to Napoleon, with *carte blanche* to negotiate for what has been called "the largest transfer of real estate which was ever made, since Adam was presented with the fee-simple of Paradise."

Again Mrs. Monroe, in her quiet, gentle way, moved in the most polished court in Europe, — her children the companions of Josephine's. The elder daughter was at the celebrated school of Madame Campan with Hortense, and they formed an intimacy which lasted through life.

From Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe went to England, but her ministers were so haughtily arrogant in their claims, all negotiations failed.

England had not yet learned to treat the minister of her lost colonies with respect. The dissolute court (where the wife of the Regent, who had been pronounced by Parliament an innocent woman, was a repudiated wife) did not accord with Mrs. Monroe's dignified sense of propriety.

From London they went to Madrid, from thence to Paris, leaving the boundaries of the Spanish possessions unadjusted.

They were fortunate in being present at the grand pageantry of Napoleon's coronation, — he astonished the world by crowning himself, after summoning Pius VII. from Rome for the purpose.

Another ineffectual attempt was made to treat with Great Britain, but the firing upon the Chesapeake, in our own waters, so complicated affairs that Monroe was recalled, at his own request. Even then, though he had taken so active and successful a part in the great real-estate purchase, the American people could discern about him no halo of glory. The baffled negotiations with England had come later, and they forgot, or were ignorant of England's maxim, "Might makes right." With wounded pride, Monroe retired to Oak Hill, the Virginian home.

Mrs. Monroe resumed her quiet, country life with delight. It was a short-lived rest, for her husband was chosen Governor of Virginia, which office he soon resigned to become Secretary of State.

Cheerfully, Mrs. Monroe acquiesced in the return to Washington, never submitting to a separation from her husband, until the capital was threatened by the British; then, in anxiety for her children, she retired to Oak Hill.

When the war policy of taking Quebec, and dictating to England terms of peace at Halifax, had been abandoned, — when the national capital had been burned, poor Madison, who could not count for even a piece of a man in war, tried to double his efficient Secretary of State, by making him Secretary of War as well.

Monroe was a man of courage, ability, and withal a soldier, who had done good service on many a hard-fought field. There was no more supineness. It was known that the English were preparing for a descent upon the Southern coast. Troops were raised, and the secretary even pledged his private fortune to equip them. The command was given to Jackson, who panted to meet the British, no matter how unequal were the forces.

Peace was signed and the southern battle was fought. The news of peace was received in America with transports of joy, even though it was signed at Ghent instead of Halifax. Half the people thought we had been fighting the wrong party, and that Napoleon had been more perfidious and insulting than England. The victory at New Orleans made the people still more delirious, and they began to wish that peace had never been signed.

In 1817, the nation recognized Monroe's great services, and he became the Chief Magistrate, dubbed as the "last of the cocked hats." Four years later he received every electoral vote save one. The man who threw it, gave as his only reason a determination to have no man honored as Washington had been.

The rebuilding of the White House had been completed in time for his inaugural festivities; furniture from a royal palace in France, the crowns upon it

being replaced by eagles, was placed in the East Room, and everything arranged on a more elegant footing than before.

Following the dazzling "Queen Dolly," Mrs. Monroe made heroic exertions, but entertaining was not her forte. An Englishman wrote home that the "new lady" was regal looking, retaining traces of her early beauty, had polished manners, but her dinners were tedious, and her levees formal, from which all were glad to escape.

The country was at peace, and every industry began to flourish. The cotton gin had given an impetus to the raising of the chief product of the South, which even in those days gave it kingly importance. Monroe's administration was called "the era of good feeling," but this cotton raising necessitated negro labor. A new state knocked at the door of the Union, and claimed that her interests demanded that the institution peculiar to the South, should be allowed her. The North, who had been so insubordinate in the last administration, knew *just* what should be done in this case. The state might be a star, but it was not to be weighted with slavery. The Slave States, in sympathy with the sister waiting to come in, raised the cry of secession, civil war, and bloodshed! New England was shocked! The giants had not reached their prime,—according to Josiah Quincy "their pin-feathers were not yet

grown," — but on the floor of Congress they battled with their might over this mad scheme. One of the pin-featherless ones was ready to give and take — *this* state might buy and sell humanity, but nobody north of her most southern limit was to have the same privilege. The South consented, on the principle that, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

So Missouri took her place, and people began to feel good again, but it made the tiny crack which shot this way and that, until the Union was so shaky that the choosing of a president sent it all to pieces in 1861.

It seems as if the mantle of a prophet must have fallen upon Jefferson, for he wrote: "The Missouri question is the most portentous one that ever threatened the Union. In the gloomiest moments of the Revolutionary War, I never had any apprehension equal to that I feel from this source."

Florida Indians began to make inroads on the Border States, and Jackson was sent to drive them back. With his usual skill in provoking a fight and coming out of it triumphantly, he did this time with Spain, capturing one of her towns. Out of his reckless disregard of laws resulted the treaty by which we gained Florida. On the principle that "All's well that ends well," he escaped punishment,

though he had compromised the character and almost the peace of the country.

Early in Monroe's administration, he determined that if foreign nations again interfered with America, he would not be caught as Madison had been, ignorant of the capabilities of the country; therefore, he made a progress through the North and East, and visited every military post, which brought him in contact with the people and added greatly to his popularity.

He travelled in the undress uniform of a Revolutionary officer—blue military coat of homespun, buff doeskin breeches, cocked hat, and a black ribbon cockade.

Mrs. Monroe's health failed, and in the latter term of her husband's administration she was rarely seen. In 1824, she had the honor of receiving and entertaining Lafayette as the nation's guest.

Monroe promulgated the great doctrine that has ever since been stamped with his name, which means that there is to be no picking nor stealing on the American Continent by European nations. The French thought to test the strength of it in Mexico, but the ignominious withdrawal of their troops and the execution of Maximilian was the result. Had the Mexicans been slow of hand, United States troops were ready to step to the front.

Monroe retired, crowned with honors. Mrs. Mon-

roe introduced the custom of returning no visits, which has been followed by all her successors in the White House.

Oak Hill is in the neighborhood of Monticello and Montpelier, and Monroe shared with Jefferson and Madison the burden of entertaining guests who, from friendship or curiosity, thronged their homes.

Congress had never reimbursed Monroe for the money he had advanced in the war of 1812. Public duties had so engrossed him, that he had given no attention to his private affairs, and, like Jefferson, he was burdened with debt.

Mrs. Monroe's two daughters were married and lived at a distance. Her feeble health gave her an excuse to live the recluse life she enjoyed. Five years after her husband's retirement, she was seized by a sudden illness, which proved fatal.

Monroe's narrow means compelled him to give up his home, and he went to New York, to the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur. While Congress was discussing some means for his relief, he died on the Fourth of July—a year after the death of his wife—"poor in money, but rich in honor."

He was buried first in what was known as the Old Marble Cemetery, from which the body was afterwards removed to the Gouverneur family vault, in the Second Street Cemetery.

The year 1858—the one hundredth anniversary of Mr. Monroe's birth—was thought to be a fitting time to remove his remains from the place where they had lain for twenty-seven years, to their final resting-place, in the capital of the state which gave him birth.

The New York city government determined that the removal should be conducted with great magnificence, and also to make the occasion one of kindly and fraternal feeling between the authorities and volunteer soldiery of New York and those of the State of Virginia, the Secretary of State offered the revenue cutter, "Harriet Lane," to bear the remains to Richmond.

July second, at five in the morning (an hour least likely to attract attention) the Committee from Virginia, the New York Committee, the surviving relatives of the family, and some others, assembled at the cemetery.

A little wren-house, which had long served as the only thing to mark the spot, still stood there.

The body was taken to the Church of the Annunciation, and left there under guard.

In the afternoon it was removed to the City Hall, escorted by one of the largest and most imposing military and civic processions the citizens of New York had ever witnessed. During the march the bells were tolled, the flags in the port were at half-

mast, and minute guns were fired. The Eighth Regiment stood guard during the night. In the morning the Seventh Regiment escorted the remains to the steamer, and formally delivered them to the Virginians. The Seventh chartered another steamer, and followed the "Harriet Lane" to Richmond.

Governor Wise, with the military and city dignitaries, was at the wharf to receive them.

The body was taken to the cemetery, where the Governor made an address, and prayers were offered. While the troops rested on their arms, it was lowered into the grave.

The nation has had many a pompous funeral since, but at that day there had never been seen one conducted with so much magnificence and ceremony.

The Seventh Regiment had a taste of Old Virginia hospitality, were served in the most sumptuous style, and left, each side giving a three times three.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

MISS LOUISA CATHARINE JOHNSON was the wife of the sixth, and what may be called the last of the Presidents of the Revolution. She was born in London, in 1775. Her father was a native American, the family home in Maryland; her uncle was governor of that state, and signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Living in England, where public feeling was against the colonies, where "every man," according to Franklin, "seemed to consider himself as a piece of a sovereign over America, seemed to jostle into the throne of the King, and talk of *our* subjects in the colonies," was not pleasant for a man, every throb of whose heart was for the land of his birth. He sacrificed his business interests, and passed over to France, with his family.

When the struggle of the Revolution was over, and England had yielded to the inevitable, he returned and held an office under the American government. His daughter, Miss Louisa Catharine, spent the greater part of her girlhood in London, which gave her unusual advantages, and she became a proficient in many accomplishments.

John Quincy Adams was born in the very hotbed of the Rebellion, was cradled by the songs of liberty ; Independence was the watchword of all about him. In Boston, he had seen the redcoats pace the street before his father's house, giving law to the citizens, even interfering with the sports of the boys, who so manfully stood for their rights before the stern English commander that he was forced to admire them, and ordered his soldiers not to interfere with the snow-hills, nor with the sliding and skating of the boys.

In the Quincy home, young Adams had stood in his mother's kitchen, and seen her spoons melted into bullets ; had seen house and barn given up to the patriot soldiers.

With a father ready to "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," for the independence of his country, — with a mother, who, without ever a thought of woman's rights, bent herself with Spartan energy to train her boys for patriots, ready to work in the field, if thereby she could add one more arm to the army, it is not strange that this boy breathed in the love of liberty from the air.

Twice, as a mere boy, he accompanied his father to Europe. Placed at the best of schools, he, too, had had uncommon advantages, and, as his exacting father said, "behaved like a man." Wishing to put an American stamp on his education, he returned at

eighteen and entered an advanced class at Harvard. Two years later, he graduated and studied law. He began his eminent career in Boston, and in a four years' struggle, experienced all the discouragements a young lawyer has to face.

As clients were few, he wrote for the press a series of articles, which showed so much political sagacity that they were supposed to have been written by his father. They attracted the attention of Washington, who appointed him to represent America at the Hague. His diplomatic duties called him to London, where he first met Miss Johnson, and an intimacy began, which soon ripened into an engagement. When his father became President, his nice sense of honor determined him to recall his son. Better advised by Washington, he simply transferred him to Berlin. At this time he fulfilled his engagement with Miss Johnson, and took her to that court, a bride.

When Adams was to give way to Jefferson, he recalled his son, lest he should impose that unpleasant duty upon his old friend, as they differed in political policy. Mr. Adams settled at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets, Boston.

It was Mrs. Adams's first introduction to New England, and to her husband's family. The home was soon broken up, and she had the pleasure of meeting her own relatives at the South, as Mr.

Adams was elected United States senator, which office he finally resigned, as he and his constituents were not one on the Embargo question.

When Madison came into power, he appointed him minister to Russia. At this time, three little ones claimed the mother's care, and there was a struggle. It ended in a resolve to go with her husband, leaving two children in the care of the grandparents.

Russia, with its Peter, its Catharines, and the mad Paul, had hardly been considered within the pale of civilized countries, but, now, under the chivalrous bearing of the youthful Alexander, she was taking a prominent place in the stately march of European nations. Court was maintained in the most princely style.

Parsimony may be an exaggerated term, but New England thrift and natural inclinations led Mr. and Mrs. Adams to live as quietly as their official station would allow, and here was laid the foundation of their fortune; also the foundation of the amicable relations which have ever since continued between Russia and America.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams may be said to have lived abroad in the days of modern romance. They were in Russia at the battle of Borodino, — when the old capital was burned, when every ear was strained, listening, lest the conqueror would knock at the gates of the new.

All Europe breathed and grew calm when Napoleon was banished to Elba. The war between England and America, however, dragged wearily on. Alexander offered to mediate, and try to bring about peace. Commissioners came from America, but negotiations failed, as England, from petty jealousy, refused to act in concert with Russia. The party repaired to Ghent, soon followed by Adams, as England consented to enter into negotiations there. Circumstances compelled Mrs. Adams to remain in Russia. In the early spring, when Mr. Adams found he was not to return, he summoned her to join him in Paris.

Now the woman showed she had true courage. She travelled by land from St. Petersburg to Paris, with only servants and her fourteen-year-old son. Alexander gave her a passport, but America had so risen in power that she found her best safeguard was in announcing herself as the wife of the American minister. Stories of robbery and murder were told her at every stopping-place. Lawless, disbanded soldiers of the worst class were scattered all over the continent. Once, in Courland, they were blocked at night by the snow, and were obliged to rouse the peasants to shovel them out.

Oh that she could have wielded the facile pen, and possessed the glowing imagery of her mother-in-law!

On the way, Mrs. Adams was told the news that startled all Europe. Napoleon had escaped from

Elba. Crowned heads, nobles, and peasants sprang to arms. Every step was dangerous; even a Polish cap on the head of a servant was a signal for a quarrel. When she reached the frontiers of France, Napoleon was making his seven-hundred-mile march to the capital.

His very name was a terror to her Russian servants, and not one would cross the border. Once she was surrounded by troops so inflamed that not even a woman could pass without declaring her political faith and purpose. She appealed to the commander, and by his advice turned back, and, by a longer route, reached Paris and her husband.

It was just after the flight of the Bourbons, and they were present at the entrance of Napoleon, beheld the adoration of the people as he was borne aloft in their arms, through the arched gallery of the Louvre, into the Tuileries.

In May, they went to England and met the children from whom they had been, for six years, parted. A daughter had been born and buried in Russia.

Mr. Adams received an appointment as minister to the Court of St. James, and a house was taken in London.

The prophecy of Washington was fulfilled: "I shall be much mistaken, if, in as short a time as can well be expected, he (Mr. Adams) is not found at

the head of the diplomatic corps, be the government administered by whomsoever the people may choose."

As a diplomatist and cultured man, Mr. Adams made a great impression, but the health of Mrs. Adams was delicate, and she went but little into society; maybe she was glad of an excuse for not frequenting the court of the Regent.

Adams had served as foreign ambassador under three presidents, and now a fourth summoned him home to the office of Secretary of State, which gratified the extreme wish of his mother. During his term of eight years, his wife presided over his house with dignity and grace. She was without personal beauty, but she had acquired in the different courts of Europe an elegance of manner to which few could attain. According to her son, she made no exclusions in her entertainments on account of political hostility; though keenly alive to the reputation of her husband, she sought only "to amuse and enliven society," and her success was admitted to be complete.

Jackson was in Washington in the winter of 1823-24, and Mrs. Adams gave in his honor, on the eighth of January, one of the largest and most brilliant parties which had ever been given at the capital. So great was the enthusiasm and curiosity to see the man who had killed the British, that she gracefully

and obligingly took his arm and made a tour of her drawing-rooms.

The occasion and the guests were commemorated in the following verses by Mr. John T. Agg, which created great interest at the time and have hardly yet lost their flavor. The author bore the distinction of being the first to practise stenography in Washington.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S PARTY.

JANUARY 8, 1824.

WEND you with the world to-night ?

Brown and fair and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
Laughing mouths, and dimples pretty.
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams.

There the mist of the future, the gloom of the past
All melt into light, at the warm glance of pleasure,
And the only regret is, lest, melting too fast,
Mammas should move off in the midst of a measure.

Wend you with the world to-night ?

Sixty gray and giddy twenty,
Flirts that court, and prudes that slight,
State coquettes and spinsters plenty.
Mrs. Sullivan is there
With all the charms that nature lent her.
Gay McKim with city air
And winning Gates and Vanderverter,
Forsyth, with her group of graces
Both the Crowninshields in blue ;
The Pierces, with their heavenly faces,
And eyes like suns that dazzle through.
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams.

Wend you with the world to-night?
 East and West, and South and North
 Form a constellation bright,
 And pour a blended brilliance forth.
 See the tide of fashion flowing,
 'Tis the hour of beauty's reign.
 Webster, Hamilton are going
 Eastern Lloyd and Southern Hayne;
 Western Thomas gayly smiling,
 Borland, nature's protégé,
 Young De Wolfe, all hearts beguiling,
 Morgan, Benton, Brown, and Lee.
 Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
 All are gone to Mrs. Adams.

Wend you with the world to-night?
 Where blue eyes are brightly glancing,
 While to measures of delight
 Fairy feet are deftly dancing;
 Where the young Euphrosyne
 Reigns the mistress of the scene,
 Chasing gloom and courting glee,
 With the merry tambourine.
 Many a form of fairy birth,
 Many a Hebe yet unwon,
 Wirt, a gem of purest worth,
 Lively, laughing Pleasanton,
 Vails and Taylor will be there
 Gay Monroe, so debonair,
 Hellen, pleasure's harbinger,
 Ramsay, Cottringer and Kerr.
 Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
 All are gone to Mrs. Adams.

Wend you with the world to-night?
 Juno in her court presides,
 Mirth and melody invite,
 Fashion points, and pleasure guides:

Haste away then, seize the hour
Shun the thorn and pluck the flower,
Youth in all its springtime blooming,
Age, the guise of youth assuming,
Wit, through all circles gleaming,
Glittering wealth and beauty beaming :
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams.

When Jackson came to the capital, expecting to be honored with the office of President and for the time bottled his wrath, Mrs. Adams, whose husband was the successful candidate, was very delicate and courteous in her attentions.

Mr. Adams bent all his energies to make Monroe's administration a success ; and, at its close was chosen to fill his place. He may be said to have *entered* the executive mansion "under the willows."

As Monroe's second term began to draw towards a close, so did the "era of good feeling." Four candidates were ambitious to fill his place ; the Secretary of State, the idol of the west, the paralytic of Georgia, and the hero of New Orleans. There was just one "scramble" to be ahead. Each one was vilified in turn, and in the harshest terms.

Adams was precise, cold, stiff, austere, stubborn, harsh, irritable, taciturn, — everything disagreeable that could be put into *one* New England Puritan ; but this oft-maligned individual has other qualities, and not one was left out in the composition of John

Quincy Adams, — he had honesty, courage, industry, patriotism, economy, high principles ; was the soul of honor, the embodiment of duty, hard-working, spotless in private life, and as severe upon himself as upon others.

As candidate for the highest office, Adams bitterly said : “ It seems as if every liar and calumniator in the country were at work day and night, to destroy my character,” and then he was taunted with marrying an English wife.

Clay loved to play cards and was dubbed a gambler ; Crawford was accused of being corrupt in his official duties, as Secretary of the Treasury ; Jackson was denounced as the author of crimes enough to make one’s hair stand on end.

The result of the election crowded Clay from the ranks, as according to the Constitution, the House must choose from the three candidates who shall have received the greatest number of votes.

If he could not be President himself, he was the Speaker of the House, which gave him power and influence enough to say who should be. There was nothing in common between the brilliant, social, frank, generous Kentuckian and the Puritan New Englander, — at Ghent they could only agree to differ. Clay said himself, if he could choose from the mass, he would never choose Adams, but Crawford could not use his fingers, seemed marked by death,

and the remaining candidate was that ignorant, brawling Jackson, who disregarded law, couldn't speak in Congress without "choking with rage," never did do any good except the killing of twenty-five hundred Englishmen, which certainly deserved a big reward, but surely not that of the Chief Magistracy of the United States, yet the man had received the highest number of electoral votes.

Adams was chosen as the best of a poor lot, and it was gall and wormwood to his proud, independent spirit. He would rather have resigned than served, but did he resign, Calhoun as vice-president, would succeed him, and he was, to Adams, the embodiment of all that was dangerous to his country.

Mr. Adams was the first to walk into the Executive Mansion, in the way that Mrs. Madison said others came out.

It was a time of quiet and prosperity; even Europe was in repose. Napoleon was at St. Helena, and this time England made sure that there could be no escape.

As the Monroes had had the honor of welcoming Lafayette, the Adamses had the honor of speeding the parting of the nation's guest. The most imposing scene ever witnessed in the White House was on the day of his departure. Officers of the general government, civil, military, and naval, the authorities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alex-

andria, with a host of citizens and strangers were assembled. Men wept and embraced their guest in effusive French fashion. In an open barouche, followed by an immense procession, military bands of music, amid peals of artillery, he was driven to the banks of the Potomac, where the steamer Mount Vernon took him to the "Brandywine," a frigate named in honor of his gallant exploits, which Congress had placed at his service.

Socially, the administration was popular. Mrs. Adams was *petite* and brilliant, buoyant in spirit, lively in disposition, bright and witty in conversation. She kept up the style of the evening levees introduced by Mrs. Madison, and improved upon the quality of the refreshments offered. She presided gracefully over the frequent dinners given by her husband, ignoring all subjects of controversy. She rigidly abstained from meddling with political affairs.

Once, ladies from the extreme aristocracy of the South, tried to enlist her services in advancing a young lieutenant. She politely listened, but there was a keen rebuke in her answer: "Truly, ladies, though Mesdames Maintenon and Pompadour are said to have controlled the military appointments of their times, I do not think such matters appertain to women."

Mr. Adams was icily cold in manner, would use

no ceremony in dismissing from his presence the most distinguished politicians, visiting at the capital, — seemed to think he should lower his self-respect by being even civilly polite. A note of thanks for a political favor, was to him as criminal as buying votes to many a modern politician. No man was ever more ambitious to be endorsed by a reelection than he, but he scorned to owe favor to one who pulled a wire for the purpose. The power to make friends was not one of his gifts. If there were a warm spot in the depths of the man's heart, as Edward Everett in his eulogy claimed, common humanity could not dive deep enough to reach it.

His son John, who was his private secretary, had his father's stiffness added to the manners of — well, not those of a gentleman.

At one of his mother's levees, after she had most politely received a lady from Boston, accompanied by her husband, who was the editor of a Washington paper, belonging to the opposition, he was asked: "Who is that lady?" "That," in a voice intended to be heard, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house, they would not be here."

Mr. Jarvis stopped to inquire by whom the offensive remark was made, made his adieux to Mrs. Adams, and left. The next day Mr. Jarvis sent a note, by a friend, asking an explanation from the

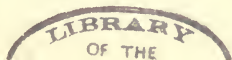
young man. He told the bearer, that he had no apology to make to Mr. Jarvis, and that he wished for no correspondence with him; considering his personal relations with the President, he had no right to be at the drawing-room.

Soon after, Mr. Jarvis met the insolent youth in the Capitol, pulled his nose and slapped his face.

Master John complained to papa, who sent a special message to Congress, detailing the affair. Committees were appointed and out of respect to the President, they went over the pros and cons of the fray, but neither punishment nor censure fell upon Mr. Jarvis.

After the rebuilding of the Executive Mansion, a handsome sum was appropriated for decorating it, but by an embezzlement a large part was lost, and the Adamses found it meagrely furnished and what there was in a very shabby condition. From the appropriation made upon the advent of Mr. Adams, he bought a billiard-table for his son. The purchase was commented on with so much severity that the president paid the bill from his private purse.

Master John, of unenviable notoriety was married in the White House, to his mother's niece, Miss Mary Hellen. Solomon said, "there is a time to dance," and at this marriage the solemn President evidently thought the time had come, and went



through a Virginia reel with the spirit inspired by wedding rites.

Mr. Adams's administration was a period of great national prosperity; the first railroad was built, and the Erie Canal opened.

There was a new subject of contention between the North and South, — this time it was a protective tariff, or the "American System," as some were pleased to call it; however, the country remained intact, as it has through many a severer test, but this was the hinge on which the coming election was to turn.

Jackson was elected, and John Quincy Adams was a bitterly disappointed man. It was usual and courteous for the President-elect to pay his respects to the President in power, especially would it have been becoming for this one, who had been frequently dined by the President, and had received civilities from his lady in former days.

Now, Jackson was bowed with grief for the loss of his wife. An official organ had traduced her, and *this* was the one sin for which he forgave no man, and he believed that the President had at least prompted the article.

Adams could never rise to the height of magnanimity, and pettily retaliated by absenting himself from the inaugural ceremonies.

Surely, "A chip of the old block;" John Adams

had done the same thing — both great, both cantankerous.

Mr. Adams left the Executive Mansion on the third of March, and was taking his daily horseback ride, when the booming of cannon announced that his successor had taken the oath of office.

The family returned to New England, and two years later he was chosen representative to Congress. With the man trained by Abigail Adams, it was duty to serve his country. It was the first time an ex-president had entered that Hall as a member. For sixteen years, through Jackson's, Van Buren's, Harrison's, Tyler's, and Polk's terms, he kept his seat. During this period, Mrs. Adams lived a quiet, secluded life, happy in husband and home. Of her four children only one son, Charles Francis Adams, remained.

The old man had turned fourscore, but the grasshopper never became a burden. The 20th of February, 1848 was Sunday. At morning and evening service he was in his place ; a third service was in his library, where Mrs. Adams read a sermon of Bishop Wilberforce's, on "Time." In the morning he went to the Capitol with unwonted alacrity, wrote a poem, twice gave his autograph, voted, and without warning fell, stricken with paralysis, into the arms of a member near him. There came a gleam of consciousness, and he asked for his wife, who sat by his side, then he relapsed. He roused once more, only to say,

“This is the last of earth. I am content.” He lingered until the evening of the third day.

Beneath the dome of the Capitol, in the field of his labors, trials, and triumphs, the “golden bowl was broken, and the silver cord loosed.” Fortunate in his lineage, place of nativity, education, age, country, and in his death. A son from each state and territory in the Union bore his body in solemn triumph to New England, and in Faneuil Hall consigned it to the citizens of Massachusetts, who placed it in the tomb at Quincy.

All his life he had practised economy, and consequently left a large estate. Mrs. Adams had learned to prefer New England to the South. She returned to the family residence, and lived, surrounded by grandchildren and relatives, four more years, and died at the age of seventy-seven.

A distinguished visitor at her home wrote: “Mrs. Adams is described in a word — a lady. She has all the warmth of heart and ease of manner, that mark the character of Southern ladies.” A member of her own family has written that her varied accomplishments made her the ornament of the home circle, but there was little in her private life that can be of interest to the public. As the wife of John Quincy Adams, the “old man eloquent,” and as an elegant lady of the White House, her name will ever be distinguished in the annals of history.

MRS. JACKSON.

LATE in December, 1789, a party of emigrants from Virginia went by water to Tennessee. The windings of the river made the distance more than two thousand miles, and they were four months on the way. It was a hard, perilous journey; to the severity of the season was added fear of the Indians who lurked along the banks. Twenty-eight of the party were captured. Children were born and died.

At the mouth of the Ohio, the hardships, the swift current, and the unknown dangers, struck dismay into the hearts of many, and they sailed down the Mississippi to Natchez.

The leader of the party was Captain Donelson, a bold backwoodsman, who had with him his family, among whom was his daughter, a girl twelve years old, brown-skinned, black-eyed, and full of vivacity, capable of taking the helm or leading a dance on the flat boat.

Having reached what is now Nashville, the party settled in log houses, built by men sent on a few months earlier to prepare the way. They laid out farms and lived the hard life of pioneers, always

harassed by Indians. Amid such surroundings, Rachael Donelson sprang to womanhood.

At a time of short crops and great scarcity, Captain Donelson took his family to Kentucky, where food was more abundant. There, Lewis Robards, a young backwoodsman, saw and admired his pretty daughter, and, after a short wooing, married and took her to his mother's log cabin.

Whether it were true love or not, it did not run smooth. The story-telling, the gayety, and high spirits, which had been so winning in the girl, the husband denounced as something worse than improprieties in the wife. Stormy scenes often took place, and finally he left her. His mother always took Rachael's side, which would hardly have been the case, if Lewis's jealousy had been well founded.

The deserted wife went to her father's house in Nashville, to which the family had returned. Robards came too, owned his jealousy had been foolish, through friends gained his wife's pardon, and became an inmate of the block house. Captain Donelson had been killed a few months before by the Indians, and now his wife kept the best boarding-house in the place.

Among the boarders was a singular-looking man, over six feet high, lank in figure, red-haired, uncouth in dress, a swearing, gambling, cock-fighting fellow, called Andrew Jackson. Out of this unpleasant

exterior, shone a pair of dark blue, deep-set eyes, eyes that could just blaze when turned upon a foe, but melt into tenderness when turned upon a woman, with whom he always bore the air of a protector. When he drew up his tall, spare figure, there was a sort of majesty in his presence that commanded respect, and, with his bluff, frank honesty, won him a host of friends, even among the better class.

Soon Robards declared the melting eyes of this fellow were turned too often upon his wife, and hers flashed love in return. To keep the peace, Jackson left the house, but the husband was not appeased. His jealous remarks were repeated to Jackson, who fell into one of his terrible rages, sought out the husband, told him if he ever again connected his name with Mrs. Robards, he would cut his ears from his head,—indeed he was tempted to do it before he had a chance to repeat his words.

His frenzy frightened Robards, who slunk away to the office of a justice of the peace and swore out a warrant. Jackson was arrested, and a guard called to take him to the court, the jealous husband following in the rear. The prisoner asked from one of the guard, the loan of a knife; the man refusing, he promised on honor to hurt no one. It was handed to him; he examined the edge, felt the point, all the time flashing his blazing eyes on his accuser. In

those wild days, the man dared not rely on the law, and in his terror took to his heels. Jackson followed for some distance, then came back and walked quietly into court. The case was called, but as there was no complainant, he was discharged.

Robards again deserted his wife and left the state. Absence made her dearer, and again he came back and sued for pardon. Twice accused and twice forsaken, the woman rose, threw back scorn for scorn. To escape him, she planned a visit to Natchez. A sail down the Mississippi in those days was full of danger, and Jackson, always chivalrous to women, especially to this one, forsaken on his account, offered to be her protector. The journey was safely made and he left her with her friends.

Soon came the story that the enraged husband had gained a divorce in Virginia. Jackson lost no time in asking to fill the husband's place,—maybe the woman's heart had been won before,—any way, there was a marriage. For the first time, Rachael had a log cabin of her own, and had a husband who was not only tender, but treated her with a sort of reverence, as if she were something holy, like the devotion of the olden knights, of which we read in the days of chivalry.

Two years later, the pair were startled by hearing that Robards had at first simply filed a complaint, and that the divorce had *just* been granted on the

ground of open adultery. Jackson's face blanched, and he swore "by the Eternal," his favorite oath, that the woman was his lawful wife before God and man, but he was a prudent man ; a second time the pair stood before a priest and repeated their marriage vows.

Mrs. Jackson was among the first in the social scale, and lost no caste by this unfortunate affair. The towns-people had heard what she had heard, had believed, as she had believed, — that she was free to marry. Had Jackson lived the life of a Tennessee planter, it might not have mattered, but, alas for the woman, his career led to fame.

If she had as Robards said, let her eyes speak love to Jackson, when such speaking had been traitorous to him, her wedded husband, he was avenged in her last days.

But one man ever dared allude to this irregularity in Jackson's presence, and he had reason to wish he had never been born.

Jackson ripped out oaths enough to curdle one's blood, swore "by the Eternal" he would take his life ; shots were fired in the public street, but the man escaped. Again Jackson met him on the highway, called upon him to defend himself, and fell on him with such fury that the man's life was only saved by the help of some passing travellers. To speak ill of his wife was likened to the sin against the Holy Ghost, — unpardonable.

Jackson came to Tennessee as a lawyer, but acquired no fame. In payment for services he took land, the common currency of the country, forsook the law, and turned planter.

The Tennesseans felt ill-used by government, and sent Jackson as representative to Congress, feeling sure, from his fearless, indomitable will, their claims would be pushed with spirit.

The cultured, European *Gallatin* described him at that time as tall, lank, uncouth, with long red locks hanging over his face; queue down his back, tied in an eel skin; dress singular; manners those of a rough backwoodsman; but his person and manners, like rare diamonds, were capable of taking an immense polish. As representative, his conduct was highly approved by his constituents, and the next year he was returned as senator. The life was so distasteful, he resigned after one session.

The same year, he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. He held the office six years, and his conduct was ever in keeping with the man.

Once an offender resisted arrest, — “Summon a posse,” shouted the judge; the sheriff did so, came back, said the man was armed, and could not be taken.

“Since you can’t obey my orders, Mr. Sheriff, summon me,” thundered the judge. Had the man disobeyed, he might have been shot.

The judge adjourned the court ten minutes, — out he strode; before the time expired, he was in his seat, the prisoner in the dock.

He had personal quarrels by the score. At one time he caned a man; another, fought a duel. Dickinson fell at his fire, and, so deadly was his purpose, that he said: “I should have hit him, if he had shot me through the brain.”

The quarrel was one of long standing. Dickinson was the best shot in the county, and it was said he kept in constant practice for this very duel.

It was fought in a secluded place, far from town, to which both parties repaired the day previous.

Dickinson kissed his young wife at parting, and said, “I shall surely be at home to-morrow night, darling.”

At an early hour, principals, seconds, and surgeons, rode to the fatal spot. The polite courtesies of such occasions were strictly observed.

The arrangement of the seconds was, that the men should be placed eight paces apart, and each should stand at the mark until he had received one shot; at the word “fire,” each should fire as soon as he pleased. Dickinson was the quicker and sent the first shot, — Jackson stood erect, — “Good God, have I missed him!” exclaimed Dickinson.

Jackson slowly raised his pistol and took deliberate aim — the pistol stopped, half cocked.

In the excitement Dickinson fell back. "Back to the mark, you scoundrel," shouted Jackson's second. Back he stepped, and Jackson aimed the second time; the man fell mortally wounded.

All the long hours of that summer day he writhed in agony; at night came the young wife, only to find him hushed in death.

To the world of to-day, the whole thing was brutal, but even at that time there was a howl of rage, that a man should have taken a second chance.

Jackson himself was wounded, but such was his nerve and pride, he walked erect from the field, lest his dying foe should have the satisfaction of knowing his shot had told. Yet (it seems as if it were mock politeness), he sent wine and the offer of the services of his own surgeon.

His wound never healed well, and though he lived to be an old man, it was Dickinson's bullet that caused his death.

His domestic life was perfect. Mrs. Jackson was jovial, fond of dancing, riding, full of anecdotes, a famous story-teller, happy herself, and a source of happiness to all about her.

They had but one grief; both loved and desired children and children were denied them. Jackson had no relatives, but those of his wife were like the sands of the sea for multitude.

To one brother were born twin boys. Mrs. Jack-

son took one home, hoping thereby to provide a son for her husband. He became dotingly fond of the boy, gave him his own name, and made him his heir. The boy proved, next his wife, the delight of his life, and the hope of his old age.

Another Andrew, a nephew, was taken home and educated. Beside these, a merry crew of nephews and nieces were always flitting about, always welcome.

The Creek Indians, armed and incited by the British, had massacred the garrison at Fort Mims. The militia of Tennessee were called out, and Jackson given the command. Now the man had found his place. He was born to be a military hero.

By skill and celerity of movement, he enclosed the Creeks in a trap at Horse Shoe Bend. The battle began. Not an Indian would ask or accept of quarter. In a few hours the massacre of Fort Mims was avenged, the power of the Creeks broken, and Jackson famous.

He tarnished his fame by executing a mutinous lad—he was only seventeen, and ignorant of military rules. He meant no wrong, but was roughly and unreasonably ordered about by his superior. His spirit rose and he refused obedience.

In 1814, Jackson was appointed brigadier-general, and sent to New Orleans, where the British seemed to threaten an attack. Dismay filled every heart.

The women prepared for flight: wore poniards, determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the soldiery, fresh from the atrocities in Spain, where the watchword had been "beauty and booty."

Soon the news flew, Jackson — Jackson the terrible — had come; held in dread, yet his presence breathed safety.

He calmed the fair Creoles, swore by the Eternal, the enemy should never enter the place, unless it were over his dead body.

As a boy he had seen and felt the cruelties of Tarleton, and in fury had said, "Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass-blade!" He had never forgotten, and now his time had come. It was his first battle against a civilized foe and he was armed with hatred, often exclaiming, "I will smash them, so help me God."

The enemy, twelve thousand strong, trained in the Peninsula, were led by Pakenham, bearing the scars of many a victorious battle, a hero at Salamanca and Badajoz, brother-in-law and favorite of Wellington.

Jackson had less than six thousand men, raw militia and citizens of New Orleans, many without arms.

For two weeks, both sides prepared for the strife; one with sand and sugar, the other with sand and cotton bags; the sugar proving even a more fatal mistake than the cotton.

As the sun struggled through the fog on the eighth of January, the enemy were seen, coming on at steady British pace.

The American line, looking like a row of fiery furnaces, drove them back at the first fire. Under the brave Highlanders, they rallied, and with Pakenham at their head rushed on like the "six hundred," "into the jaws of death."

In twenty-five minutes the rout was complete; seven hundred killed, among whom was the renowned Pakenham; fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred prisoners. So panic stricken had been the men, they had fallen prostrate among the dead and wounded. Jackson went upon the field, and as they rose one by one, he likened it to the rising from the dead on the last day, and ever after felt equal to describing the resurrection, as if it had passed, and he had been an eyewitness.

The city was delirious with joy. If Jackson had been a hero before, he was a demigod now. He executed six militia men, but he had saved New Orleans, avenged the burning of Washington, restored the lustre to American arms, so dimmed on the Atlantic coast.

Henry Clay said he could now go to England without humiliation.

During his triumphant stay in New Orleans, his wife and little son joined him. Mrs. Jackson had

grown coarse and stout — the brunette beauty of her girlhood had changed to the look of a half-breed. Homely in speech and in costume — by the side of her elegant husband, now an adept in drawing-room arts, she might have been taken for a servant, had it not been for the marked attention he paid her — seemed blind to her homely bearing and country manners.

In all companies and upon all occasions, he gave proof that his “bonny brown wife” was to him the dearest and most revered of human beings.

The elegant Creoles took the cue — made much of her ; gave her jewelry (the topaz jewelry that is seen in her portrait at the Hermitage), prepared silks and satins for the dinners and parties given in honor of the general. To see the pair dance was something grotesque ; but how she enjoyed the honors paid her husband ! The little Andrew was the pet of the ladies and of the soldiers — everywhere at home.

The journey to Nashville was one continued ovation.

A year later Mrs. Jackson became a Presbyterian convert, — her letters are those of a canting devotee, but her daily life was proof of her sincerity ; always strict in her duties, kind to the poor, and to all about her, now she aimed to live the higher life.

To please her, Jackson built a church on the estate, and his house was a home for all clergymen

of her creed. He sympathized in her new resolves, took part in all her plans, only holding himself aloof. His conversation was always mixed with oaths, but if his wife asked him to crave a blessing at table, he bowed his head, did it in the most reverent manner, then went on with the half-finished oath, as if there had been no such interlude.

When the church was finished, he built the Hermitage, the finest house in the state, as a love gift to his wife. When some one suggested that higher land would be a better site, "No, Mrs. Jackson chose this spot, the house is for her and it shall be where she says," was his reply.

In the Seminole war, he was sent to Florida, then owned by Spain. In forty-six days the war was ended, but he had nearly embroiled England and America in a new war by taking Pensacola, a Spanish town, and executing Arbuthnot and Ambister; one an Englishman, the other a Scotchman.

Upon the purchase of Florida in 1821, Jackson was sent to receive the transfer, with rank of governor, which to him meant autocrat.

Now he embroils his country with Spain, by putting the ex-governor, Colonel Callava, a Spanish grandee, into the calaboose, and ordering all Spanish officers who had remained to leave within four days, under penalty of arrest.

John Quincy Adams, whose duty it was as diplom-

atist, to smooth foreign powers, used to say he dreaded the coming of a mail from Florida—not knowing what Jackson might do next.

Mrs. Jackson, who was with him, had looked on with horror at the shameless Sabbath breaking under Spanish rule; stores, theatres, and gambling houses all open—a “Godless land” she writes her friends. The Sunday before the transfer, she gave out word it was the last that would be so desecrated, and sure enough, her lord, to please her, put the place under strict Puritan rule; even swearing was his sole prerogative.

Mrs. Jackson wrote home:—

“Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut, the gambling houses demolished, fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord’s day; cursing not to be heard. . . . I have heard but one gospel sermon since I left home. Do not be uneasy for me. ‘Although the vine yield no fruit, and the olive no oil, yet I will serve the Lord.’”

In 1824, Jackson was one of the four candidates for the presidency: neither had the majority required and the election went to the House of Representatives. The General and Mrs. Jackson went in a coach and six to Washington. As he had the greatest number of electoral votes, he expected the

House would decide in his favor, but, through Clay's influence, Adams was chosen.

Jackson had at first avowed his unfitness for the office, but the honor of the position and the sense of power — power as *he* only dared to use it, always the sweetest morsel to him, had come to be a craving. He had come in the pride of success to see the high place given to another. He dissembled his wrath, but it was all bottled, to be poured out in unstinted measure upon the heads of those who had defrauded him, if ever his day of power came.

It was Mrs. Jackson's first visit to the capital. The multitude of churches and the able pastors filled her with delight — yet, Washington was an unholy place in her eyes. She wrote home, "The play-actors have sent me a letter requesting my countenance. No. Tickets come, to balls and parties. No, not one. Mr. Jackson encourages me and wishes me to remain steadfast." In another letter she admits she has been to a playhouse, but adds that if her friends could know what she suffered and the loathing she felt, they would forgive her.

Her visit was at the time when Lafayette was the nation's guest; he treated this uncultured woman with the greatest attention and respect. He had tasted her hospitality at the Hermitage, and seen her sweetness and beneficence to all about her.

It seemed impossible for her to catch a grace from contact with refined society.

Once, when an army officer was visiting the general, she sat down by his side with her corn-cob pipe, after taking a few whiffs, passed it, and said, "Honey, won't you take a smoke?"

She had always been opposed to her husband's holding office, and had left the Hermitage with bitter regret; the pleasure of the return was only alloyed by the general's disappointment.

In 1828, Jackson was again a nominee for the presidency, and never was there so bitter a contest.

Now, Mrs. Jackson began to reap the fruits of her early indiscretion.

Every paper of the opposition was crowded with the events of Jackson's life. The shooting of Dickinson and his military executions were called murders. The paragraph which preceded all others, headed by the largest capitals, was, "Marriage Before Divorce."

Mrs. Jackson had long had an affection of the heart, and excitement brought on spasms. That her good name should be trailed in the mire, that, by any act of hers, her adored husband should be taunted with shame, increased her malady to an alarming degree. She said nothing, but her face bore traces of tears and suffering. When the contest was over, she said, "I am glad for Mr. Jackson;

for myself, I never wished it." She shrank from the life in the White House more than ever. Her husband had tried to keep every abusive line from her sight and, now that the election was settled, hoped the subject of "marriage before divorce" would be dropped, and all would be well.

In December, after a day's shopping in town, she was resting at a hotel, waiting for her carriage, — two women sat in the next room ; one told the other the story of the twice-repeated marriage of the President-elect. It was told in coarse language, with abusive epithets and cruel exaggeration.

"An adulteress — a bigamist !"

The words burned into her very soul. The excitement brought on the terrible pain. For sixty hours she lay writhing in agony, struggling for breath. Jackson never left her side.

On the twenty-third, the towns-people were to give a grand dinner, in honor of the general's success.

Mrs. Jackson remembered it, and at the first moment of ease and recovered breath she spoke of it and begged him to leave her and take some rest.

He kissed and bade her good night. In a few moments there was a long, low cry, — he sprang to her side, but the "mortal had put on immortality."

He would not believe it, would have her bled ; as no blood flowed, ordered one to try her temple, stood over her, rubbed her. When told that all had been

done that could be done, and she must be prepared for burial, he asked one to spread many blankets, pathetically saying, "If she do come to, she will lie so hard."

All night he sat by her side, looking into her face, feeling her heart and pulse. All the next day it was the same; he only took a little coffee brought by loving hands. At times he would snatch the body in his arms and hold it tightly to his bosom until pitying friends forced it from his embrace.

The table for the triumphant banquet was well-nigh spread, when a messenger from the Hermitage rode into town, changing joy into mourning.

Nashville ladies arrayed the body for burial in the white satin prepared for the inaugural ball, with kid gloves and slippers. Pearl necklace and earrings were the finishing touch, but these were removed at the request of a niece.

Mrs. Jackson was buried at the foot of the Hermitage garden; the General, too exhausted to walk, was supported by his friends. The house and farm servants were all present, shrieking and giving way to the most demonstrative grief. Such a scene was said to have never never been witnessed.

Jackson inscribed on her tablet: "Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. . . . A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death,

when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Amid the grief felt for this truly good woman, there was a sense of relief that she was never to preside over the Executive Mansion.

Her death wrought a change in Jackson, at least he did not swear any more; only under intense excitement and extreme provocation the "by the Eternal" *would* sometimes slip out. He went to church, read his Bible, and said his prayers before his wife's picture, as the Catholics do before the Virgin, avowing if she weren't in Heaven, he didn't wish to go there.

The inauguration was unlike any that had preceded it. The President-elect rode to the Capitol on his own favorite horse, surrounded by the military, bands playing and artillery booming. The debut into the Executive Mansion was made, attended by a motley crowd, which soon became a noisy mob. Barrels of punch had been provided, were drained to the lees, and the glasses smashed, the scene ending in a disgraceful, drunken row; even the person of the President had to be protected from the mob by his friends.

If Jackson were bowed with grief and had "aged twenty years in a night," his spirit for managing the affairs of the nation was not all impaired, and he entered upon his duties with such vigor and

determination that he alarmed his foes and amazed his friends, who seemed to think, as Webster said, that the country was rescued from some dreadful danger.

He deemed it to be his first duty to ferret out and take vengeance, by political decapitation, upon all, who had spoken against his wife; the next, upon those who had actively differed from himself, or had doubted his policy in Florida; when these two sweet morsels were well rolled under his tongue, he made a clean sweep of all the office-holders left, for the benefit of his friends and his wife's relatives—simply “rotation in office”—“to the victor belong the spoils,” said the recipients of his bounty.

The tariff, at first distasteful to the South, was fast becoming an abomination; the North was more prosperous, and she took the ground that she was assisting it to be so at her own expense.

South Carolina didn't say this time that she was going to blot out her star and sit outside of the Union; oh no, she was simply going to refuse to obey one of the laws of the United States, which worked unfavorably for her section, the President was a Southern man and would naturally be mindful of Southern interests, and of course the law would be repealed.

The first insight South Carolina obtained of the President's leaning was by an ominous toast given

for a dinner celebrating Jefferson's birthday: "The Federal Union—it must be preserved." He gave it more significance by saying "must and shall." His shall and shan't were so vigorously backed up, that the words had more than an ordinary meaning, but the 'shall' this time was omitted for the press.

The legislature of South Carolina convened and put her decision before the country by passing an ordinance declaring the tariff null and void, emphasizing it by little threats, which played around Jackson's political horizon as harmlessly as heat lightning on a summer's evening.

The governor endorsed the legislature, and the first day of February was the time when obedience was to end, and if need were, resistance to begin. He made an address full of high-sounding words, claiming that the laws of the state were paramount for her citizens; talked loudly of the footsteps of invaders, — of the sacred soil, stained by the blood of her sons. If other states stood aloof in enforcing "reform," South Carolina would proudly stand "alone." "Given a fair field," she would defy the majesty of the United States; if she should succeed in this Herculean scheme, hers would be "glory enough," and if she failed, the "entire South, nay, the whole Union" would "attest her virtues."

Volunteers sprang to arms, ready to march at a moment's notice. The women were as full of en-

thusiasm as Southern women usually are in time of war. Husbands and lovers wore blue cockades adorned by palmetto buttons made and pinned on by their fair fingers, —its mate worn upon their own bosoms.

In the early stage, the President had, apparently, calmly noted events, saying in his homely phraseology, "If this go on, our country will be like a bag of meal, with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle, or endwise, it will run out." However, many a secret order had he given, and the military and naval force of the country were stationed at the South and prepared for celerity of movement.

By the middle of January, the treasonable proclamation of South Carolina's governor reached Washington, with additional particulars. The sons of the "sacred soil," had gone so far as to strike off medals, inscribed with the name of John Catiline Calhoun, as "first president of the Southern Confederacy." A flag was designed and ready to be flung to the breeze; they had hung the United States' flag with the stars downward, hoping, perhaps, that they would fall away, as the meal from the bag.

Calhoun had resigned the vice-presidency to take a seat in the senate. A few weeks before he had come from South Carolina, and his journey has been likened to that of Luther's to the Diet of Worms. Could he, would he take the oath to support the

Constitution of the United States, was the question of the day. "The floor of the senate chamber and the galleries were thronged with spectators. They saw him take the oath with a solemnity and dignity appropriate to the occasion, and then calmly seat himself on the right of the chair, among his old political friends, nearly all of whom were now arrayed against him."

Only traitors did Andrew Jackson hate worse than the British. He had suspected Calhoun, and now he was sure that the arch-nullifier was bent on mischief. He resolved and openly avowed that at the first act of resistance to law in South Carolina, he should be taken as prisoner of State and tried for treason,—indeed every member of Congress from that state was to be held responsible.

Jackson issued a proclamation and asked from Congress an enlargement of the executive power, which was granted by a bill called the Force Bill,—by South Carolina, the Bloody Bill. The first day of February came and went, duties were collected, blood wasn't spilled and guns weren't fired. Is anybody frightened? was asked. Some said Calhoun was, and others said that the enthusiastic rally round Jackson convinced him that nullification, as well as secession, would be met by force, and force sufficient to make it on the winning side.

Twelve days of excitement and expectancy went

by and South Carolina wasn't quite *sure* on what day nullification would practically begin.

The President in his message had suggested a modification of the tariff, and Henry Clay, who was always tinkering at the cracks in the Union, brought forward his famous Compromise Bill, offering a gradual reduction of the tariff. It was an easy way out of the difficulty, but there was an amendment tacked on to it by those in the manufacturing interest, making provision for home valuation, which made it very humiliating for the Calhoun party to vote for it.

The opposition insisted that they should, lest in time they might repudiate it ; they still held off, and the Protectionists threatened to defeat the measure. Clayton of Delaware said : " If they cannot vote for a bill to save their necks from a halter, their necks may stretch." The bill with the amendment did finally pass supported by the nullifiers, and South Carolina repealed her ordinance.

From the beginning of his administration, Jackson had had a prejudice against the United States Bank. The more attention he paid to it, the worse he thought it to be ; believed it was insolvent, believed it was a political machine ; thought " credit, crime ; and banking, robbery," and he resolved to remove the public deposits. There was a tremendous opposition.

To-day, the measure is thought to have been a wise one, but as there was no organized plan for the management of the government finances, it occasioned great distress and a financial panic. Jackson was assailed on all sides. Clay called the measure an "open, palpable, and daring usurpation." Calhoun said worse things and Webster opposed, but more temperately. Petitions and memorials were sent Jackson from all parts of the Union. To one deputation he said, "If the people send ten thousand memorials, signed by all the men, women, and children in the land, and bearing the names of all on the gravestones, I will not relax a particle from my position."

Clay offered a vote of censure, which the Senate approved, but the undaunted President stood by his colors and declared himself to be the "direct representative of the American people." One of the cabinet said there was "no Secretary of State, no Senate, no anybody save Andrew Jackson." So he went on, in his ignorant, hot-headed way, and sowed the seeds of the terrible disaster which came later, and thousands upon thousands lost their all, and the working classes, left without employment, were reduced to absolute beggary.

Benton worked, as if it were the object for which he was born, to expunge from the record of the Senate, the vote of censure against Andrew Jackson.

It was finally done by a vote of twenty-four to nineteen, and broad black lines were drawn around it, as if it were put into mourning for ever being written. "Expunged by order of the Senate, this sixteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1837," was written across it.

"The gratification of the President was extreme," and "he gave a grand dinner to the expungers and their wives."

Another difficulty loomed up in this stormy administration. In the settlement with Napoleon for injuries done to American shipping, a large indemnity had been claimed, and the justice of it admitted by the French, but the amount was never settled and the claim had never been pushed.

Jackson had paid his own debts by selling property at a sacrifice, and he meant that individuals and nations with whom he had to deal should pay theirs. He pushed these claims so vigorously that Louis Philippe arranged a treaty by which five million dollars were to be paid in six instalments, and the dates of payment fixed. Pay day came, but no money; the plea was that no appropriation had been made by the French Chambers. A lame excuse to offer Andrew Jackson! His Irish blood was up, and in his annual message he blazed away about passing a law authorizing "reprisals" upon

French property, if the money were not forthcoming, *toute suite*.

Debtors often mount high horses, if creditors under the pressure of their wrongs are a little savage. The French took the ground that they had been wantonly insulted, that the message was almost an open declaration of war. They weren't to be coerced into honesty, they wouldn't pay at all, — withdrew their minister and sent home ours. They little knew with whom they had to deal!

Jackson and Clay were bitter enemies, but Clay was a patriot, and with his silvery-toned eloquence and conciliatory way of putting things, he somewhat appeased the French frenzy, and they went so far as to say that the claim should be paid at once, if an apology were offered for the threats which had been made. Jackson would sooner have been drawn in quarters than have made one, but he was persuaded to say that his message was not meant as a "menace," but there was no abatement of determination or tone that the money *should* be paid, come what might. He urged an increase of the navy and the completion of all the coast defences, and for once the opposition gave him support. Things looked more warlike than ever.

England, who had helped us into the difficulty, interposed with her good offices to help us out by mediation. Jackson blandly accepted, but emphati-

cally assured them, they need listen to no overtures, which included an apology. His incidental expression that his words were not meant for a "menace" was graciously twisted by the French into a sufficient apology. The money was paid, four instalments in one.

Three years before, when the first payment was expected, commissioners had been appointed to divide it among the claimants, but when it was really paid in quadruple quantity, Congress dropped it into the treasury as if it were government money. Now and then the heirs of the claimants lift up their voices, but, as Sumner said, the French claims are likely to become immortal.

The last of the Indian wars came in Jackson's administration; one was called the Black Hawk War, in which the famous chief was captured, and held as a hostage. He was taken through the principal cities of the United States, imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, and at the end of a year allowed to rejoin his tribe; the other was with the Seminoles, headed by the half-breed Osceola, who was defeated and his power broken, at Okeechobee. He afterwards visited the camp of General Jessup under a flag of truce, was seized, and sent to Fort Moultrie, where he died the following year.

One of Jackson's pet hobbies was the payment of the public debt. Year by year he reduced it, even

curtailing public improvements for the purpose. Money poured into the treasury from the sale of the public lands, and when the last dollar of the debt was paid, there was still a surplus, which was divided among the States.

Mrs. Jackson had a very beautiful niece, called the Flower of Tennessee, who married her cousin Andrew Jackson Donelson. Jackson took the pair to the White House, one as private secretary, the other as hostess. Her grace, polish, tact, and wit, restored some of the splendor of Queen Dolly's day.

There had been a political outcry over the palatial style of the Executive Mansion under John Quincy Adams, but a large sum had been appropriated for its refurnishing at the incoming of his successor. The East Room was more elegantly fitted than ever. The four marble mantelpieces, surmounted by mirrors, seen there to-day, were put in at that time.

General Jackson kept up the same profuse hospitality to which he had been accustomed at the Hermitage, and, like Jefferson, had to draw largely upon his private means to meet his expenses. Horse-racing and cock-fighting had been his favorite amusements at home. Horses and cocks were brought to Washington to enter the lists. Either the confinement, the journey, or change injured them to such a degree, that they were never on the winning side, and the General lost large sums of

money, also his devotees, whose bets were always in favor of his cocks and horses.

To his great satisfaction, his son married a Philadelphia lady, and brought his bride to the White House. There was a question upon whom the honors of lady of the house should rest. The President settled it, by saying to his daughter-in-law: "My dear, you are mistress of my home, but Emily (Mrs. Donelson) is hostess in the White House." Two marriages were celebrated in the White House, — his wife's niece, Miss Euston, to Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, and the daughter of his friend, Major Lewis, to M. Paqueot, of Martinique, afterwards French minister to the United States.

In the second term, the health of Mrs. Donelson failed, and she went to Tennessee, hoping her native air would restore it, but she was stamped with consumption and died in a few months, leaving several children.

For a short time Mrs. Jackson presided at the White House, but she was a commonplace woman, and left no stamp upon it.

General Jackson had adopted Martin Van Buren as heir apparent, and, as usual, the people endorsed him.

On the day of the inauguration the pair rode from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol in a phaeton, made from the wood of the frigate "Constitution," drawn by four gray horses. The phaeton was a gift

to General Jackson, and was taken to the "Hermitage." He remained four days a guest of Van Buren, and then by slow and easy stages returned to his home.

He found his private affairs involved, and everything out of repair; at once he sold a part of his estate, and, as he said, began the new year free from debt. As his property was invested in land and negroes, the commercial distress, which he had brought upon the country, passed over him lightly; he even had no sympathy for the sufferers, coolly saying, "no one failed who ought not to have failed."

Years later, his son entered into business relations, which resulted in heavy loss and failure. The General assumed the debts, which brought him to the verge of ruin. He bent his pride so far as to ask a loan from a friend, — the loan would have been a gift, could he have been prevailed upon to have it so; but before he made his request, he made provision for payment.

In defending New Orleans, he had illegally arrested a judge and bidden defiance to a writ of *habeas corpus*, for which he had been fined one thousand dollars, and promptly paid. When the story of his embarrassments was noised abroad, a bill for refunding the money with interest was introduced in Congress. The bill barely passed the Senate, but the House gave it a large majority, — even Calhoun voted

for it. The money, which had nearly tripled, was nothing to the old veteran in comparison with his satisfaction in what he called an endorsement of his action. No man ever more ardently wished for posthumous fame, and now he felt that even the shadow of blame was lifted from his career, and he could say, "*nunc dimittis.*"

A curious gift was presented him in the last year of his life. A commodore coming from the East had secured a sarcophagus, which was believed to have held the body of Alexander Severus, and believing Jackson the equal of the magnificent old Roman emperor, he tendered it to him for his final resting-place.

It was declined with thanks. Had he cared for an emperor's coffin, it seemed like disloyalty to his wife, to be royally entombed by her side.

Andrew Jackson was not one to combine religion with politics, but he had promised his wife that when he was through with one, he would take up the other. He fulfilled his promise, and in her church enrolled himself as Christ's faithful soldier. Sins of commission never troubled him, but the omission of hanging Calhoun he thought the mistake of his life, and he would often express his belief that had he done it posterity would pronounce it the best act of his life.

He kept the pistol with which he shot Dickinson upon the mantelpiece in his own room, as if it were

some glorious trophy, and if one looked at it would coolly explain the service it had done.

His last illness was very long and very distressing, but the irascible old man bore it with patience that was called sublime.

He died in 1845, aged seventy-eight.

Andrew Jackson, the son, inherited the entire estate by the will of his father, but he went on with his ruinous speculations and died insolvent, leaving his wife penniless.

The "Hermitage" was bought by the State of Tennessee, in 1856, and Mrs. Jackson was generously offered the use of it during her life.

August 24th, 1887, the following notice appeared in the Nashville papers, —

"Mrs. Sarah Jackson, wife of Andrew Jackson, Jr., and mistress of the White House during President Jackson's second term, died at the 'Hermitage,' yesterday, aged 81 years."

MRS. VAN BUREN.

IN the little village of Kinderhook, New York, just at the close of the Revolutionary War, were born in the same year, two children, both of Dutch parentage. They played together, went to the same school, shared the same pursuits. The boy from his earliest years loved his delicate little companion, and as he grew to man's estate the love strengthened.

He was no child of fortune, but one obliged to make his own way, — the son of a farmer and tavern-keeper in Kinderhook. The village derived its name from the Dutch sailors who first sailed up the Hudson. They were amused by the antics of some Indian children, playing about a little headland. On their return, they pointed towards the place, saying: "There is the kinder's hook." Kinder in Dutch means children, and hook, point. Some of the sailors came back with their families and settled there, and the place never lost the name.

At fourteen, the innkeeper's boy was apprenticed to the village lawyer for seven years. When six were ended, he was allowed to go to New York, and in

the office of Van Ness, — famed in after years as the second of Burr, in his duel with Hamilton, — he rounded out his seventh year, went back to his village home, and opened an office.

Markedly handsome, cordial in his manner, with shining abilities, and a temper that nothing could ruffle, he won his way to competency.

When twenty-five, he asked the girl whom he had been wooing all his life to become his wife, and Miss Hannah Hoes became Mrs. Martin Van Buren.

After ten prosperous, happy years, when four fine boys filled the nursery, the wife drooped and fell a victim to consumption.

Years after, when Van Buren had become famous, and the world sought to know something of his early life, and that of his dead wife, little could be learned of her, save that she was shy and retiring, scarcely known out of her own home, except among the poor, in whose hearts she lived, long after she was forgotten by her own social circle.

Van Buren filled the offices of State Senator, Attorney-General, and United States Senator, — the latter he resigned upon being chosen Governor of New York. He had become a politician, so skilful and sagacious that he was called the "Little Magician." It was he who pulled the wires which placed Jackson at the head of the nation. Jackson rewarded his labors by appointing him Secretary of State.

At the outset of the administration there was one of the strangest difficulties which ever disturbed the government of a nation, and led to the most astonishing results, — broke up the cabinet, politically ruined Calhoun, brought F. P. Blair to prominence, and made Van Buren President, indeed, is said to have changed American history.

General Jackson had appointed Major Eaton, a neighbor and warm friend of his, to a place in his cabinet. Eaton had married the widow of Purser Timberlake, who committed suicide while on service in the Mediterranean.

The woman was the daughter of an Irishman, William O'Neil, the keeper of an old-fashioned tavern in Washington, where the members of Congress boarded. Witty, pretty, and saucy, the girl, called Peg O'Neil, waited and tended upon her father's guests. It is hardly strange that, amid such surroundings, such a girl should become somewhat loose and too vivacious in her manners — her matchless beauty and wonderful grace turned the heads of half the men in Washington. The fastidious, aristocratic Pinckney, dedicated a poem to her, which has often since been quoted, when one would offer incense to a fair woman, — beginning, —

“ I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;

“To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.”

In her gay, innocent girlhood, Mrs. Madison once crowned her at a public ball as “the prettiest girl in Washington.”

In both her marriages there had been some irregularities, or rather floating stories to that effect, which had sullied her good name.

As soon as she knew she was a widow, she married Major Eaton; it was a gay wedding, attended by the President, Vice-President Calhoun, half the members of Congress, with a sprinkling of the distinguished of the army and navy, though but a small number were accompanied by their wives.

The wedding bells had rung, and Mrs. Eaton was one of the ladies of the cabinet, *crème de la crème* of society. The ladies were in dismay; perhaps the charms of the bride and the open admiration of their husbands influenced them more than they would have admitted; they met and talked the situation over, the decision was that she should never be recognized as one of their sacred circle, and the wives of the foreign ministers were bound to be equally immaculate in their social status.

General Jackson's grief for his own wife, killed by scandal, was in its first fresh bitterness. His strong feelings were enlisted, and he placed himself on the

side of this ostracised woman. He employed men to trace the foul stories to their source, even sent one to New York, wrote with his own hand letters enough to make a volume, and disproved every tale and rumor to his own satisfaction. Never had woman a more zealous advocate than this old soldier, never conquered until he sought to bend woman to his will. He found circumventing Indians and mowing down the British had been an easier task.

When Jackson's own clergyman cast a stone at his favorite, he taught him Bible doctrine in very plain words, left the church, and never entered it again. He called a cabinet meeting, not to discuss national affairs, but to demand of the members that their wives should call on this woman. One said: "You seem to labor under a misapprehension, Mr. President, as to who is general in my family."

He bade his niece call on Mrs. Eaton. She would receive her as any other guest who came to the White House, but she was firm in her refusal of not visiting her in her own home. He intimated that if that were her decision, she had better go home to Tennessee, and to Tennessee she went, followed by her husband. The old man's heart yearned for those he called the children of his dead wife, and in six months they were recalled.

For two years this unseemly, undignified quarrel raged. Office-seekers, whose name was legion,

were advised that the surest way of winning success was to be on the visiting list of Mrs. Eaton; the men came unaccompanied by their wives, and of course made no difficulty.

Mr. Van Buren, having neither wife nor daughter, was profuse in his attentions, and treated her with every mark of respect. The English and Russian ministers were bachelors and quite willing to assist the Secretary of State in floating "Bellona," as Mrs. Eaton was called by the press.

After Mr. Van Buren had given a dinner and party in her honor, the British minister gave a ball and supper. If she were led upon the floor, the dancers, without marked rudeness, seemed to form a dissolving view. The host took her in to supper, and, as if she were the most distinguished guest, placed her at the head of his table. The ladies were more blind than those born blind—the kind that wouldn't see. Their power of ignoring the woman was a marvel to the men.

The minister of England had been outwitted. A Baron of Russia stepped to the front, with plans so well laid that it was thought they could not go awry.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley."

How little they knew of the mood of woman when she won't!

The night of the ball came, the unwedded gen-

tlementen paid court to Mrs. Eaton through the dancing, not leading her upon the floor. The supper was to be the grand piece of diplomacy. Only ladies sat. The wife of the ambassador of Holland was high bred, markedly courteous and affable. At the request of the Baron, Major Eaton offered her his arm. She instinctively drew back, but the pained look on his face softened her to an acceptance. He led her to a seat beside his wife. The woman was no dupe, though courtesy might veil her acuteness. She turned, took her husband's arm, and left the room. The Dutch shared not the festive board of the Russian that night.

Mrs. Eaton related her evening's experience to Jackson and he was like a roaring lion. The influence of his wife was more potent than when she was living, and he repressed the oaths in which he had once been so voluble, even "by the Eternal" slipped out only in unguarded moments, but he threatened to send the pair to Holland, as he had sent his children to Tennessee.

He would give a grand dinner himself, and wives of ministers at home and ministers from abroad—wives of all the dignitaries of Washington should see what lady the head of the nation, the idol of the American people, delighted to honor.

The seat at his right hand was reserved, and thither the English minister led Mrs. Eaton. Gen-

eral Jackson threw into his manner all the deference he had been wont to show his wife, thereby thinking to teach his guests what he expected from them. Dinner over, they retired to the coffee-room, where the repartee and gay laugh went round — no lack of gayety and social abandon.

However, the eyesight of the ladies had not improved. Had Mrs. Jackson been so treated, she would have kept, broken-hearted, within the recesses of her own home. This was not the way of Mrs. Eaton, *née* O'Neil. To Major Eaton, life was a burden. An anonymous letter told him that he was to be roasted, broiled, and baked, and he felt that it was literally being done.

Woman's will had proved as strong as Jackson's, and he too resolved upon a dissolving view. The cabinet were all dismissed. Clay called it a cleansing of the Augean stable. Such a thing had never happened before, and in the political world it seemed as if the heavens had fallen.

Those who had bowed before the shrine of her whom Webster called the "Aaron's serpent of the President's desires," were to be provided with places of honor. In the recess of Congress, Matty, as Jackson fondly called his favorite, was appointed minister to the Court of St. James. Like the King of France, he went up the hill and soon came down again.

Calhoun, Webster, and Clay were men of might, and at the opening of Congress united their strength against the confirmation. On the evening of the day that the London papers proclaimed Van Buren's rejection in flaming capitals, Talleyrand gave a crowded party; he was a guest, as urbane and dignified as if "rejected" by the Senate had read "confirmed."

Calhoun, who hated him, said to a friend, who doubted the wisdom of the recall, "It will kill him, sir, kill him dead. He will never kick, sir, never kick." This from the astute Calhoun! It was the petard which tossed him high on the ladder of political fame, and four years later into the seat, which each of the Titan trio was ambitious to fill.

Vice-President, President, and Peg O'Neil had been the ace of trumps in the game which had been played.

Major Eaton was sent first to Florida, and, later, minister to Spain, where he remained four years, — happy years for Mrs. Eaton, who led there a brilliant, irreproachable life. Soon after their return, Major Eaton died, leaving her all his fortune, which she lost by foolishly marrying, at the age of sixty, an Italian music teacher of twenty-one, who eloped with one of her daughters. She transmitted her marvellous beauty, grace, and fascinations; one daughter married Dr. Randolph, of Virginia; another, the Duke de

Sampayo in Paris; and a granddaughter, the Baron de Rothschild, of Austria. This remarkable woman died in 1879, at the age of eighty-three, saying at the last, "I am not afraid, but this is such a beautiful world."

After Van Buren's inauguration, General Jackson was the first to shake hands and offer him cordial congratulations. As the pair rode away, the cheers were for "Old Hickory," who had risen from a sick bed, against the advice of his physician, that he might grace the triumph of his favorite; a smile of satisfaction lit up his hard, worn features, as bareheaded, leaning upon his cane, holding in his hand his white fur hat, crape bound, he bowed right and left, in acknowledgment of the honors paid him. The old hero went out of office surrounded with a halo of glory.

The journey to Washington was easier, and made in less time than ever before; crowds from every state had poured into the city, rather to see the setting than the rising sun. Food of the best, rich wines, and punch were abundantly provided, but not a bed upon which to lay one's head, — that is, not to exaggerate, there were more heads than beds.

A cry for them went up, as strong as King Richard's when he needed a horse. The floor of the marketplace was covered with men, having little more than a wisp of straw for a pillow. Boston guests

paid fabulous prices for barbers' chairs, and even took them, turn about.

The reception was nearly as disorderly as the one eight years before, when "Old Hickory" was roped in, by the linking of his friends into one solid mass, for the protection of his person. Fortunately, the diplomatic corps came later and by themselves, in their court dresses. Van Buren, born with an intuitive sense of knowing when to smile and when to refrain from smiling, when to remain silent, and if words were to be spoken the proper ones to use, was said to have made the only *lapsus linguæ* of his life; could he have chosen, he would have sooner made it in any other presence. In answering the congratulatory speech presented by their dean, he addressed them as the "democratic corps;" to make matters worse, his attention was called to it, and he had to say what he did mean.

The first year of Van Buren's administration was gloomy, both socially and politically. The Executive Mansion was without a mistress. Jackson's ignorance and lack of statesmanship had brought upon the country a financial panic, which convulsed the nation. Business men and states were bankrupt, — even the United States government could not pay its debts, — a state of affairs which would have sorely tried the stoutest heart and strongest mind, but the new President met them with an undaunted front,

which surprised his enemies, who had never thought the smooth, courteous gentleman to be a man of courage.

The removal of the deposits, without any organized plan of what should come after had brought all these evils upon the land, and such statesmen as Webster and Clay could find no panacea but restoring them. Van Buren was firm in his purpose of treading in the footsteps of his predecessor, — there was to be no step backward.

The distribution of the surplus revenue, the contests over the Sub-Treasury Bill and other relief measures, urged by the President, kept the country in a ferment, and made a wordy war on the floor of Congress.

Three instalments of the surplus had been paid the states ; when the fourth and last became due, the President proposed to withhold it. Further, he declined to go, on the ground that it was not the office of government to relieve the people from financial embarrassments, or to negotiate foreign and domestic exchanges.

The financial misery and gloom of the people, which was the legacy of Jackson, warred against his popularity from the first, and already there was an outlook for, and the discussion of a successor.

Few of the presidents have lived through their term of office without some sort of an imbroglio with

England, and Van Buren's was no exception to the rule, — Lilliputian, to be sure, but it made an excitement at the time.

The Canadians had revolted and raised the standard of rebellion against England. The American people knew what mercy, power, and justice meant when wielded by British statesmen, and the sympathy of those on the frontiers was stirred to assist in what was called the "Patriot War." They were ready to enlist as volunteers, and to contribute of their substance. The President was prompt, — said, hands off, and sent General Scott to enforce obedience; warned them there would be no protection of the United States government to any who aided the Canadians. A motley company of adventurers assembled at Navy Island in Niagara River, hired a steamer, called the "Caroline," to convey their gifts of arms and provisions. Colonel, afterward Sir Allan McNabb won his spurs in this single and almost bloodless campaign. He sent a boat expedition to seize the "Caroline" at the old Schlosser dock. A fight took place, and in the *melee* one American was killed, but they were as staunch as the renowned Lawrence in not giving up the ship.

The British conceived the bright idea of firing what they could not capture. When it was one sheet of flame and had burnt away its fastenings, it floated away over Niagara Falls.

There were many tiffs in the northeast between the people of Maine and those of New Brunswick over their boundaries. Both sides threatened to take up arms which would have brought on war; they confined themselves to threats during Van Buren's reign, and it was an open question for his successor.

The inauguration of Van Buren was in the year that the widowed Mrs. Madison returned to Washington. Years and grief had not destroyed her social charm; she was still a leader of society, the fascinating "Queen Dolly."

She had a young cousin, daughter of Hon. Richard S. Singleton, belonging to the best of the blue blood of South Carolina, who came to pass the season at the capital. At Mrs. Madison's request, Van Buren appointed a day to receive her and her guest. The girl's intellect, rare beauty (handed down by Inman), and varied accomplishments, at once made her a favorite of the courtly President. He had taken possession of the White House accompanied only by his four sons, but it was maintained with as much elegance and taste, as ever under any woman's sway. He presided over the dinners and receptions with perfect tact and politeness. His glass, china, and silverware surpassed anything that had ever been seen in the country, and his gold-lined spoons gave him as much obloquy among the opposition, as if he had committed treason.

Mr. Van Buren's eldest son, Abraham, a graduate of West Point (had served as aide-de-camp to General Worth) was his private secretary and constant companion. Great was his satisfaction on being asked by this young gentleman to receive Mrs. Madison's charming relative as a daughter.

The next season, Miss Angelica Singleton was a bride and the hostess of the Executive Mansion. Her youth and beauty, her tact, her graciousness, the patience and pleasant courtesy, which never flagged through the long hours, made her universally admired. Traditions of her remind one of the fair lady who now lends such a charm to the White House, and sheds a lustre on the present administration.

In the spring, a bridal trip was taken to Europe.

Those Guelph men, who had for so many years disgraced the nation had passed away, and the young Victoria (recently crowned), a maiden, under the wing of her mother, was holding a gay court, thronged by distinguished foreigners, among whom was the Czar of Russia and the Prince of Orange.

Our Republican lady was a niece of the American Minister, which, added to her position in the President's family, gave her advantages and an entrance into the court circle which no other American lady had ever enjoyed.

Her trip extended to Paris, where Louis Philippe

and his queen received her into the home circle at St. Cloud.

At the opening of Congress, she was again at her post, and until the close of the administration made the Executive Mansion the centre of social elegance and gayety.

Mr. Van Buren was a candidate for a second term, and thought his election certain. For the first time, his political insight was at fault.

The political poets sang, —

“Van, Van, Van, you are a used-up man.”

And after all these years of successful, vaulting ambition, it was even so.

It was customary for the city authorities to pass a vote of thanks to the retiring President for the interest he had taken in the prosperity of the national metropolis. The aldermen and common council followed the usual custom, but Mr. Van Buren, always courteous in manner to his opponents, had nevertheless excluded these from the hospitalities of the Executive Mansion, and thus incurred the indignation of the mayor, who vetoed the complimentary resolutions and in his message gave his reasons for this marked slight, which greatly annoyed the President.

Gracefully had he risen to power, but he took very good care to have the White House ready for his successor, and did not await his arrival or grace his triumph.

He retired to Lindenwald, his estate in the village where he was born, and had wooed and won his wife.

Twice, was he again the candidate for the office of chief magistrate, but the people repudiated the man under whose administration they had suffered such bitter evils.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, Mr. Van Buren had turned fourscore, but his heart beat as strong for his country and the Union as in the days when General Jackson stamped upon secession and threatened to seize every senator from South Carolina upon the charge of treason. Before the strife was ended, he had finished the battle of life, and rested by the side of the wife who had lain for nearly half a century among the "dusty dead" in the airy cemetery of Kinderhook, but had never lost her place in the heart of her husband.

MRS. HARRISON.

MISS ANNA SYMMES, the daughter of a colonel in the Continental army, was born near Morristown, New Jersey, at the beginning of the war of the Revolution. Her birth was soon followed by the death of her mother.

When the state became the battle-ground of the two armies, Colonel Symmes was anxious for the safety of his little motherless daughter, and desired to place her with her mother's mother on Long Island. Long Island was held by the British,—a disloyal citizen could not pass their lines, and were an American officer caught there, the penalty would be death. He conceived the bold design of passing in the disguise of a British uniform. It was a perilous undertaking, but by pluck and boldness he made it a success.

The little girl, then four years old, never forgot the incidents of that journey. She was a sedate, quiet child, and the training of her grandmother, a convert and follower of Whitfield, made her still more so.

In after years, when she presided as governor's lady, when a home in the White House loomed

before her, she would often say: "From my earliest childhood, the frivolous amusements of youth had no charm for me. If ever constrained to attend places of fashionable amusement, it was to gratify others, not myself."

By her grandmother she was taught industry, order, truthfulness, prudence and economy, but without teaching, she was imbued with a love of God and the desire to be a Christian, from the example of that grandmother's daily life.

Her years had doubled, and American Independence was recognized by England, before she again met her father, who had fought all through the war, and bore an honored part. Arranging for his child to have the best instruction New York City afforded, he left her in the care of her grandparents until she grew to womanhood.

In 1793, Colonel Symmes led a company of pioneers from New Jersey to the banks of the Ohio, to build a town and live a frontier life. A year later he came to New York, married the daughter of Governor Livingston, and in the early autumn took his bride and daughter, just turned eighteen, to make a home in the new settlement. It was a long and dangerous journey, and the New Year had come before it was brought to a close.

Miss Anna had a married sister in Kentucky, upon whom she made frequent visits. Among her

sister's guests was a young captain in the United States army, who was at once attracted by the pretty face and modest, gentle manners of the young girl. It is evident that the attraction was mutual, for in November of this same year the pair were married in her father's house.

The young captain was the son of Benjamin Harrison, a Virginia grandee, an intimate friend of Washington, who travelled with him to Philadelphia after the news of Concord and Lexington, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the first Continental Congress, and Governor of the State. He was a man of immense size, great strength, and full of fun.

At the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, there was, as a rule, great solemnity. Each man felt as he signed the document that his name was a gage thrown down to the King of England, which he must make good, or by a halter die the death of a traitor. Franklin could joke, and allay the excitement and chagrin of Jefferson, as the paper he had drawn up was sifted, praised, condemned, cut down, and finally signed.

When Charles Carroll signed, one said: "You are safe, Carroll, there are so many of that name." But he promptly turned back and added "of Carrollton," which would stamp him, if the cause were lost, and he was a man of immense fortune.

Harrison often brought a smile to the solemn-faced members. When Elbridge Gerry, the slightest among them, almost overcome by the magnitude of the deed he was about to do, took pen in hand, he said: "Gerry, when the hanging comes, I shall have the advantage, you'll kick in the air half an hour after it is all over with me."

Most of the members signed on the Fourth, and the Declaration was proclaimed at the State House in Philadelphia, amid loud acclamations, and notes of Liberty pealed from the venerable bell on Independence Hall.

At the setting of the sun, the equestrian statue of George the Third was laid prostrate on the ground, and the lead of which it was made run into bullets to shoot down His Majesty's troops. The work which England called treason was consummated.

Harrison and Hancock were both candidates for Speaker. The Virginian gracefully gave way to the Bay State patriot, and, as Hancock modestly held back, took him in his arms, carried him across the hall and placed him in the chair, amid the laughter of the members, then turning said: "Gentlemen, we will show Mother Britain how little we care for her by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

The son of this patriot, William Henry Harrison, was brought up amid wealth and social culture, and had every advantage of education that the colonies afforded. His father died while he was yet a lad, and Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, was his guardian, who placed him with the famous Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, for the study of medicine.

When he was nineteen, the frightful ravages upon our northwestern frontier by the Indians fired the heart of the boy with military ardor. Contrary to the advice of instructor and guardian, he asked a commission of Washington, then President of the United States, who gave him his hearty approval and the rank of an ensign.

His first special duty was to take some pack-horses through forty miles of wilderness. An old frontier man said: "I would as soon have thought of putting my wife into the service as this boy; but I have been out with him and find those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight frame is almost as tough as my own weatherbeaten carcass." He rose to the rank of lieutenant and served under Wayne, called "Mad Anthony," for his reckless daring. Harrison, for his bravery and prowess, was made captain, and placed in command of Fort Washington. It was at this time, at the age of twenty-two, that he married Miss Anna Symmes. Two years later he resigned his command, and was ap-

pointed lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territory. When the territory was entitled to a delegate to Congress, he was chosen. His wife accompanied him to Washington, and it was what she called her "bridal trip." She spent most of her time in visiting her husband's relatives in Virginia.

When but twenty-seven, Harrison was appointed by John Adams Governor of the Northwest Territory; re-appointed twice by Jefferson, and once by Madison, ruling for twelve years a larger domain than almost any sovereign in the world. He was what the poet would have called "the noblest work of God," an honest man. Never would he hold an acre of land by a title coming from himself.

A foreigner once accused him of defrauding the Indians. He demanded an investigation in a court of justice, was acquitted, and awarded four thousand dollars, damages. One third he gave to the orphans of soldiers, and the remainder he returned to his accuser.

A landed proprietor offered him half the land which now comprises St. Louis, if he would assist in building up the place. He refused, lest it might be said that he used his official station to promote his private interests.

At a land sale the title was not valid on account of some defective proceedings of the court, and the property, soon worth millions, reverted to his wife.

With him honesty and justice were higher than law, and he would have none of it.

The Northwest was full of Indians, whom our sweet mother, England, burning with hatred, was inciting by gifts of arms to raise the tomahawk against the children whom she had driven from her control. Among the warriors were two most extraordinary men of the class which has thrown such a halo of romance around the aborigines of North America.

Tecumseh and Elks-tawa were twins; the first was truthful, generous, hospitable, handsome in features, of a symmetrical, powerful frame, dignified and defiant, with the air of a king, and withal the bravest of his tribe; the other, a prophet and orator, with an eloquence so vivid, that he could sway the hearts of all the tribes on the war-path.

When Tecumseh left camp to rouse the Southern Indians to unite with the Northern, Harrison surprised the prophet, and by an overwhelming victory, won the title of Tippecanoe, and secured safety to the settlers on the banks of the Ohio.

He removed his own family to Cincinnati, but was directly after appointed by Madison, commander-in-chief of the Northwestern army, with power almost absolute.

Mrs. Harrison was to be left alone for an uncertain period with a family of ten young children.

Not only was there no repining, nor shrinking from responsibility, but a gathering in of the children of friends and neighbors, several of whom were regular inmates of her large family, that they might have the benefit of the private tutor whom she always employed.

Hull had made his inglorious surrender at Detroit when Harrison received his appointment; troops were to be raised and disciplined. Like Jackson, he was troubled with short enlistments and men clamoring to go home, but we hear of no court-martial or military executions. He retook Detroit, and somewhat redeemed the honor of the American arms at the North.

Not harmonizing with the Secretary of War, he resigned, bought the farm at North Bend, and was at once chosen Representative to Congress. Here he was accused of corruption; he demanded a thorough investigation, and was not only acquitted, but received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal.

John Quincy Adams, at the close of his administration, appointed him minister to the Republic of Columbia. He had no sooner arrived there than he was recalled by Jackson, who could never forget, that when a vote of censure against himself was before Congress, Harrison voted in its favor, though he made a stirring speech in which he awarded full glory and honor to the hero of New Orleans. On

his return, he settled at his farm at North Bend, accepting the office of clerk of the court of Hamilton County, to eke out an income sufficient for the needs of his numerous family.

In 1836, he was candidate for the presidency in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. It was a great relief to Mrs. Harrison that he was not elected. At no time caring to stand in the world's high places, she cared less now, as she was weighted with sorrow. During the life at North Bend she lost an infant, seven children, grown and settled in life, and ten grandchildren. As blow after blow fell, she would repeat her favorite text, "Be still, and know that I am God."

In these days, we should say that North Bend was an unhealthy locality, or that the drainage was bad, and refrain from thinking that God had laid a heavy hand upon them. A second time General Harrison was the candidate in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. Never was there a more spirited or exciting campaign.

He, who was born, cradled, and reared among the aristocrats of the land was taunted with having lived in a "log-cabin" and drinking "hard cider." They became the shibboleth of his party, and were in every town and village drawn about with torchlight processions, while people cheered and sang, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

A favorite song was one which began with the following verse, —

“Can grateful freemen slight his claims,
Who bravely did defend
Their lives and fortunes on the Thames,
The Farmer of North Bend?”

CHORUS: The Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
The Farmer of North Bend,
We'll give a right good hearty vote
To the Farmer of North Bend.”

The victory was won, but how barren the result; so little of Tippecanoe and “too” much of Tyler.

General Harrison was a well-bred, educated man; his conversation, letters, and speeches were always well spiced with classical allusions, but he had no claim to intellectual greatness.

The public clamored only for honesty, fair dealing, and a return to the prosperity of the days when there had been a United States bank, — money had been plenty and provisions cheap.

The dignified and seemly manner with which the Executive Mansion had been maintained was only a cause of irritation. In the campaign, a Pennsylvanian upon the floor of Congress had detailed and dwelt upon the elegance of its furniture, as if it were a cause for reproach, — had compared it with a log-cabin, as if it were a merit to live in one when one could command something better; the new candidate was held up as another Cincinnatus, which so tickled

his classical fancy that he likened his journey to the national capital to the return of Cicero to Rome, amid the cheers and plaudits of Cato and the stern old Romans.

His inaugural, written in a large bold hand, covered many sheets of foolscap. He submitted it to Webster for criticism. Had the great man differed with him upon any of the vital topics at issue, he might have given an attentive ear, but when he proposed not only to condense the document, but to rob it of some of its classical allusions, Harrison thought the statesman little knew what language was becoming for an old Roman to use, and the address was given intact.

His entrance into the national capital was upon a cold February day, when the air was filled with rain and sleet. Had he sensibly followed the old maxim: "When you are among the Romans, do as the Romans do," he would have taken a cab and ridden comfortably to his hotel, but that would not comport with the ways of men centuries dead, in a land thousands of miles removed.

He walked from the station, his head bared to the blast, front lock *à la* Napoleon, bowing acknowledgments for the cheers of the well-wrapped, umbrella-protected citizens who thronged the way.

Chagrined at being opposed by his native state, and taunted with the name of Abolitionist, before

the mantle of power descended upon him, he made a visit to Richmond, made speeches and assured the citizens of his devotion to their section and its privileges.

A piercing northeast wind blew on the fourth of March, 1841, and the sun was darkened by clouds. Party friends of the general had presented a carriage for the occasion, but now as he was to embody the majesty of the United States, he would ride as did the Roman Emperors along the Appian Way.

Mr. Van Buren, doubly piqued by the slight of the civil authorities, declined to enact the part of conquered hero in the pageantry.

General Harrison, without overcoat, mounted on a spirited white charger, surrounded by a staff of mounted marshals, rode, hat in hand, bowing acknowledgments to the enthusiastic crowd, who cheered themselves hoarse. He was followed by a brilliant procession; the students of the Jesuit College at Georgetown, appeared in their uniform, carrying a beautiful banner and headed by their faculty. Mechanics, representing their trades, came from all parts of the Union. Tippecanoe Clubs rolled their log cabins, surmounted with coons and freighted with hard cider.

The Senate Chamber had never presented a more brilliant spectacle. The diplomatic corps were covered with gold and silver embroidery, with all

their orders blazing on their breasts. The army and navy officers were in full uniform, the Justices of the Supreme Court in their black silk robes, and the scene was graced by the highest dignitaries of the land.

A deafening shout went up, which proclaimed the arrival of General Harrison, the hero of the day.

He stepped to the front of the platform, delivered his inaugural in clear, ringing tones. His hearers, muffled and wrapped, nearly perished from the icy blasts, while he stood bareheaded, without overcoat or gloves.

Mr. Monroe once said, that "a little flattery would carry one through a great deal of fatigue," and perhaps it has as potent an effect in warding off the cold; there was no lack of shouts and cheers as the President handled each favorite topic. The press commented on the message rather adversely, called it "vague and diffuse," still the party hoped for the best.

Benumbed and half-frozen as he was, the president waived away the carriage offered him and rode upon his charger as he came. On reaching the Executive Mansion he held a reception, and for three hours he was constantly shaking hands with the crowds, that thronged the house.

The day wound up with three inaugural balls, and the president favored each with a visit, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, who for the present was to

preside over his household. The delicacy of Mrs. Harrison's health forbade her travelling until the season was more advanced.

According to all the laws of self-preservation, which the Chief Magistrate had defied, he ought to have been seized with his mortal illness then, instead of a month later.

Office-seekers worried and wore him down; he had differences with the great men of his party, who rather sought to control him; once he turned sharply on Clay and said: "Mr. Clay, you forget that I am President;" he rarely retired before one o'clock in the morning and as had been his habit, rose early. These things began to tell upon the frame that had failed to succumb upon the day of the inauguration. Probably an overcoat did not form a part of his wardrobe, as he was never known to wear one. In one of his early walks to market, he was caught in a shower, and refused on his return, to change his wet clothes. This time, the disease, pneumonia, that his imprudence had invited, settled upon him.

The nature of his worries appeared in his delirium. At one time he said, "My dear madam, I did not direct that your husband should be turned out. I did not know it. I tried to prevent it." At another: "It is wrong—I won't consent—'tis unjust." Again: "These applications,—will they

never cease?" His honesty appeared in his last words, when he said, as if addressing his successor, "Sir! I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more."

On the fourth of April, there was death in the White House, where "never before had trod his skeleton foot." The hero of Tippecanoe "from the round at the top had stepped to the sky." The hosts, who had come before to witness his triumph, came again to behold the funeral pomp. Public and private buildings were draped in black, minute-guns were fired, flags everywhere at half-mast, and all places of business closed.

The services were held in the Executive Mansion. The casket lay in the East Room, where one little month before he had stood through the long levee.

It was covered with black velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and over it was thrown a velvet pall with a deep, golden fringe. On this lay the sword of justice and the sword of state, surmounted by the scroll of the Constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath of yew and cypress. Around the casket were grouped in a circle, the new President, Mr. Tyler, the ex-President, John Quincy Adams, and the members of the cabinet. In the next circle were the diplomatic corps in their rich court suits, members of Congress, and the relatives of the dead president.

An outer circle was made up of a vast assemblage of friends. When the clergyman began ; "I am the resurrection and the life," the entire company rose and joined in the burial service of the Episcopal church.

The funeral car was drawn by six white horses, each having at his head a black groom dressed in white, with white turban and sash. Outside of the grooms walked the pall-bearers, dressed in black, with black scarfs.

The procession with its military escort, was two miles in length and eclipsed the inauguration pageant which had preceded it. The remains were placed in a tomb in the Congressional Burying Ground, and the military fired three volleys over it.

Mrs. Harrison was busy with preparations for her journey, with her husband's letter before her, telling of the inaugural balls and the high honors heaped upon him, when a messenger came with the fatal news.

For once the brave, Christian woman was stricken to the earth. Dead! She could not believe it.

In time, not then, she could repeat the text which had ever been her help, and resigned cheerfulness returned.

For fourteen years she remained at the farm at North Bend, but as extreme old age crept on, she was persuaded to go to the house of her son, five

miles away, where she died in her eighty-ninth year. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Bushnell from her favorite text, at her own request. Her remains were taken to North Bend, and laid beside her husband's on the banks of the Ohio.

Her grandson, Benjamin Harrison, is the present Republican candidate for the Presidency.

MRS. LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER.—
MRS. JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

MISS LETITIA CHRISTIAN, belonging to one of the oldest and best families, was called the belle of Eastern Virginia, when she had only turned her sixteenth year. Modest, retiring, cultivated, and beautiful, the fairest among a bevy of fair sisters, she was sought by many suitors, among whom was John Tyler, a boy of seventeen, son of the governor of the state.

On his part, it was love at first sight; and so ardent was his wooing that he soon distanced all his rivals. Boy and girl as they were, they plighted their troth. It was his pride that he had no fortune to offer, declaring that the thought of her being influenced by prudential motives would have eternally tortured him.

So dignified was the reserve of this belle and beauty, that she would never give permission to her lover to address her by letter, though he penned her many a love sonnet.

The engagement lasted more than five years, and it was only three months before marriage that he dared break bounds and send his first love letter, re-

markable for its lofty delicacy. It is still carefully preserved in the family. He often told his children that he "never presumed to kiss her hand at parting until within three weeks of the wedding day."

On his twenty-third birthday, when Miss Letitia was twenty-two, he led her to the altar, and thus secured to himself the support of the influential family to which she belonged. As soon as the festivities were over, he took his bride to Greenway, an estate belonging to his father.

She shrank from public notice, and enjoyed nothing so much as her own home. When her husband became governor of the state, she is said to have presided with ease, dignity, and grace. Only one season could she be persuaded to spend amid the social gayeties of Washington, during the five terms that he served as representative and senator. But once could he prevail on her to go among the fashionable watering places at the North. She preferred the quiet, slow ways of the mountain resorts of her native state; indeed, her nursery left her little leisure for society. She was the mother of nine children, two of whom died in infancy.

As years went by she grew frail and delicate. A new daughter, the bride of her eldest son, described her in her declining health, as "bearing the marks of her early beauty, — a skin as soft and smooth as a baby's, sweet, loving black eyes, features delicately

moulded, perfect hands and feet, gentle and graceful in her movements, with a peculiar air of refinement, a nature entirely unselfish, all her thoughts and affection given to her husband and children."

In her early married life, when there were times of pecuniary difficulties, her one thought had been to save her husband from care and expense, and that his honest independence was preserved was chiefly owing to her.

In 1839, she had a stroke of paralysis, from which she never fully rallied. Two years later, Harrison's untimely death placed her husband at the head of the nation. She went to the White House with a heavy heart. She had been brought near and faced the unseen world, and realized that she was still within its shadow. Fashion, display, and the personal triumph of holding the highest place, could have for her no charm. She received few visitors and paid no visits. The social duties of her position she delegated to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, until her own daughter, Letitia, Mrs. Semple, was able to assume the place.

Mrs. Robert Tyler was a very elegant and accomplished woman, daughter of Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, the tragedian. Before her marriage, she assisted him in *Virginius*, taking the part of Virginia, more from filial love than from any desire for the stage. In his old age, she had the satisfaction of procuring

for him a position in the New York Custom House, and later, a better one at the Arsenal in Philadelphia.

The Tylers were the first to introduce music in the presidential grounds.

A gay marriage was celebrated in the Executive Mansion, fast becoming historic, between Miss Elizabeth, third daughter of the family, and Mr. William Waller. It was intended, on the mother's account, that it should be very private ; but in their high station it could not well be managed. Mrs. Madison, the families of the members of the cabinet, and those of the foreign ministers, with a host of relatives and friends, made up a brilliant assemblage. It was the first time that Mrs. Tyler ever appeared in general society at the White House. It may have been loving partiality that gave the verdict, but the family decided that she was more attractive in looks and bearing than any woman present.

Once again she was present, at the fancy ball given by her three-year-old, fairy-dressed granddaughter, when every state in the Union had its baby representative. Mrs. Madison, the distinguished guest wherever she went, sat opposite the little hostess, — the only adult guest seated. No servants were present, but lady guests served, and distributed the Christmas gifts.

Early in the autumn of the second year of Tyler's reign, Mrs. Tyler was again stricken with paralysis,

and in a few hours "slept the sleep that knows no waking." The funeral service, the second in the White House, was according to the rites of the Episcopal church, of which she was a member; a touching scene was enacted outside the mansion, by the gathering of a crowd of her beneficiaries, sobbing, wringing their hands, and every now and then crying out, "Oh, the poor have lost a friend." After the service, her husband bore her home to Virginia. The Executive Mansion, never gay under the Tylers, was now shrouded in mourning.

The administration was very unpopular, so much so that Congress would make no appropriation for furnishing the house, nor for any of the incidental expenses which its occupancy entailed. A son of the President was his private secretary, but Congress would grant no salary.

By a political compromise, Tyler's name had been put on the Whig ticket with Harrison's, to secure Southern votes. Unexpectedly and unfortunately for himself and the nation, he became Chief Magistrate. At the time of the inauguration, he had taken umbrage at the course of affairs and had retired to his home in Virginia, where he was notified of the event which exalted him.

The cabinet, by the advice of John Quincy Adams, decided that he should be officially styled, "Vice-President of the United States, acting President."

Mr. Tyler came, — he was to be no regent, boldly signed himself “President of the United States,” claimed all the honors of his position, and by common consent the title was admitted as legitimate. At his hotel, he at once took the same oath that other Presidents had taken. In June he sent to the extra session of Congress, which General Harrison had convened, a message, so uncertain in its tone, that it might be twisted to mean anything which future events might make it expedient for him to carry out.

The whole elective campaign had turned on the United States Bank, and here was where he was the least lucid, was said to have displayed the “caution and ambiguity of a Talleyrand.” The Whigs were alarmed. The imperious leader, Henry Clay, anticipating trouble, exclaimed, “Tyler dares not resist : I will drive him before me.”

The first business of the session was the repeal of the Sub-Treasury Act, which so elated the party, that they celebrated it in a procession and a mock funeral for the obnoxious measure, made festive by fireworks and martial music.

The bill for the Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands among the States, and the Bankrupt Law passed as harmoniously, and received the President’s signature.

Then came the grand crisis. The House and the

Senate passed the bill upon which the Whigs thought the salvation of the nation hinged.

Tyler slept over it (more nights than were thought necessary), wept over it, prayed over it, and then vetoed it. Words cannot describe the frenzied fury of the party.

In the evening a noisy disorderly crowd gathered about the Executive Mansion and hissed and anathematized the President. Within the brilliantly lighted house, sipping champagne, sat the smiling, triumphant Democrats, congratulating him upon the "courageous and patriotic step" he had taken.

Shortly after, Clay dramatized the visit before the Senate, in a satire so striking and artistic that the victims themselves could but applaud. Imitating the style of the different orators, the supposed speech of each was given with inimitable skill, and each was prefaced by a word-picture of the person of the speaker. Calhoun's was, "tall, careworn, with fevered brow, haggard cheek and eye, intensely gazing, looking as if he were dissecting the last and newest abstraction which sprang from some metaphysician's brain, and muttering to himself, in half-uttered words, 'This is indeed a crisis!'"

The humorous picture of Buchanan, introducing the Democratic Senators, was so amusing to him that he answered it in the same vein.

The press and people of the opposition denounced

the President as a renegade, a name which has ever since clung to him ; he retorted that he never did endorse the measure.

As the United States Bank never had a second birth under succeeding administrations, and the government has not collapsed, it seems unjust to say that he earned his sobriquet then,—rather say that he was wiser than his compeers. National requirements never become “obsolete ideas.”

Minor troubles rose in different states, which had to be suppressed by the strong arm of the law, backed by the military. “Little Rhody,” the pin-head state, raised the cry of rebellion and undertook to carry matters with a high hand. The cry of treason was no wolf story. The bogus governor was caught, tried, convicted, and had Jackson been on the throne, his ideal gallows, fashioned after Haman’s, would have been set right up ; as it was, bolts and bars kept him in duress until the settlement of the “Suffrage Difficulties” drew out his fangs, and Dorr was pardoned.

Some of the patroons of New York refused to pay their rent, even killed the tax-collectors, tarred and feathered the timid citizens who would rather pay the nominal exaction, under an old Dutch law, of a “few bushels of wheat, three or four fat fowl, and a day’s work with horses and wagon per year” than break the law, resist the officers, and bring ruin upon

their families. United States troops suppressed the patroons, and time has suppressed the law.

Mormon institutions are tolerated by the United States government, but the people of Illinois resolved that if the sect were to live and grow, her soil was not to be polluted by the practice of their religious tenets. Around the Nauvoo settlement, mob-law prevailed for three days, the town was shelled, the leader torn from the arm of the authorities, to whom he had given himself up for safety, and killed. The charter of Nauvoo was repealed by the legislature of Illinois, and the Mormons wended their way to Council Bluffs, and thence to Utah.

After Mr. Tyler's second veto of Whig measures, all his cabinet resigned, save Webster, who remained for a purpose. Troubles in the northeast were thickening and war with England threatening.

Lord Ashburton was in Washington with orders to try negotiation. The preliminaries had been entered upon and the Secretary of State was bent upon concluding it. That it was brought to a successful issue by his masterly diplomacy was a cause of congratulation, and he termed it the greatest achievement of his life. The old sore was at last healed — England relinquished the right of impressment, and satisfactory boundaries were fixed; save Oregon, which then was hardly thought worth owning, and the cod-fisheries, there seemed to be noth-

ing left for the United States and England to wrangle over.

In the flush of success, Mr. Webster said to a friend : " There have been periods when I could have kindled a war, but, I remembered that I was negotiating for a Christian country, with a Christian country, and that we were all living in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. My duty was clear and plain."

When the annexation of Texas was mooted, Mr. Webster could not endorse the measure ; the President perceptibly cooled towards him and he resigned his position.

Tyler's term was drawing to a close. He was hated by one party and despised by the other ; his personal clique was so small, that it was dubbed by Clay as the " corporal's guard." His sobriquet may now be said to have been fairly earned. From the first, his ruling ambition had been to add the " lone star " state to the Union. Could he succeed, he might yet bind laurels about his brow and create a party in his favor. Every engine was set in motion. By request, General Jackson wrote a letter endorsing the measure. Calhoun was offered the place of premier, which he accepted, and his state, rampant as ever, raised the cry of " Texas or disunion." The entire South was for annexation, but they repudiated Tyler.

Calhoun, by means of his able associates, legislated Texas into the Union, and the last official act of the President was to sign the bill for its admission. The thing for which he had worked and schemed was done, and his administration had the honor or dishonor of doing it.

The second winter after the death of Mrs. Tyler, Mr. Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound, a wealthy and distinguished gentleman, who had been travelling over Europe with his young and accomplished daughter, Miss Julia, brought her to share in the social gayeties of Washington. She became at once the belle of the city.

The widowed President, worn down by the unhappy state of political affairs, a connoisseur of beautiful women, found solace and relaxation in the society of this cultivated girl, whom he soon began to woo.

Tragedy was so mixed with the love-making, that the pair were able to keep it secret until it ended in marriage. The President, the cabinet, with other guests, among whom were Mr. Gardiner and his daughter, were invited by Captain Stockton to a sail upon the Potomac, in the war steamer "Princeton" to witness the testing of the "Peacemaker," a new cannon. Before the ceremony, the guests sat in the cabin, gayly jesting and sipping wine. At length the captain said that all was ready. The gentlemen,

with the exception of the President, sprang to their feet and went up the companionway. The gunner stood at his post, the company were ranged in a semicircle, and the captain only waited for the presence of the Chief Magistrate to give the signal. A second time, word was sent to the President that all was ready, and it was gently hinted that he had better go on deck.

Still he lingered ; what cared he for a cannon or a cannon's voice when he could bandy repartees with a fair, fascinating young girl, watch her blushes, and strive to win a love glance from her bright eyes?

The men on deck tired of the delay and grew restive. The captain gave the word, the gunner did his duty ; something was wrong, somebody had blundered, the ball burst the cannon. The explosion, the shrieks of the wounded, roused the President from the love dream which probably saved his life. Two members of the cabinet and the father of Miss Gardiner lay among the dead and dying. Their bodies were taken to the Executive Mansion, and there the funeral services were performed.

Miss Gardiner went to New York with the body of her father. This shocking catastrophe, which cast a gloom over the capital, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the country, blotted out the remembrance of the fascinations which Miss Gardiner had

seemed to possess for the widower of the White House.

A few months later, the President announced that urgent business required him to make a flying visit to New York. At that time, Miss Gardiner lived in Lafayette Place, between the Bowery and Broadway, a region rich in golden memories to old New Yorkers, who are to-day mourning lest the quaint and monastic street in the heart of the city must give way to the march of improvement. The day after his arrival, he took Miss Gardiner to the Church of the Ascension, corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, and in a strictly private way made her his wife.

It was a social sensation which took New York by surprise; they fired a hundred guns in honor of the event. The President's "urgent business" was ended, and he at once installed his bride as mistress of the Executive Mansion.

The lady received guests, dispensed hospitality with a queenly grace, and brought a gleam of sunshine upon the Tyler administration. The splenetic John Randolph would say, "She is altogether the best man of the two."

The spring after the President's marriage, his term of office expired, which was an unspeakable relief to the nation and probably to himself, for the land was teeming with murmurs and vituperation; save

among officeholders, there were none to do him honor.

Historians, while condemning his administration, have tried to throw the mantle of charity about him by saying he was in a false position, a Democrat elected by the Whigs, it was not in the power of man to please, but he was once the endorser of Henry Clay.

He had polished manners, a mind of rare culture, ample means, an elegant home in Sherwood Forest, loving sons and daughters, a beauteous young wife, and had it not been for the storm of war and rebellion that swept over the land, and which his doctrines and influence had helped to foster, he might have lived out his days in calm, happy retirement.

When Virginia seceded from the Union, he renounced his allegiance to the United States and joined the Confederates. He was the president of the Peace Commissioners who came to Washington in the last days of Buchanan's *regime* and accomplished nothing.

He was spared from drinking the lees from the bitter cup pressed so closely to Southern lips, as he died in January, 1862. He lies in an unmarked, neglected grave, in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond. If an appropriation were asked from the legislature of Virginia, or from Congress for a memorial tablet

to the memory of John Tyler, it would probably be refused, or, at least, raise a wrangle.

As in life, so at death was his position an anomalous one,—in rebellion against the government of which he was once the supreme head and had sworn to protect.

His estate was ruined, and in the course of years the ancestral property of Mrs. Tyler became involved. In 1879, she asked a pension from Congress. That Congress responded with the amount given to widows of presidents is a mark that the old sectional bitterness is crushed out; that the government knows no North, no South; that every star in the grand old flag is in its place, waving over the land, made free.

A few years since, Mrs. Tyler bought a beautiful place in Richmond, which is now her home. Now and then she visits Washington, and the few who can remember her as a girl and a bride, say she still has traces of the beauty and grace which made her the belle of the capital more than forty years ago.

Her portrait, in bridal dress and veil, is hanging in the White House, and was the second portrait permitted to hang there.

Since the marriage of Mrs. Cleveland, she has lost the distinction of being the only woman who ever wedded a President of the United States.

She is a devout member of the Catholic Church.

MRS. POLK.

MISS SARAH CHILDRESS was the daughter of a Tennessee farmer, near Murfreesboro; one of those brave, enterprising men, who had stepped into the forest, and with his own right arm cut down trees, built a home, to which every passing year added increased ease and plenty, — in time was called rich by those who lived about him.

His own boyhood had been spent in work and poverty, in a region where books were rare, and schools open only for a few weeks in winter.

His circumstances were not as his father's had been, and as his children passed from infancy to youth, his one thought was to give them a chance of acquiring an education which had never come to himself.

The Moravians, a learned sect, descended from the old Hussites, of Bohemia, had established boarding-schools in Germany, England, and the United States. One in the neighboring state, North Carolina, had a name for strict discipline and thorough teaching. The father planned better than he knew when he gave to the care of these brothers the little

girl, who was one day to be the first lady of the land. .

The old poets, Homer and Hesiod, tell us a pretty story, if it be not true (why may it not be true?), that around the cradle of mortals sit the Parcæ, three old women; one presides at birth, one cuts the thread that links the mortal part to the immortal; Homer says not Jupiter himself can stay her hand when once she has lifted her scissors. The second sister, Lachesis, spins and weaves the events and actions of human life. Had the old crone whispered in Farmer Childress's ear, the secrets of the web she was weaving for his child, he could not have acted a wiser part.

The little Sarah was dark-skinned, black-eyed — looked more as if she were an Italian or a Spanish child than an American, full of fun, and so very intelligent that the learned brothers guided her studies and watched her progress with delight.

Yet the school life was short in those days, — it was not thought wise that girls should have too much learning, — it rather made them objects of ridicule. Her cheerfulness, her flashing wit, her handsome face, and well-bred manners, made her a favorite among the townspeople, the pride and joy of her father's heart; her mother had died while she was yet an infant.

The gay, young people, and the open hospitality

of the Childress's farm brought a crowd of visitors. One came, coolly put his feet beneath the farmer's social board, partook of all the country pleasures, yet he had but one intent, — that was to rob. Before she knew it, he had Miss Sarah's heart in his keeping.

When a man has played the game of love and won his point, he goes to the father with confident boldness, and without any feeling, remorse, or a shadow of shame, asks to take away the girl who for two decades or more has been loved, petted, the charm of the father's heart and the mother's life.

This lover was eight years the girl's senior, a rising lawyer, and a member of the State Legislature, called James K. Polk.

With her teens went her maidenhood. At twenty she was the wife of a popular politician. Weddings in the country were followed by days of merry-making and festive pleasures. The popularity of the bride, and the prominent position of the groom, gave special zest to this occasion.

With uncommon intelligence and the fondness of a young wife, Mrs. Polk threw herself into her husband's career. If he bowed at the shrine of the Hero of the Hermitage, so bowed she.

This marriage was in the exciting year that Jackson ran in the presidential race with Adams, and Adams won. The general assumed a careless

cheerfulness, but was nursing up wrath against all who opposed him. Polk opposed Adams through his entire administration, and in the next campaign used all his powerful influence to defeat him, and place Jackson in power. When he was himself a candidate for the presidency, the old man was not ungrateful, but worked and schemed; at the end, hobbled to the polls, and threw what proved to be his last vote for one he called his protege.

A year after the marriage, Mr. Polk was elected representative to Congress, and re-elected for fourteen successive sessions. It was with delight that Mrs. Polk entered upon the social pleasures of the capital. She made herself mistress of all the ins and outs of the political world; yet she was a womanly woman, and had no desire to shine as a disputant in the political arena. Men of both parties sat at her hospitable board, but with wonderful tact she kept politics in the background, and by her ready wit and rare conversational powers threw a charm over all her guests.

In 1839, Mr. Polk declined entering the contest for re-election, that he might be a candidate for the office of Governor of Tennessee.

He stumped the state for himself, as was the Southern custom. On the fairest terms with his popular opponent, his ambition was aroused, and he went in to win. Day and night he worked, flew

from east to west, from north to south, seemed to know no weariness; it was said that he did not remove his boots during the campaign.

His private life, and his record as an honest politician were spotless. He offered no terms, made no bargains, gave his past integrity as his gage. His frank manners and thrilling eloquence won the masses, who called him the "Napolcon of the Stump,"—a title that both parties conceded was fairly won, and at a moment's notice he could make good. Success crowned his efforts, and the governor's mansion at Nashville was the popular resort of all Tennesseans.

About this time, Mrs. Polk embraced the Presbyterian faith, which extreme converts twist into something cold and ascetic. Christians in the full sense of the word (perhaps St. Simeon Stylites was), yet, in giving up innocent amusements, they make those outside the pale feel that the Master's burden is heavy.

In His sad mission, we have but one record that He ever entered the house of feasting and gayety, — then, that nothing might be wanting to make the occasion complete, we read that He worked one of His mighty miracles.

Mrs. Polk's friends thought she carried her first zeal to asceticism, but over and above her austerities there was a sweetness of disposition, gracefulness and

ease of manner, with such unfailing courtesy, that she won favor from every one who approached her.

During the fierce campaign of Harrison and Tyler, when politicians were stirred almost to madness, her politeness alike to Democrat and Whig never failed ; a strong partisan of Van Buren's, she never paraded it.

In 1844, her husband was in the very maelstrom of politics. His nomination for the presidency was the first message ever sent over telegraphic wires.

In those days there were mighty giants in the land. James K. Polk was trotted out as a well-groomed, "dark horse," and pressed to the front.

His opponent, Henry Clay, who was the idol of the Whig party, soon found that the "dark horse" was of the Arabian breed, sensitive, high-spirited, never flinched at any barrier. The grand old man whom the nation loved, yet failed to honor, was distanced in the race.

Some said Polk came into power by fraud ; others said, by sheer good luck, he was a pigmy beside the giants ; and a larger number asked, "Who is Polk?"

Back of it all was the old feud between North and South. Tyler's parting benediction had been the annexation of Texas. Southerners stood with carving knives in hand ; nine states they thought to be about the right number, none much less than New York in size, and all for the solid South. The

Mexicans claimed the whole of Texas, though she had maintained her independence for nine years ; besides, there was a dispute as to her boundaries. The bold Sam Houston claimed that he had conquered his way to the Rio Grande, while the Mexicans denied his crossing the Nueces.

It was supposed that the Mexicans would have pluck enough to make a contest over their spoliations, and to that contest Polk was pledged ; therein lay the mettle of the "dark horse."

Mr. Polk felt that the haste in annexing Texas had snatched some of the laurels which should have been bound about his own brow, nevertheless, in his inaugural he sang the proper exultant pæans, and promised to hold fast to the state, which the astute Calhoun, rather than Tyler, had clutched.

His closing theme was Oregon. He declared that it was not to be divided, and asserted that our title to it was "clear and unquestionable."

Jackson had advised him upon the subject, and his advice sounded like that of a certain father to his son : "Get money, my son, honestly if you can, but get it."

Well, the president had thrown down a gage to two foreign governments, aroused the ire of his opponents, and created a jealousy among his friends. England's premier's comment upon the message was a "blustering announcement."

Responsibilities crowded upon the president, and embarrassments weighed him down ; the treasury was depleted, and there was no settled basis upon which to rest for filling it.

No wonder that his hair blanched, his health failed, his step became that of an old man, and that he bore an air of languor and exhaustion.

At the time when the Presidents come into power, many of the wives have passed middle age, and, used only to country life, have entered upon the duties of the Executive Mansion with shrinking and dread. The position is a big sugarplum, but it comes so late it has no sweetness. Even Mrs. Washington complained, said things were not as they should be ; her day had gone by to enjoy the triumph.

Mrs. Polk was a childless wife, and, in the full maturity of her matronly charms, had already won a high position in Washington society. When her day of triumph came, she stepped to the front with ease, grace, and unmixed pleasure. She has come down in the annals of the White House as one of its most popular mistresses, yet in her day there were complaints that she sometimes forgot that she was presiding over the nation's house, — seemed to think it her private home, to be ordered according to the formalities of her rigid, Puritan life.

Mrs. John Adams had introduced the custom of offering cake and wine at levees. Jackson thought

cake nothing without cheese, and so had added that to the *menu*.

More than half a century had gone by since we had cut the leading strings by which England held us in hand, and set up housekeeping for ourselves. Washington, an aristocrat by birth, bred in viceregal courts, trained by the courtly Fairfax, held a Republican Court on England's royal plan. Only the upper classes were admitted, and those under court regulations as to dress. No clasping of hands, only sweeping curtsies, and majestic bows for the majesty of the United States.

Times were not as they had been. Every succeeding reign had made our ways less and less like England's, more and more for the people. At stated times, the humblest in the land could cross the President's threshold, and take him and his wife by the hand.

Mrs. Polk put an end to refreshments, but it was in no spirit of parsimony or teetotalism, only things were on a different basis.

At the present time, the President's increased salary would not cover the cake and cheese, nor all the vintages of Europe supply the wine, even if the guests drank like gentlemen.

Solomon, especially endowed with wisdom, said that there is a time for everything under the sun, but to a rigid Presbyterian there is no time to dance, so Mrs. Polk swept that custom aside.

The Executive Mansion is not the place for balls ; Mrs. Polk pleasantly said to one who disapproved her act, " You would not dance in the President's house, would you ? " To-day, the thing would not be tolerated ; but the one who took the initiative in these proper changes must, of course, come in for a certain amount of censure ; yet, her exceeding affability tided her over, and where a less potent social factor would have gone down, she won.

Like Lady Washington, she received her guests sitting ; once when she sat gayly talking with the crowd about her sofa, a distinguished South Carolinian raised his voice, he meant to be heard, and said : " Madam, there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible." Every voice was hushed, and a scared look came over the faces of the guests, only Mrs. Polk was at ease, and while her black eyes flashed, she said, with a bright smile, " What have I done ? " " Well, the Bible says, ' Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you.' " Again the guests breathed, and the wit and abandon went on still more merrily.

In the last year of her stay in the Executive Mansion, there was a grand dinner party. Henry Clay, as the most honored guest, sat at Mrs Polk's right hand. In the happy manner and silvery tones which took every heart by storm, he said : " Madam, I must say that in my travels, wherever I have been,

in all companies and among all parties, I have heard but one opinion of you. All agree in commending your excellent administration of the domestic affairs of the White House. But," looking towards her husband, "as for that young gentleman there, I cannot say as much. There is some little difference of opinion in regard to the policy of *his* course."

Mrs. Polk's happy gift at repartee never failed her. "Indeed," she said, "I am glad to hear that my administration is popular; and in return for your compliment, I will say, that if the country should elect a Whig next fall, I know of no one whose elevation would please me more than that of Henry Clay. And I will assure you of one thing, if you do have occasion to occupy the White House on the fourth of March next, it shall be surrendered to you in perfect order, from garret to cellar."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Mr. Clay, "I am certain that" — in the uncertain sea of politics, Clay was glad to drown what he *was* certain of in the gay shouts of laughter given in applause of Mrs. Polk.

The foreign ministers would often remark that not a crowned head in Europe could queen it more royally than the wife of the Republican President, but that her dark face fitted her rather for the crown of Spain than for any Anglo-Saxon throne.

Poets penned poems in her honor. One, perhaps

by poetical license, compared her to the Pleiad, who forsook her home and broke the hearts of her sisters. Ovid puts it that the Pleiad, a daughter of the skies, by stooping to wed a mortal man, lost her celestial light, thus causing her sisters shame—a word never to be coupled with the name of Mrs. James K. Polk.

Mr. Polk redeemed his pledge, and pushed on the war with Mexico. United States soldiers sat in the halls of the Montezumas and dictated terms of peace. Money was given the conquered people by the million, but New Mexico and California were the spoils of the victors.

The giants of the North said it was done by might, not by right; that the war was unjust in its origin and slavery was its object.

The carvers whetted their knives, and said, we can double the nine states and all for the solid South.

Although the war had been opposed by the North, yet when it had been once declared, it patriotically joined hands with the South, and supported it in good faith. Webster and Clay, each gave a son and each lost. (My country, right or wrong !).

Victory and possession brought forward the portentous subject that was so hydra-headed. A Hercules could always be found to cut off, but not until Lincoln's administration was there an Iolas to apply the burning iron.

One, David Wilmot, had offered a bill in Congress,

forbidding slavery in any territory to be acquired from Mexico. It had been lost when we had the territory to win, but now it was won, the Proviso had more interest and agitated many minds.

Calhoun maintained that the territories were common property, and that the people of the North and of the South should enter in and enjoy the land, each in its own way.

Imagine Calhounists and Garrisonites dwelling side by side! In comparison with the result, the explosion of dynamite would be but the effervescence of soda.

There was a hue and cry throughout the land. A cry of "dissolution of the Union" came shrieking from the South. To complicate serious matters and make them more serious, the country was on the eve of a presidential election.

Politicians can lash the people into fury, but sometimes an unlooked-for event will mysteriously change the phase of affairs, and calm the passions of men. An El Dorado opened on the Pacific slope in 1848, just at the close of the war. Foreigners and natives, red men and white, flocked thither in crowds, but Northerners led the van and outnumbered all the rest. They were going to see no Southern carvers make mincemeat of the land where they had come to dwell — not they. When California knocked at the gate of the Union she came in free.

If there be a pie with a plum, England is always ready to put in her thumb. In the days when Texas was an independent state, her cotton fields were very fair to English eyes. Somehow, and in some way, she had hoped to reap some advantage from them, but when the United States, with marvellous gastronomic skill, swallowed the pie whole, she lost the delicious plum.

Before the victories beyond the Rio Grande had begun, the Oregon difficulty had assumed alarming proportions. More land on the American continent England will have, and she boldly makes a claim in the Northwest — says all Oregon down to the California line is hers. Mr. Polk, as boldly and a little more so, says it is not.

The country had been thought to be a wilderness and fur-bearing animals its only product.

The fur companies of the two countries had trapped and traded at their different settlements, and the question of land ownership had hardly been raised. But for the missionary, Marcus Whitman, Mr. Webster would have traded off all Oregon for the cod fisheries in the northeast.

The English had never thought to settle in the country, but when Americans with families did, in the rich valley of the Willamette, they thought there must be something juicy, which it behooved them to extract.

Had Mr. Polk been autocrat, as well as cormorant, they would only have gained it by the measuring of swords and the firing of cannons ; but in the United States there was a Senate and House of Representatives ; in England, a Queen with a wise domestic counsellor, and Lord John Russell for premier, and commissioners were appointed to negotiate.

The states that had whipped England before they were born, had no fear of her now, when they were in full maturity, but there was a spirit of concession on both sides, and the dogs of war that Polk stood ready to unleash, were stayed by a compromise, which fixed the forty-ninth parallel as our northern boundary, instead of $54^{\circ} 40'$, which Mr. Polk and his supporters claimed.

In Tyler's administration, Calhoun had offered the British government all north of the forty-ninth parallel. Buchanan renewed the offer, but the government remained stiff ; he withdrew it and, backed by Polk, it was " $54^{\circ} 40'$ or fight." When the negotiations began, the outlook was very gloomy ; stocks fell and business men were alarmed. The proposition to take what it had twice refused, came from the British government.

The American Minister in London sent a whisper over the water that England had been outwitted — she neither knew the value of what she had relinquished, nor did she know how deeply we were in-

volved with the Mexicans down upon the Rio Grande.

One would think Mr. Polk's greed for territory might have been satiated.

When he came into power the country was virtually bounded by the Rocky Mountains; now it swept from ocean to ocean; the flag, that had been planted on the banks of the Sabine had moved down to the Rio Grande, and waved there by right. On the North, the government had been a little mixed as to *meum et tuum*, but he had the happy consciousness that in his administration, it was peaceably adjusted.

President Polk courteously welcomed General Taylor to the White House, and on the fifth of March, (the fourth being Sunday) rode with him to the Capitol and congratulated him, when he had taken the oath of office, and came back a private citizen.

His enemies said that he had been another Cæsar,

“ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell.”

His friends said that he had kept the “whiteness of his soul;” with human wisdom, and human frailties, beset by politicians, it is as difficult for a man to go through an administration at the White House without soil, as it would be for a camel to go through the eye of a needle without being pinched.

The last Sunday of Mrs. Polk's stay in Washington the Presbyterian clergyman addressed her from the pulpit, and gave her the communion. To pastor and people, the day was a day of mourning.

Mr. Polk had stepped round by round, from the State legislature to the Presidency, — had worked without ceasing; now hardly past the prime of manhood, with ample fortune, full of honors, he would take the rest he had so laboriously earned.

Some time before he left Washington, he bought a fine house in Nashville. The grounds cover a whole square in the finest part of the city, known since as "Polk Place." He went from the capital to his home by the way of the Southern States. He had schemed and imperilled, if not bartered, his integrity for the South, and in all the principal cities, he received splendid ovations.

At New Orleans, he took a steamer up the Mississippi. It was the year that the cholera raged throughout the entire valley. He had a slight form of the dread disease on board the boat. He rallied, however, reached home in good spirits, and at once began to lay out his grounds, plan improvements, project a tour to Europe, even went so far as to engage a courier. That slight cholera attack had enfeebled his system, the disease seemed to return on him; they didn't call it cholera, but chronic diarrhœa. No alarm was felt for some days, but still

the disease ran on, — medicine had no power to check it. Fear began to creep into Mrs. Polk's heart, and she sent to Columbia for the man who had been his physician for more than twenty years.

The disease was checked; the hearts of all about him bounded, and their pulses thrilled with hope; a few days with good nursing and tonics, and all would be well. The strange lassitude still hung about him; he seemed to have no rallying power. His wife watched him with anguish; she could see his strength go with the passing hours. His aged mother, who lived in the family, would creep in, throw herself upon her knees, and pray by his bedside. An old man, who was a Methodist minister, and a friend of the family, would often steal in, sit by his side and read the Bible.

Mr. Polk said that he was not afraid to die, but now that he was about to pass from this world into the unseen and unknown, he whispered that he would like the rite of baptism, and almost at the last, his old friend administered it. He died on the fifteenth of June, fifty-three years of age.

This was the first great grief which had come into Mrs. Polk's happy, prosperous life, — a widow before she had rounded her forty-sixth year. Nearly forty years have gone by since that fatal June day, and still she lives at Polk Place. Time has softened her grief, but society has lost its charm; ever since, she

has lived retired, and grows more and more ascetically devout. As she longed for some companionship in the lonely hours, full of shadows of the past, she adopted a niece, who has ever since remained with her.

She has always been treated with the respect and distinction to which her dignity and high position entitle her. For years, the Legislature in a body, visited her on New Year's Day.

Delegations of Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and Members of the General Assembly of Presbyterians often seek for an introduction to Polk Place, that they may pay their respects to its celebrated mistress.

President Cleveland, in his tour of the Western States in 1887, had the honor of being received by her, and of presenting his fair young wife, so rapidly passing into history as one of the galaxy of brilliant women of the White House, to which the aged lady belongs.

The calm, monotonous quiet into which Mrs. Polk's life had settled, was broken by the Civil War. All her sympathies were with the Confederates; with her birth and training it could hardly have been otherwise.

Women of the North had little pity for their Southern sisters; could little realize how outraged they felt, how their passions could rise to such a

height, that if General Butler could have had a decent apology for his indecent order, their violent conduct gave it. To them the war was a war of invasion, an invasion of their dearest rights. What cared they for the grand old Union or the dear old flag? Their state had seceded, and they only longed that their star should be stricken from its azure folds. Husbands and sons had gone down to bloody graves, and the victors trod their streets and sat within their walls. Northern women mourned their dead, but they should have thanked God that they were neither tempted nor tried as Southern women.

In those troublous days, Mrs. Polk's exalted dignity never forsook her. She welcomed the Confederate officers to her home, bade them Godspeed in their efforts for separation, and was buoyed by the hope that success would crown their efforts in the end.

In February of 1862, she had the humiliation and grief of seeing Nashville occupied by the Union troops. Murfreesboro, her early home, was a battle-field, and there too, victory was on the side of the Union.

When Sherman and other Union officers paid their respects to her they were treated with politeness, perhaps a little cold and formal, but strict and stately politeness still.

The war swept away a part of Mrs. Polk's large property, but she has been able to live at Polk Place in the style to which she has been used. Congress pays her the pension granted to the widows of the Presidents.

MRS. TAYLOR.

ONE claiming the power of foretelling future events, once whispered to Josephine that she would one day be the Empress of France. In the dark days of Robespierre, when the guillotine seemed nearer than a crown, the prophecy buoyed her spirits, and the hope of its fulfilment never faded from her mind.

Had a sibyl whispered in the ear of Miss Margaret Smith, the daughter of a Maryland farmer, that she would one day be the wife of a President of the United States, and mistress of the White House, she would have laughed in derision. In the dark days of danger, which must come to a woman who follows a soldier husband into the red man's land, she would have thought it more likely that her scalp-locks would float from the belt of a savage. The belief in the fulfilment of such a prophecy would have darkened her life. The position would have had no charm, even if she could have turned to it from the altar, on her wedding day.

She was born in the latter part of the last century, when the colonies were just crystallizing into a Union. She belonged to a good family, whose home

was on the estate where the father of Mrs. J. Q. Adams had formerly resided, in the rich farming districts of Maryland. With other girls of her class, she went to the village school; at home she had a thorough domestic training. To queen it over a humble home, with one she loved, make the most of small means, was the highest point to which the girl's mind ever soared.

She had turned twenty when she first met Zachary Taylor; one, who was born in the wilderness, near the site of the present city of Louisville, and trained to frontier life. To avenge the bloody ravages of the Indians, incited by the English, fired the hearts of all the youth whose homes were subjected to their inroads.

Young Taylor never thought it to be the road to fame, when he urged his father to help him to a commission. At the time that he almost despaired of ever obtaining it, an elder brother, who was a lieutenant, suddenly died. Through the aid of Madison, who was a relative and at that time Secretary of State, the commission was transferred to the young Zachary, then just twenty-four years of age.

He had met, loved, wooed, and now, on lieutenant's pay, married Miss Margaret Smith. He joined the army at New Orleans and she followed him. Were his home in a log-cabin, tent, or barracks there

was hers. She would consent to no separation that could be avoided. Babies came, but the migratory, tented life, often upon the trail of the savages, was no place for babies. As soon as they could be removed with safety, they were sent to her family at the East, when of proper age placed at boarding-schools. Mother's love was not wanting,—the struggle of parting was no light one, but her presence was the solace of her husband; she could contribute to his comfort, and she loved him more than babies.

In the beginning of the war of 1812, Taylor, who had been promoted to the rank of captain, was sent to command a fort on the Wabash, which Harrison had built on his way to Tippecanoe. With only fifty men, and a third of those ill, he was attacked by a band of Indians, led by the brave Tecumseh himself. The horrors of that night could never be told in words; just before midnight the war-whoop rang, the battle raged until morning; the sick and the well fought on, nerved by the thought that it was better to die than fall into the hands of the merciless foe. The long hours of agony went by—at sunrise, victory was on the side of the whites.

This was the young captain's first separate command, and so bravely had he played his part, that he was promoted to the rank of major.

After this, he was sent to a frontier post in the

West, and for three years saw no more active service. At the close of the war, the army was reduced; he was not dismissed, but degraded in rank, and this always touches a soldier's pride. He resigned and went to farming.

Now the wife was happy; she could have a settled home with husband and children. It was a short-lived happiness; through friends his rank was restored and he returned to the army; was ordered to Green Bay, in Michigan, where for years he led a tedious, monotonous life, away from society but always cheered by the presence of his faithful, happy Margaret.

In the Black Hawk war, he took an active but subordinate part, and was promoted to the rank of colonel.

Once he had a command of fifty regulars and a band of Illinois volunteers; the latter insisted that they were only enlisted to protect their own state. Taylor believed that they were in the right, but as a soldier he had no opinions. An order came in the night for him to cross the border. The soldiers, hearing of it, began to discuss the matter as if it were optional.

Taylor quietly said: "Gentlemen and fellow-citizens; the word has been passed on to me from Washington to follow Black Hawk, and to take you with me as soldiers. I mean to do both. There are

the flat-boats, drawn up on the shore; here are Uncle Sam's men, drawn up behind you on the prairie."

Taylor never indulged in empty threats and the men thought it safer to take to the boats. In a few hours they were on the trail of the savage foe.

At the close of the war, he again sank into obscurity, defending the frontiers for twenty-four years.

His domestic happiness had hitherto been perfect; the one thought of his wife had ever been to minister to his comfort. She would even prepare his food with her own hands. If food were scarce, she would see that there was no waste; if poor, she, with the rare skill of a Maryland cook, could impart to it some tempting flavor, and then the dainty neatness with which it was served gave it an additional zest.

One son and three daughters had been born to them, and now that they were grown and educated, were sometimes allowed to visit at the military post, where the colonel was stationed.

Both he and his wife had a strong aversion to their girls' marrying into the army, and leading the lives they had led, — lives without a home; then, what was a more serious thing, the lives of many of the officers were far from correct. Business men were the proper sort of husbands for their girls, and none other would be countenanced.

While the colonel was away on a military tour of

inspection, Jefferson Davis, a young lieutenant, fresh from West Point, met the second daughter, Miss Sarah, and made love to her. The girl was by several years the younger, coy, shy, covered with blushes, yet his love tale was poured into willing ears; her eyes told what her tongue would not utter. Parental consent was asked, and refused, decidedly refused.

Colonel Taylor was not given to changing his mind, as the pair well knew. Jefferson Davis proposed an elopement, and the girl placed her hand in his. How often does a shy, timid maiden astonish her friends by fearlessly taking a step that would appal many a bolder girl. Young Davis resigned, and went to his home in Mississippi.

When the father returned, the pair were married and gone. He was bitter in his wrath; his girl was wanting in maidenly dignity, in any sense of filial duty.

For young Davis, his scorn knew no bounds: he was lost to all sense of honor; he was no gentleman; he would not "touch his hand with a pair of tongs" (his favorite expression). A runaway marriage was never to be condoned nor forgiven.

In a few months the young wife died, and the father's heart had never softened towards her. His shame at the marriage, and his grief at her death, only embittered him the more against the man who

had robbed him. If one dared to plead his youth and his love as an excuse, the father would only shake his head and say, "No honorable man would have done it."

In 1836, there was a fresh difficulty with the Indians. Osceola was the son of an English trader and a Seminole squaw. He had been left with his mother, and, when grown to manhood, there was nothing about him that would suggest that he was a half-breed. He married, and his wife was taken from him, claimed as a slave. Burning with revenge, he gathered a band of his tribe, and put to death a garrison of more than a hundred men. Soon after, he was captured and placed in irons. His wrongs pleaded for him, and he was released.

Indians are treacherous by nature, and these Seminoles had been so often wronged that they were not safe neighbors. The United States government proposed to move them beyond the Mississippi, and most of the chiefs had signed a treaty to that effect. The mass of the Indians had no mind to go, and denied that their chiefs had a right to sell their hunting-grounds.

Osceola took advantage of the times and the anger of his tribe, to stir up a war of resistance. He gathered seven hundred warriors and encamped in the almost inaccessible swamps about Lake Okeechobee.

Colonel Taylor was recalled from the frontiers, to

subdue and remove these savages whom no treaty could bind.

It was a position full of peril, and the miasma of the swamps was even more to be dreaded than the savages. With soldierly obedience he came, and with soldierly skill he penetrated the swamps in the very face of the foe. In less than three hours the Indians were routed, with heavy loss on both sides.

In his official report, Taylor said: "Around Lake Okeechobee, I passed through the most trying scenes of my life." The victory and his gallantry were rewarded by the rank of general.

It has been said that Taylor never swore. The fact was once stated in his presence: "Not often," said he, "but in the Everglades of Florida, where heroes were battling and falling, I met a company of Missouri troops, with their backs to the enemy. Upon being questioned, they said that they were ordered to the rear. 'You lie? you scoundrels!' I can't quite remember, but I think that there was some pretty heavy cursing done on that day," he added.

When the summons to Florida came, Mrs. Taylor, as usual, prepared to go with her husband. There was a cry from all her friends, — she was reckless, she was foolhardy. No persuasions nor arguments could move her. In the barracks at Tampa she was going to settle; if her husband were killed, life would not

be worth having ; if he were wounded, she could nurse him ; if not him, his brave men. Going ? of course she was going ; and she went.

After the battle, besides the dead there were one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers, and these were brought to Tampa. The work Mrs. Taylor had foreseen had come, and bravely she performed her part. She assumed the care of the hospital, bound up wounds and soothed the suffering. Her skill in cooking was brought into full play ; her presence of mind, her cheerful, even temper lightened all the weary hours.

The Indians were too much broken to risk another battle, but for two more years General Taylor was kept in the Everglades of Florida, then, at his own request, he was relieved and stationed over the southwest.

Five happy years followed for Mrs. Taylor. The family headquarters were at Baton Rouge, where the barracks were more comfortable than any to which she had ever been used ; yet she turned from them to a picturesque cottage formerly occupied by the Spanish Commandant, which pleased her fancy. It had only four rooms, but there was a wide veranda upon all sides ; better than all a little plot of ground for a garden. The house was in a tumbledown condition, but after some repairs, she and her daughter, Miss Betty, transformed it into one of the cosiest,

pleasantest homes in all that region. To please them, General Taylor bought the house and a large piece of land adjoining.

With a house of her own, a kitchen garden which she could watch and tend, a small dairy, it seemed to Mrs. Taylor like the home life of her girlhood, for which she had so longed.

Alas! a cloud was gathering, which was to dissipate all her happiness and in time break up her home.

General Taylor had chosen this post, that he might give his family a settled home, hoping to combine plantation life with his military duties.

Mr. Polk's plan for redeeming his pledge for a Mexican war, was to shield his administration from responsibility or blame and throw it upon the United States troops, hoping that by tricky, ambiguous orders, they would provoke Mexicans to an attack. A man less honest than General Taylor might have fallen into the snare. He would ride into the very jaws of death if such were his orders, questioning neither the right nor the wrong; without orders he would remain as fixed as if the jaws of death had shut down upon him.

With one so intractable, government was obliged to show its hand and a direct order to advance to the Rio Grande was given.

The calm, happy life in the Spanish cottage was

at an end. The husband, who for so many years, had contended with savages, must now enter upon a war with a civilized, Christian nation — a war of invasion, where the wife could not follow.

The barracks at Baton Rouge, which had been nearly empty, were now crowded with young officers' wives, who were almost hysterical at parting with their husbands, going to battle for the first time. The general's wife and Miss Betty put aside their own grief, flitted about the quarters, listened to the story of each one, and sympathized with all. The brave front and cheerful words of their superiors, shamed women who had given themselves up to clamorous grief.

Mrs. Taylor was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and one of the chief regrets of her life had been that she was deprived of its services. For the first time in her garrison life she was at a military post, crowded with women from her own rank in life. With the townfolks and the officers' wives, enough people could be gathered to warrant the opening of a chapel. Under her supervision a room was fitted up in one of the garrison buildings; when there was no rector, the service was read.

That little chapel work has never ended. Years after Mrs. Taylor died, the society built a church, which is flourishing in Baton Rouge to-day.

The Mexicans said that the move of the United

States troops to the banks of the Rio Grande was an open declaration of war; still they made no attack. Guns ready shotted were placed opposite Matamoras and its harbor blockaded; still the President maintained that the Mexicans had no cause for hostilities.

Mexicans and a great many *other* people were of a different mind. A small force crossed the river to take a look at the doings of the United States troops and they in turn went to see why the Mexicans had crossed.

Of course, a skirmish came out of it; blood was spilled and men were captured.

Mr. Polk had now the state of things that pleased him. Mexicans had invaded the soil of the United States and shed the blood of its soldiers. No holding back now — artillery men behind the shotted guns could blaze away.

Soon came the news of the victory on the field of Palo Alto, followed by that of Resaca de la Palma. American cocks crowed, the national bird flapped its wings and shrieked. "On, to the Halls of the Montezumas," shouted the people.

Taylor, who had been buried nearly all his life on the frontiers amid savages, was the hero of the day.

People began to be curious about him. Well, he had a good, honest face, but his figure was nothing in his favor; he was dumpy, short in the body, and

his legs too short for his body. Never but once had he tried to set off his person by fine feathers.

Commodore Conner, stationed in the gulf to cooperate with General Taylor, proposed to pay him a visit. The commodore, if not the dude of the navy, was noted for his nicety in dress. The general's roundabouts, trousers tucked in boots, and coarse straw hat, with brim flapping about his ears, made him equally noted for *his* style. A visit from a grandee of the navy put him all in a flutter.

He had an ill-fitting military suit at the bottom of his chest, but his oldest soldiers had never seen it worn. Now it was to be donned, as his guest would of course be in full uniform, surrounded by his officers. Uncomfortable and ill at ease the general sat.

The commodore had all the instincts of a gentleman; arrayed in plain white drilling, he walked quietly and alone into the general's tent. It would have been hard to tell which was the more astonished but it was the general who was disconcerted.

In the autumn, the bloody battle of Monterey was fought; the town and the military stores fell into the hands of the Americans.

After this, most of the troops were withdrawn and sent to General Scott, who was making an advance on the city of Mexico; for five months Taylor remained inactive at Monterey, simply defending the place.

Finally the government sent on reinforcements and the general made an onward movement. Fifty miles from the town, he was met by a Mexican messenger, bearing a flag of truce and demanding a surrender; informing him that his small force of five thousand men was surrounded by twenty-one thousand Mexicans, commanded by Santa Anna himself.

“General Taylor never surrenders,” was his answer. To his officers he said: “were they twice that number, it would make no difference.” To his troops, “soldiers, I intend to stand here, not only so long as a man remains, but so long as a piece of a man is left.”

His intentions known, he made his preparations for a battle, which lasted for ten hours with doubtful results.

The general sat through it all, in an exposed position, on his white horse, nursing his leg thrown over the pommel of his saddle. His staff could not prevail upon him to move away. The entire left wing of his army was turned, and all seemed lost. The Mexicans shouted themselves hoarse, as if the victory were won; for the time it really was.

Before General Taylor made his advance across the Sabine, he had called for volunteers from Mississippi and Louisiana. The war was popular at the South. Sons of the first families in Mississippi had formed a regiment and chosen Jefferson Davis for their

colonel. In the first battle, he had been slightly wounded, but had figured on every field. By some tacit understanding, he and the general never met.

At the narrow pass of Buena Vista, when all was chaos and the day seemed lost, Taylor thundered to his flying troops to turn and advance again. Colonel Davis, who handled his Mississippi Rifles in so masterly a way that they were the first to re-form, proudly standing his ground, appealed to other regiments to "stay and re-form behind that wall," pointing to his Mississippians.

Giving the Southern yell, a dash was made, Davis setting the example of intrepidity and recklessness of personal danger; the band fought like the Titans, the Mexicans said, like devils. He who had been so "dauntless in love," proved that he was no "dastard in war." Perhaps the thought that he was fighting under the eye of the father of his dead wife, who had coupled his name with dishonor, nerved his arm.

The astonished Mexicans, unprepared for the onslaught, had broken and fled.

Half of the brave Mississippians lay stretched upon the ground. The bold colonel was severely wounded in the early part of the action, but sat his horse steadily till the day was won, and refused to delegate any part of his duties to his subordinate officers.

The general had watched the band in the greatest excitement, now he fairly danced with joy, yet the tears were streaming down his cheeks—the victory was won, his honor was saved.

On that bloody ground, Zachary Taylor and Jefferson Davis met for the first time. Taylor embraced him as a son, and the tears of the two mingled for the young wife whose body had lain for so many years on the banks of the Mississippi.

Success had made the war immensely popular. Cass said it would not hurt the United States to swallow Mexico whole. Indeed, so expansive were the ideas of the administration that the people would hardly have been astonished to have seen South America served as a second course,—the waters of Magellan, the wine of the banquet, iced by the Antarctic Ocean.

The work of “Rough-and-Ready,” as his soldiers lovingly called him, was done, and he came back to the Spanish cottage in triumph. His immense popularity suggested to Whig politicians that he might be an available candidate in the coming presidential campaign.

When the proposition of raising him to the highest civil office was first broached to him, he promptly pronounced it as too absurd to be thought of for a moment,—declared his unfitness. The simple-minded old soldier was overruled, and at last yielded,

on condition that he should be required to give no pledges. He alarmed and astonished his sponsors by allowing a letter to be printed, in which he frankly confessed that he had only "crude impressions on matters of policy," but that he considered himself "in the hands of the people," the people's candidate, and if elected the "people's President."

Fearlessly outspoken as he was, he became the nominee of the Whig party.

The rabid ones, termed "Conscience Whigs," wouldn't vote for him because he owned slaves, made a split in the party, and set up a candidate of their own—no less a personage than the ex-President, Martin Van Buren, which seemed almost grotesque.

Webster said that the Whig nomination was one "not fit to be made," termed the nominee "an ignorant frontier colonel," as he really was.

If the buzzing of the presidential bee began to have music for General Taylor's ears, it had none for his wife; she was more bitter in her opposition than the Abolitionists, said that his fixed habits would not permit him to live under the constraints of a life at the capital, that it was a plot to deprive her of his society, and shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility.

His victories and his sterling integrity made him the successful candidate. Mrs. Taylor's private

home, which had been her delight, was private no longer. Friends and politicians and the curious thronged every room, which made her life a burden.

The general resigned his place in the army, the Spanish cottage was given up, and the family proceeded to Washington.

General Taylor must have overcome his objections to army men as husbands, for his eldest daughter married an army surgeon, and Miss Betty his third and favorite daughter, had recently married Major Bliss, his chief-of-staff in the Mexican War, and was another West Pointer.

Mrs. Taylor declined having anything to do with the receptions or hospitalities of the Executive Mansion. She selected rooms for herself, which best suited her ideas of housekeeping, and, as in barracks, attended to the personal comforts of her husband. Her mode of living, and smoking a corn-cob pipe were jeered at by the opposition, hoping thereby to lessen the popularity of the President.

Americans are given to bowing down to military heroes, even if they be unlettered and unpolished. Old Rough-and-Ready was the hero of the day, and if levees must be held and state dinners must be given he had a young and an attractive daughter to receive and dispense hospitality at his table.

The inaugural procession was more imposing than that of any of his predecessors. The President-

elect rode in a carriage drawn by four gray horses, accompanied by Mr. Polk. One hundred young gentlemen, the *élite* of the District of Columbia, formed a body-guard to keep off the crowd. He was preceded by twelve volunteer companies, and followed by various clubs and the students of the Jesuit College.

The inaugural was nearly inaudible, but it was rather alarming to the hotspurs of the South. Referring to the dangers which threatened the Union, he raised his voice and emphatically said: "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity, to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the Constitution."

The shy bride, Mrs. Bliss, made her *debut* into Washington society at the three inaugural balls; dressed in simple white, with a rose in her dark hair, she took all hearts by storm; it was said that she had the "artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess." Her married name seemed forgotten, she was only the daughter of Zachary Taylor, a part and parcel of the nation—sweet Miss Betty—"One of the Graces," said Miss Frederika Bremer, who was present.

The second attraction was the Russian Count de Bodisco, with his beautiful American wife. The count was resplendent in the uniform of an imperial

chamberlain, with the insignia of a number of orders of knighthood. The countess wore the dress, in which she had been presented to the Czar, the year before. It was of white satin, embroidered with gold, and over it she wore a crimson velvet polonaise, with a sweeping train, also embroidered with gold, while her crimson velvet head dress was resplendent with diamonds.

It was a dazzling scene to the President, and he honestly said: "I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans, that I hardly know how to behave myself, surrounded by so many lovely women."

Party politics ran high, even the opening session had been inauspicious; for three weeks there had been a wrangle in the House over the speakership, and slavery had been the question upon which it had all hinged.

California had donned seven-league boots and was a-clanging and a-whanging away at the gates of the Union, imperiously asking to be a star, and she wouldn't be a star if a son of Ham walked in bondage upon her soil.

She had made a constitution that pleased her, and she would have none other.

The President favored her admission, unconditionally, without any of Henry Clay's concessions to make it palatable to the South. He was a slaveholder and his sympathies were with his class. He

wrote his son-in-law, Jefferson Davis, that if any attempt were made to deprive the Slave States of their constitutional rights, he was willing that Southerners should "act promptly, boldly, and decisively, with arms in their hands if necessary, as the Union in that case will be blown to atoms, or will be no longer worth preserving."

The honesty of the "ignorant frontier colonel" seemed better than wisdom; he was just as firm to maintain the rights of the Free States, and when the South made her usual threat, with something of the Jackson ring and tone, he said: "Disunion is treason;" and if Southerners attempted to carry it out, "they should be dealt with by law as they deserved, and executed."

When Texas claimed the control of New Mexico, and with threats demanded the withdrawal of United States troops, the President's order to the military commandant was, "repel force by force," and he promised, if need were, he would be there himself.

The South was alarmed. Her sons had schemed and worked to bring about a war with Mexico, had fought and bled that the territory wrenched from her might enlarge their own borders—now it was eluding them and was only to increase the Free States and add to their power. They denounced the President as a traitor to the South.

Burning words and fiery eloquence burst from the

lips of the giants. Calhoun attacked Benton, and he was not slow in hitting back. Such was the din, that honest Zachary Taylor said it was far more trying to his nerves than tracking savages or fighting Mexicans; nothing decisive came of it, however; the government didn't fall to pieces, though at times it seemed as if it must.

The first year of the administration wore slowly away. The bitter political contest had rather interfered with social enjoyments. On the fourth of March, Miss Betty held a grand reception in honor of the inauguration.

She had become a social power, and it was said that in manner, grace, ease, and conversation she could vie with any "to the manner born."

"Rough-and-Ready" would wear clothes much too large for him (to be comfortable, he said), but he had acquired some courtly and dignified airs; yet there was a harassed and tired look on his face; sleepless nights were his portion. Never were truer words written than, —

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The Fourth of July was chosen for laying the corner-stone of the Washington monument. The day was the warmest of that warm season. The President rode in the procession in an open barouche, sat upon the stand during the oration, speeches, and for-

malities of the occasion. He once remarked that he never felt such heat in Florida or in Mexico.

In his active, outdoor life, there had been little need of prudence in eating and drinking, but in the changed life and weakened system, a cup of cold water could work bitter results. In less than an hour paroxysms of pain began. From the first he foresaw the end.

There was a touching pathos in his words: "I should not be surprised if this were to end in death. I did not expect to meet what has beset me since my elevation to the presidency. God knows I have tried to fulfil what I thought to be my honest duty; but I have been misjudged, my motives have been misconstrued, and my feelings grossly betrayed."

His illness brought dismay to the hearts of the people; the story of Tippecanoe was to be repeated, — killed by the politicians.

It was Webster who, almost overcome with emotion, in low, thrilling tones, announced to the Senate that "a great misfortune threatened the land." The great man had been wroth at Taylor's nomination; but for months he had been in close contact with the "frontier colonel," and realized that only a great man could be so modest, so pure, so sincere, so brave, so true to his principles, so spotless in his integrity; if not a politician, a statesman, he was something higher, nobler.

The great man had been received and welcomed as a friend in the home circle, had learned to honor the patient, faithful wife, whose manners and life showed the gentlewoman and the Christian.

There was something piquant about Miss Betty; she would frankly look into his eyes, and talk with the social abandon of a cultured woman; mingled with it all there was an honest sincerity, often something unexpectedly wise, something beyond her years, which charmed, — made her unlike other society women.

Five days and nights drew out their weary length, and the end came. It seemed as if Mrs. Taylor had had the gift of prophecy when the subject of the presidency was first spoken of in the Spanish cottage, and in bitterness had said: "It is a plot to take him from me." Kneeling in agony at his bedside, she saw it coming true, — at times she would lie insensible.

Clasping her hand and looking into her eyes, he said, "I am not afraid to die. I have tried to do my duty." He never spoke again. The woman, who had never flinched at parting, when he had gone to the battlefield, who had instilled bravery and Christian resignation into so many stricken hearts, gave way to hysterical grief, — shriek followed shriek, and Miss Betty's case was almost as pitiable.

His eulogist likened him to the noble old Romans,

who put their stamp upon the eternal city, and made her what she was in the days of her palmy grandeur. His former military superior, General Scott, said he left behind him not an enemy in the world. Politicians had broken but had never bent him.

His death was announced in the Capitol by the tolling of the bell of the Department of State, and the peal was echoed from every church steeple in the city. The remains lay in state in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. General Scott, in a rich uniform, with yellow plumes waving from his high chapeau, and mounted on a spirited horse, commanded the large military force which escorted the cortege to the Congressional burial-ground. A high canopy of black silk, with a gilt eagle draped with crape, towered above the funeral car, which was drawn by eight white horses, each led by a negro groom dressed in a white Oriental costume. "Old Whitey," who had carried General Taylor through the Mexican War, was led directly behind the funeral car, having the boots of the dead soldier in the stirrups, and formed the most touching feature of the procession.

Not a day would Mrs. Taylor linger after the pompous funeral was over, nor would she ever speak of Washington or her home in the White House.

She had no heart or desire to go back to the Spanish cottage, which had been the only house that in

her married life she had called home. The friends of her youth lived in Kentucky, and to them Colonel Bliss and Miss Betty took her. Her grief was too fresh to bear their loving sympathy, and she soon went to her son, whose home was in Pascagoula, Louisiana.

Time always softens grief, and might hers, but two years were not enough for one so stricken, and at the end of that period she, too, passed away.

Mrs. Bliss, whose home was in Winchester, Virginia, soon became a widow. She has since formed a second marriage, and still lives there.

She was the second bride of the Executive Mansion and among its fair mistresses, crowned with the halo of youth, the daughter of the old soldier will ever hold an honored place, albeit she queened it but a season.

Richard, the son of General Taylor, joined the Confederates, and took a leading part in the Civil War.



MRS. FILLMORE.

MISS ABIGAIL POWERS was the youngest daughter of a Baptist clergyman, who died when she was an infant. The wife and mother was left penniless, and for years there was a weary struggle with poverty. Later, she went, for economy's sake, with her brothers to the western part of New York, into what was then a frontier county.

The little daughter, now ten years old, was remarkably precocious and ambitious, and the mother did what she could to foster her love of learning. There was a private school, or rather an academy in the neighborhood, but the family income was too small for the girl to avail herself of it.

The time came, when though a mere child, Miss Abigail was thought competent to teach the summer village school. With the money she earned she was able to gratify her eager longing to go to the academy in winter. She made such wonderful progress, that she was soon fitted for a higher position, and able to assist in the support of the family. When she was twenty-one, her mother married a second time, and she made her home in the family of a dearly beloved friend. Here she met a young man, more than two

years her junior ; his youth, too, had been spent in poverty, and like Miss Abigail, he was a great reader and craved an education.

At fourteen, he had been bound out by his father to learn the trade of a clothier and fuller, but every spare moment was given to books and study. At nineteen, the date of his acquaintance with Miss Powers, he made a fine, manly appearance, was dignified and gentlemanly beyond his years.

Miss Powers, whose two years seniority made her feel as if she could be his mentor, loaned him books and rather directed his studies.

She was a perfect blonde, her skin of dazzling fairness, and luxuriant auburn hair fell about her face in curls ; her person was above middle height, and her presence very commanding.

The boy at first revered and then loved the superior woman, who took such an interest in his studies and his aspirations. We cannot tell how the wooing began or went on, but the end is a matter of history.

There was a lawyer in the town, who had noticed the studious, hard-working boy, and thought he gave promise of greatness ; as his means were ample and his heart large, he loaned him money on easy terms to buy his time of his master, and took him into his office to study law. The boy was grateful, but the debt sat heavily upon him ; he was too manly to be a tax on any one. In the winter months he taught

school, did copying to help himself along, and studied nights. His progress was such, that in two years, his benefactor advised him to go to Buffalo for greater advantages. He walked there with only four dollars in his pocket. Two more years were spent teaching by day and studying by night.

A red-letter day came in his history when he was twenty-three. Though in some way short of the usual requirements, by special favor he was admitted to the bar.

For three years he had the uphill work which a young lawyer usually has to face — work which, through poverty, was never lightened by the sight of the woman he loved, though only parted by one hundred and fifty miles; an ardent lover would have walked it. Abigail Powers and Millard Fillmore were true to each other, but had no romance in their compositions, — all their virtues were solid; were what are called level-headed. Pity, perhaps, there are not more like them, even if they do seem prosy and uninteresting.

Used to poverty and drudgery all their lives, they joined their fortunes, hardly hoping for anything more than an honest living, certainly never dreaming of fame.

When clients were scarce, Millard with his own hands worked upon a small frame house: when it was done, Abigail did the housework, in addition

to the school duties, which she had never resigned.

She had helped her husband up, and her intellectual strength was, even now, his chief stimulus.

Without a particle of brilliancy, his integrity and untiring industry perhaps stood him in better stead and carried him on to fame. A Buffalo lawyer, crowded with clients, offered him a partnership. Thither he took his wife, and there a son and a daughter were born to them. Increasing prosperity, freedom from debt, and the polished, cultivated society, to which she had been unused, made life very charming to Mrs. Fillmore.

Mr. Fillmore was chosen a member of the State Legislature. His politics were rather lukewarm, but he cast his vote with the Whigs. What little of the lion there was in him was roused by the bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt. He brought all his legal acumen to bear upon it, and spoke with a gleam of eloquence.

After serving the State for three years, he was elected to Congress. He made his *début* in the year, that South Carolina declared the tariff null and void, and advised by her great leader, threatened to leave the Union. Jackson, foaming at the mouth, was storming about like a roaring lion, vowing he would hang every senator from the State (always sorry that he didn't). Webster was battling secession, on the

floor of the Senate, with Hayne. The Kentucky giant was putting aside his chances for the presidency, which no man ever coveted more, nobly saying, "I would rather be right than be President," and manufacturing his wonderful cement to pour upon the cracks in the Union, which brought order out of confusion and quiet out of din. Fillmore's strong, good sense taught him that it would be unbecoming for a new and a lesser light to open his mouth, and with wonder he watched the course of affairs, and in silence gave his vote.

General Taylor's military record had tossed him on the highest wave of popularity, and the politicians thought that the tide would sweep him into the seat of the chief magistrate. He knew nothing of statesmanship, had had no interest in politics, had not even voted for forty years, held slaves, which raised such a din among the Abolitionists that it split the party — was only a soldier whose prowess had added lustre to our arms, had enlarged our territory, and opened to us a mine of wealth, and was an *honest* man; not that this latter quality was a recommendation, but rather a stumbling-block to the politicians; however, they were adepts in the potter's craft, and thought his simplicity and ignorance would combine to make the most malleable of clay. Well, they counted without their host.

With this peculiar candidate, it was thought wise

to have in the second place a man who had heard of Coke and Littleton, and it was also wise to please the Empire State, by choosing one of her sons. They were a little more wary in their selection than when they tacked Tyler to Tippecanoe. The solid qualities of Fillmore had no magnetic power, but were a good makeweight to the popular nominee, so the Whig banners were flung to the breeze, emblazoned with the names of Taylor and Fillmore.

The "Little Magician" had lost his cunning, and couldn't pull the wires into shape for the Free Soilers; Cass, the Southern nominee, was nowhere. The Whig ticket triumphed.

It did seem as if Pandora's box had been opened and that, for the first time, even Hope had escaped.

Mr. Fillmore succeeded Calhoun as President of the Senate. If he had not Calhoun's brains, he was younger, had a splendid presence, and then he had a finer sense of the dignity of the place. Calhoun had claimed that when the senators lost their tempers and vented their wrath upon each other in abusive language, the chair had no right to interfere, but Fillmore claimed that he had that right and would use it, if he had to reverse the whole order of things. In cool blood, the senators felt that he was right, and they approved and endorsed him.

In sixteen months the politicians had paved the way for the second to become the first.

Mrs. Fillmore, like Mrs. Taylor, shrank from the social duties of her position; was reserved in her intercourse with strangers. She would preside at a state dinner, but like Mrs. Taylor, she had a daughter whom she too, pressed to the front.

Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore had been even a more precocious child than her mother, — had all the practical, solid qualities of both her parents. Born in Buffalo, after her father's prosperity and public life began, she had every advantage; was subjected in childhood to the excellent drill of the public schools; later, private tutors were employed for the higher branches, music, drawing, and the languages. To finish her off, she was sent to Mrs. Sedgwick's famous boarding-school at Lenox, was a classmate and friend of Miss Harriet Hosmer, and at that time showed as much taste and talent for sculpture as Miss Hosmer herself. There was no frivolity about her; when only seventeen, she had mature views on the subject of self-reliance, independence, and woman's ability to earn her own living. That she might earn hers she proposed to fit herself to be a teacher, and that she might teach according to rule, she would go to the State Normal School. They would only admit her upon the pledge that she would use her knowledge for a stated period in the service of the State. Though her father was vice-president of the United States, she served her time, and, to fulfil her con-

tract, took a position in one of the public schools of Buffalo.

When General Taylor died, the State waived its right to the services of a daughter of the President of the United States, and she joined her mother at Washington. At the time, Mrs. Fillmore was in mourning for her sister, when that was over she sprained her ankle, and as she had no inclination or qualification to be a society leader she leaned upon her self-reliant daughter. The girl of eighteen seemed older than Miss Betty, who was five years her senior. She could speak French with the accent of a native Parisian, had marvellous skill upon the piano and harp, and private musical soirees were among the chief pleasures of the family.

With the exception of the wives of the two Adamses there had been no literary or learned women in the White House. The first had lived in the day of small things and had found it difficult to get wood to heat, or candles to light the nation's mansion, — would as soon have thought of asking for the moon as for a library.

The second Mrs. Adams had brought and taken away what was needed for her mental refreshment. When the Fillmores came, there was a Bible, and almost literally nothing more. Mrs. Fillmore and Miss Mary Abigail had been used to maps, encyclopædias, dictionaries, everything that makes a well-

stocked library, and of turning to them every hour of the day. The place seemed like an arid desert. To remedy this, the President asked an appropriation of Congress, which was granted.

The ladies selected the books and placed them in the oval room upstairs, with Miss Mary's harp and piano. One room, at least, was like home. Once a week there was a morning reception, an evening levee, a state dinner, and sometimes two; if more were done, it was in the form of little private musical parties for their own pleasure; these, Mrs. Fillmore enjoyed.

The political contest waxed fiercer and fiercer; Calhoun had died, but South Carolina was as high and mighty without him as with him. The rampant Abolitionists of the North were enough to try the temper of all the saints in the calendar (the Southerners were no saints); they didn't inherit slaves, didn't own slaves, so they stood throwing stones at those who did.

What still more exasperated the South was that George Thompson, termed an English philanthropist, finding *no wrongs* to redress at home, had come to America and was welcomed by the Yankees, and his object was to overthrow the peculiar institution of the South, where he was dubbed as the "foreign hireling."

Patriots and statesmen were at their wits' end.

Again Clay came to the front with his wonderful cement and tided us over; coiled bands about the Union, that held it through another decade, but the process almost rent the land in twain; each measure had to be haggled over, and each settled separately. Clay counted them off upon the fingers of his left hand as the five bleeding wounds of the nation, Benton sarcastically saying, that there would be more bleeding wounds if Clay had had more fingers; the great Pacificator was almost at his last gasp, yet never so grand as when he fought through the "Omnibus Bill" to save the Union, which proved after all only a temporary truce.

California's star floated in the blue, free, as her people vowed from the first that it should.

To appease the South for the loss of something which she claimed as her right, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed. The Abolitionists and a good many beside, just howled. Fillmore was cold-blooded and cold-hearted — had no sentiment with which to contend, yet he had no special liking for the business of returning runaway slaves to their masters, but that it should be done by United States troops, if need were, was a law of the land, and he had sworn to execute the laws, and execute them he would and he did.

One display of his power was made in Boston. A "man hunter" as he was called, had come to the North and a fugitive slave named Shadrach had been

caught and while under examination in the courtroom had been forcibly taken, by a crowd of his own race, from the hands of the deputy marshal of the United States. Had every white man in Massachusetts taken arms and marched upon the South there could not have been more excitement nor indignation. The President called upon the civil and military power — upon all good citizens of the Free States — to assist in enforcing the law, and asked of Congress more extensive power in calling out the militia.

It did seem as if the South might have kept quiet, while the President of the United States, with an army at his back, was battling for their rights, making sure that they should have justice, if it were justice, meted out to them.

Toombs, in triumph said, the day would come when he would call the roll of his slaves from Bunker Hill Monument. The Abolitionists, roused to fury, nerved by thinking that they were doing God's service, declared that there was a higher law than that made in Washington, so, as far as they dared, they evaded, contravened it, made "underground railways," beckoned slaves on and hustled them through. Many of these law-breakers were of the stock from which the martyrs were made and would have died for their principles a martyr's death. The siege lasted as long as that of old Troy — then "Liberty and Union" were (but not forever), two and separable.

After the hearty meal off of Mexican spoils, which to be sure had been but ashes in their mouths, the South thought Cuba would be but a bon-bon, and she would like the merit of taking it. Fillmore afterwards avowed that he thought it to be the "manifest destiny of our government to embrace the whole of the North American Continent," but so long as he represented the majesty of the United States, he was as strong against stealing Cuba, as he had been in the rendition of slaves.

Somehow, through the connivance of the collector of New Orleans, an armed force got away, led by Lopez, a Venezuelan. Had he been a native of the United States and succeeded, he would probably have ridden in a triumphal chariot right into the Executive Mansion. As it was, he was garroted, and nobody pitied him. Those who were not garroted were taken to Spain and tasted the quality of Spanish prisons. When Spanish wrath cooled, they were released, and the United States government paid their passage home.

The great Hungarian, Kossuth, came to America in Fillmore's reign, and pleaded the cause of his country. The President gave him a welcome and a piece of his heart, but was as true as steel to his oath. The patriot won the people's sympathies, and when he issued dollar-bonds which he pledged himself to redeem when Hungary was free, thousands took

them, hardly looking for their redemption, but rather as souvenirs of the illustrious guest.

Calhoun, Clay, and Webster had died since the election of Taylor and Fillmore, and the nation mourned as if its greatness had passed away.

Mr. Fillmore had the honor of sending Perry on the famous expedition to Japan, opening the ports of that mysterious land for the first time.

Since, the Mikado, whose face could not then be looked upon by his own nobles, has shaken hands with an ex-President of the United States. Verily, times are not as they were.

It is customary for a retiring President to leave the Executive Mansion before his successor comes, but Mrs. Fillmore, with rare delicacy and a woman's sympathy, remained to give a welcome and smooth the way for her heart-broken successor, Mrs. Pierce.

The Fillmores went to Willard's Hotel, intending to go on a tour through the Southern states before returning to Buffalo, but Mrs. Fillmore fell ill, and died before the month closed.

For a year Miss Mary presided over her father's house. At the home of her grandmother, where she had gone for a short visit, she died of cholera, so suddenly, that all was over before her father and brother could reach her, though they were but twenty miles away.

The presidency seems shorn of its honors, when it

comes from the death of the chosen man, and Mr. Fillmore had a strong ambition for the real thing. Twice he was nominated, but signally failed. To secure a second term, it was said that he used the patronage of the Federal government, but there seemed to be no magnetism in the man. Few doubted the purity or the sincerity of his intentions in performing the duties of his administration. He left, with the country at peace and prosperous, yet, history rather stamps his term as inglorious, if not a failure, and the ladies were no social success. The carriage and horses presented by friends were sold and converted into a silver service.

He was enthusiastically received in a tour through the Southern states, on account of his action in the rendition of slaves; and in the presidential campaign that section had given him her entire strength.

Two years later he travelled in Europe, — was at Rome, when his name was placed at the head of the Know-Nothing ticket.

In 1858, he married Mrs. Caroline McIntosh, of Albany, a lady of culture and great wealth.

He took no very decided stand in the Civil War, — was rather classed among the Copperheads.

He died in March, 1874, in his seventy-fifth year.

MRS. PIERCE.

MISS JANE APPLETON was the daughter of the Rev. Jesse Appleton, D.D., President of Bowdoin College. She was reared in a home of perfect refinement, and in no town of New England is there more cultured society than in Brunswick, or greater advantages for education.

She was born physically delicate, and her mental structure was of the finest sort. As one reads what little is known of her, it seems as if she were too fine for the roughness of this world; was better fitted for the days when Eve innocently roamed the Garden of Eden — before the serpent had asked her to eat an apple. If she had faults and frailties, they have not come down in history; she is always spoken of as one altogether lovely — one to be loved at home; yet, she made no special impress upon society, and was too sensitive and shrinking for her own happiness.

If one inquire about her in Concord, where she spent most of her married life, they can only tell you that she had the name of being a very refined, quiet woman, rather shunning society; one says that she had rare beauty and many accomplishments. Whatever she was, she won the love of one of the most

fascinating of men, and his devotion and tenderness never wavered.

Franklin Pierce was the son of a prominent New Hampshire man, one who served his state in many important offices, rising even to the highest. The boy was the sixth of a large family of children. He was a bright, handsome lad, a favorite of every one with whom he came in contact; one who had a perfect physical and mental development, — not precocious, but a good scholar. At sixteen, he entered Bowdoin; was a classmate and friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote his life, and recorded that his most notable characteristic was a “fascination of manner, which has proved so magical in winning him unbounded popularity.”

It was at Brunswick, while in college, that he met and loved Miss Appleton.

Upon graduating, he began the study of law at Portsmouth, in the office of Judge Woodbury, one of the finest lawyers of New Hampshire. He inherited Democracy from his father, and dashed into politics before he could vote. He would hurrah for Jackson with the loudest, yet was as strong on States Rights as Calhoun himself.

He settled in his native town, Hillsborough, and gave no promise of legal ability. His first appearance as a pleader was a failure, but it only incited him to redoubled perseverance and determination.

That he became a successful lawyer was due to his identifying himself with his clients, and a strong, magnetic influence with the jury.

He was chosen State Representative, and soon Speaker of the House. He was as popular as a man as he had been as a boy. The state elected him to the lower house in Congress. He was hand in glove with Jackson, and became an especial favorite with him. In 1834, he made Miss Appleton his wife.

Five years later, during the presidency of Van Buren, he was elected to the Senate, being the youngest member of that body. He was a ready, graceful speaker, but in that august company, made up of giants, he rarely spoke, but when he did, he won attention.

In 1838, he removed to Concord, and practised his profession with great success. When Mr. Polk came into power, he offered him the office of Attorney-General; but business, his wife's health, and her dislike to Washington life, led him to decline the honor. He was also about the same time offered the democratic nomination for governor; this too he declined, determined to attend to his profession and secure a competency for the coming years; politics were far from being profitable.

He had been the father of three sons, but two died in infancy. Mrs. Pierce was prone to melancholy. She could always see a mirage, made up of

bridges; no powers of persuasion could turn her feet; she must cross them all, and you may be sure that she never boiled the peas with which she filled her shoes. That this gay, social, hail-fellow-well-met Frank Pierce was a volume of tenderness to this quiet, low-spirited woman, is a proof of the saying, that people like their opposites.

Unseen forces were building a bridge which never had shape in her mirage, but which she must cross, whether she will or no. But then, there is little difference between a real or an imaginary bridge, indeed, people often seem braver in crossing tangible ones; they can set their feet down solid, which gives them a sense of security. Quiet, country-home life, with the husband and son whom she adored seemed to stretch out before her. The very word politics grated on her over-attuned ears, and to her husband it was the most fascinating, all-engrossing subject in the world, especially now that the sectional strife was waxing hotter and hotter. He went all lengths in his democracy, was more of a slavery man than the slaveholders themselves. Northern Democrats deplored slavery, but failed to see how it could be gotten rid of, and were in sympathy with those who were born to the curse of it; he talked as if it were no blot on our escutcheon, but the talk was never in the presence of his sensitive wife. If guests came,

he curbed his tongue and managed to curb theirs, until they were in his private quarters.

Mr. Polk and his supporters were the architects of the new, solidly-built bridge, o'erlaid with pointed pebbles, over which so many bleeding hearts, if not bleeding feet, were to pass.

At the very first hint of picking a quarrel with Mexico and enlarging Southern States for the benefit of their peculiar institution, Frank Pierce sprang to his feet. He could love like a woman, and act like a man; could kiss away the tears of his half-ethereal wife, unclasp her clinging arms, put her, fainting, from him and march forth to do what he thought to be duty; mistaken duty, most New Englanders thought.

He enlisted as a simple volunteer soldier, showing the sincerity of his motives. He was too much of a man to be left in the ranks, was soon made colonel, and then raised to the rank of brigadier-general. He distinguished himself for his bravery — always distinguished himself in whatever he had to do.

His brigade of twenty-four hundred men, was to reënforce General Scott. He rode under the burning summer sun, always gay, the idol of his men; there seemed to be a sort of magnetism about the man, which drew all hearts toward him.

No dangers or difficulties daunted him. Once, when his little army was on the heels of the Mexi-

cans, they came to a bridge, a magnificent structure, built by the old Spaniards; to their dismay, they found the centre arch blown away. All but the general were despondent; there must be some way out of it, he was sure. He summoned to his aid a Maine lumberman, skilled in all sorts of mechanical contrivances, who assured him that in four hours time, he could make a road over which the artillery and wagons could pass, provided he had men enough. Five hundred, his number, were detailed and before night the passage was made.

How little the Mexicans knew of the versatility of talent among Yankees, when they sacrificed their splendid bridge!

The march to General Scott's headquarters began the 28th of June and ended the 7th of August.

Once, Pierce was thrown by the stumbling of his horse, badly sprained his knee, and besides was severely bruised. As soon as he had recovered full consciousness, and his knee had been bound up by the surgeon, he insisted, contrary to all advice, that he must be mounted and follow his men.

"But, general, you cannot keep your seat," said the surgeon. "Then tie me on," was the undaunted reply. In the agony of a fresh sprain, away he rode like the wind; he must and would be at the front, where the bullets were thickest. His nerve and will carried him through.

At midnight in a drenching, tropical rain, upon an ammunition wagon, he took his first rest. Pain overcame weariness; sleep shortened none of the minutes of the miserable night.

General Scott sent orders for an immediate advance, and long before sunrise the dauntless man was again in the saddle. An assault was successful in seventeen minutes, but the pursuit lasted until past noon, and General Pierce led the advance.

General Scott wished to give him personal orders to attack Santa Anna in the rear. The appearance of the man made him alter his mind, but General Pierce begged it as a boon, that he might be the one to go. "Why man, you can't touch your foot to the stirrup," said Scott. "One I can," was the answer. The flashing of the eyes told what the man could dare and do, and as the best cannot be spared in war, he was allowed to go.

Over ditches and chasms he leaped his horse, until one opened too wide for the attempt; upon hands and knees he crossed it. Mind and matter had struggled; but at last, nature conquered, he sank helpless upon the field. His men would have borne him away, but the heroic spirit was not conquered; he would lie where he could watch the progress of the battle.

When the shouts of victory came from his troops, he was placed upon a horse and rode to meet Santa

Anna, who had asked for a conference, which lasted until four in the morning.

General Pierce took part in one more conflict ; but at the final one, when the city of Mexico fell into our hands, he was so ill that he was confined to his bed.

Nine months from the time that he sailed away, he was in his home at Concord, folding wife and boy in his arms.

Mrs. Pierce had not died, as she said that she should. She had given way to tremors when the Mexican mail came in, had had many funerals, and had taken many walks to the churchyard behind her husband's body, but they had not told upon her health nor very seriously impaired her spirits. Had he been at home, she would have passed sleepless nights, lest he should drink an extra glass of wine, and if truth must be told, he sometimes did, for he was a convivial man, liked a social drink, though no low lover of liquor.

Then he settled down again to his profession ; he had manfully done his share in public duties, and he gloried in the result.

Man proposes for himself, but if one enter the arena, which he did, politicians dispose.

In 1852, the Democrats met at Baltimore to settle upon the name to be put upon their presidential ticket. It was supposed that the choice would rest upon one of four prominent men ; Buchanan, Macy,

Cass, or Douglas. The balloting began, and went on for three days until it reached the thirty-fifth ballot, and they seemed no nearer a choice than when they began. Delegates from Virginia whispered together, and then for the second time in our history a "dark horse" was led out. At first, there seemed to be no one to drive him to the front. Another day the balloting went slowly on; each time he made a step forward, and at the forty-ninth ballot, Franklin Pierce, the "Northern man with Southern principles," was the Democratic nominee for the presidency of the United States.

Americans, Europeans, and the man himself were astonished. In some sections, a question similar to the one in Polk's day was asked, "Who is Frank Pierce?"

A stranger in New Hampshire asked of his landlord, at a village inn: "What sort of a man is General Pierce?" "Wall, up here, where everybody knows Frank Pierce, and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he's a pretty considerable fellow, I tell you. But come to spread him out over this whole country, I'm afraid that he'll be dreadful thin in some places."

General Scott, who had fought in Mexico because he was ordered to do so; General Pierce, the dashing volunteer, and John P. Hale were opposing candidates.

New England was proud of her gallant son, and with the exception of Massachusetts and Vermont, gave him her electoral votes. He was elected by a large majority.

Mrs. Pierce was keenly alive to the honor conferred upon her husband, and the prestige it would bestow upon her son. Inwardly shrinking for herself, she could smile and even beam upon the congratulations pouring in from every quarter.

To be sure, she still crossed bridges, but they seemed farther apart, and the peas by constant use were a little flattened.

The house was gay with visitors, and if the president-elect with his family went from home, people vied with one another to do them honor.

In the midst of their triumph a blow was to be dealt to them, from which neither could ever recover to their life's end, something more horrible than Mrs. Pierce's darkest forebodings had ever fashioned.

In January, the general, Mrs. Pierce, and their son, a bold, handsome lad of thirteen years, visited Boston, to be fêted by their friends and make purchases for the Washington life. On their return, between Lawrence and Andover, the passengers felt a vibrating motion; it is said, that one never mistakes its meaning, even though it may be a first experience. An axle had broken, and in a moment the cars were turning over down an embankment. Gen-

eral Pierce was bruised and sadly shaken up, but the thought of his loved ones cleared his brains. He took his wife in his arms and placed her on the ground, then staggered back for his boy. It seemed as if God had no pity! There lay his only son, his head crushed, his brains in his cap. Even then, the man thought more of what it would be to the mother, than of his own grief. None should tell her but himself, with his arms tightly clasped around her.

Not another passenger was seriously injured. Every heart in the nation thrilled with sympathy for the bereaved parents.

The Concord home was a quiet closed house now.

As the Fourth of March approached, Mrs. Pierce nerved herself for her duties, determined to hide her private sorrow, even if it ate out her heart. If a reception or a levee were to be held or a dinner-party given, she was usually at her place, and her quiet, refined courtesy never failed. Having never risen to the level of cheerfulness, it could not be expected that now, saddened by the loss of her darling, she would take any social stand.

Out of the mirage loomed another bridge, and over it and over it she walked; it seemed harder and more pebbly than any before, inasmuch as it was connected with disgrace. In the seclusion of country life, her husband had more than once shown himself intoxicated. If the President of the United States

should so far forget himself, it would be bruited from north to south, from east to west, copied into foreign papers. With closed eyes, she could see the flaming capitals with which the disgraceful fact would be headed. Her purity and innate delicacy shrank from it, as her flesh would from burning coals. Her fears were groundless. Frank Pierce was a perfect gentleman, knew what belonged to his high station, and would sooner have been drawn in quarters by wild horses than have disgraced it.

He was said to have been more popular at Washington than any other occupant of the White House. Generous to a fault, his hospitality was without stint. Cordial in his manners, his fascinating magnetism drew all hearts towards him. Once he entertained the correspondents of the Whig newspapers ; they had rarely given him a good word, but they admitted that there was never a more genial host.

Mrs. Pierce never made an enemy, and the general was so popular that their departure from Washington was regretted, socially, by Democrats and Whigs.

His administration was a stormy one. The government had long before come from the smooth lakes into the rapids ; every year brought it nearer to the falls, and it would be well if it did not go down in the whirlpool.

The special feature of the finely delivered inaugural was the support of slavery ; the president

pledged himself to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, which was the keynote of his administration. He had fought for the South, and now did what he could to conciliate it.

The man had gone who staunched the wounds with his cement, which had caused only a temporary lull in the excitement. The Missouri Compromise had been broken, and, at the bidding of the South, was repealed.

Stephen A. Douglas had thrown a fresh apple of discord, in bringing forward a bill organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and advocating what was called "squatter sovereignty." Kansas was mainly settled by Northerners, and they were about to meet, to decide if the territory were to be bond or free, according to the doctrine proposed by Douglas.

A prominent leader in Missouri said that the Slave States were brought to such a pass that no man among them should have any qualms of conscience about violating law.

Each party had sent armed men into the territory, and amid lawless violence each party fought its way to the polls. There was an appeal to Congress, and General Pierce ranged himself in favor of the Slave States.

The expedition sent to Japan by Mr. Fillmore completed its work in General Pierce's term.

He had gracefully made his old military superior,

General Scott, commander-in-chief of the United States army.

Trouble had risen again over Mexican boundaries, but this time, General Gadsden, directed by Congress, amicably settled it by paying ten million dollars for a strip of territory which has ever since been known as the Gadsden Purchase.

As General Pierce's term drew to a close, Missouri and Kansas were more turbulent than ever, and he left the difficulty as a legacy to his successor.

He had lost all his Northern support, and the Southerners were ungrateful and passed him over.

If a President be not elected for a second term, it is considered a reproach upon his policy, and Pierce was one to feel the mortification.

Mrs. Pierce drooped more and more, and her husband took her to Madeira for a six months' sojourn. She rallied and they travelled for eighteen months through the principal countries of Europe.

She lingered on an invalid for a few years more, and died of consumption, in 1863.

During the Civil War, the Abolitionists denounced General Pierce as a Copperhead, and politically he incurred a good deal of obloquy. At Concord he made a speech which was called the "mausoleum of hearts' speech."

Every drop of blood that he inherited from his father, who fought in the Revolution, every impulse

of his nature repelled the charge of his being a traitor to the Union.

To a friend who had led a portion of the Sixth Regiment through Baltimore, and now stood in his uniform ready to go again to the front, he said: "Were I to offer my sword to my country, the act would be maligned, but when I shall cease to love and cherish the Union of these states, life will have lost for me all that gives it any value. I do not approve of all of the acts of the administration, but if I were situated as you are (he had a dying wife on his hands) I would do as you have done and as you propose to do, and I say, God bless you and prosper you."

Socially, he never lost his popularity; he was always the genial host, generous neighbor, and kind friend. He was a stanch member of the Episcopal Church.

He lived to see the North triumph, slavery abolished, the Union secure, and he thanked God for it.

He died in 1869, lamented by all who personally knew him.

MISS LANE.

THE successor of General Pierce was our first bachelor President. To do the social honors of the Executive Mansion, he brought a young and beautiful girl. There is always a charm in maidenhood, when combined with youth and beauty; added to these Miss Harriet Lane had culture, learning, polished manners, high-bred airs, tact, and winsome ways, alike to all her uncle's guests.

It is said, that there are no more beautiful and fascinating women in the world, than the Irish of the upper class. They indulge in wit and gayety, with a perfect abandon that belongs to no other nation. This young girl had an Irish grandfather; her mother inherited his features and his social qualities, and had transmitted them to her daughter, with an infusion of Scotch blood, which made her canny and true, and of English blood, which stamped her as a pure Anglo-Saxon, united with the indefinable grace which belongs to the American girl.

Her mother died when she was seven, and her father two years later, leaving her an ample fortune and a host of relations. Many doors stood open for

the orphan, and young as she was, she was allowed to choose which she would enter.

James Buchanan had never been given to petting or caring for children, but there was something in his handsome face and remarkable presence that took the child's fancy. She was one of the irrepressible sort, the very imp of mischief. She reasoned that there were no aunts or women in Uncle James's house, and with the great ears of little pitchers, she had heard his sad love story, which somehow made him doubly interesting. "I will go to Uncle James," was her decision. He was pleased and more than glad to take this child of his favorite sister and train her to womanhood, that she might light a home which would never have a legitimate mistress.

In the spring of his days, when hearts naturally turn to love, he had never thought to lead the life of a bachelor. He was a great admirer and a perfect connoisseur of beautiful women, and there was something fascinating in his courtly and deferential manner toward them.

He wooed one who was not only very beautiful, but very wealthy, and he did not woo in vain; they were engaged, happy, and called the handsomest couple in all the country round. Either his whole heart was not in the matter, or the fates were against them.

Mr. Buchanan was a lawyer, and his extensive practice often took him away from home. After one of his trips, which had been longer than usual, he delayed going to the girl whose heart was in his keeping. It was from no pressure of business, for he found time to visit a married couple, who were his intimate friends. The visit and the delay, impatient as the girl was, might have been condoned, perhaps, with frowns and tears, but still condoned; but alas! those married friends had a guest, and the guest was a young and very charming girl. Both were young and there was some harmless coquetry — would have been harmless had there been no busy-bodies. One swept across their path and divined with a devil's instinct the wound she could inflict upon the rich, beautiful, envied Miss Coleman, the betrothed of Buchanan.

A call was made, a garbled story, fashioned by the informer's evil intent, was told. It is said that jealousy is born of love. Very wroth, not waiting to calm her jealous passion, the girl wrote an angry note, breaking her engagement. Mr. Buchanan received it in a crowded court room, and it was noticed that his cheek blanched.

Had the girl been penniless, Buchanan could have brooked her anger and sued again, but she belonged to the richest family in the country, was rich in her own right, and he was too proud. She had

charged him with coldness and indifference; then she must think him sordid, his motives interested. He took her at her word and her troth was given back.

Shortly after, a party of young people, among whom was Miss Coleman, under a chaperon, planned to visit Philadelphia to attend an opera. They went and took rooms at a hotel. When they dressed for the evening, Miss Coleman complained of feeling ill, too ill to join the party. They went without her; upon their return, they flocked to her room to see if she were better, and to tell her of the delightful treat that she had lost — to their horror, she lay dead before them.

There was a great excitement, and it created no end of talk. Her family were very reticent, but it was supposed that the unhappy girl, in her despair, went away unbidden.

Mr. Buchanan was overcome with grief, and begged of her father the privilege of being allowed to be one of the mourners at the burial. Mr. Coleman, naturally indignant, returned the letter without other answer.

It is said that Buchanan cherished the memory of his lost love to his dying day. It is hardly to be supposed that a man of honor and feeling, who had brought his first love to so tragic an ending would ever marry.

The romping, mischievous child, regardless of the

proprieties, brought fresh life and a flood of sunshine into the bachelor's home. She gave frequent cause for rebuke and at times he would threaten to place her with two maiden ladies in the village, whose notions were very rigid as to the deportment of young girls. In one of the sessions of Congress, of which he was a member, he really did it. The little girl bewailed her lot, and wrote him letters of hardships and homesickness, but he adhered to his plan during his seven months' absence. If they kept her subdued, she came home as boisterous and troublesome as ever; yet when she was the most trying, her uncle would proudly say, "She has a soul above deceit or fraud. She never told a lie, she is too proud for it."

At the age of twelve, she was sent with an elder sister to a school in Charlestown, Virginia; her vacations were spent with Mr. Buchanan, and once he went so far in his indulgence as to take her with him in a summer trip to Bedford Springs.

There was a convent school in Georgetown, of much celebrity for turning out accomplished women. Her uncle asked her if she thought she would become a Roman Catholic if she went there. "I can't promise, I don't know enough about their faith," said the girl, fearing lest her honest answer would spoil her chance of going. "Well," said he, "if you become a good Catholic, I will be satisfied." She

did not become a Catholic, but she gained and returned the love of the nuns, and ever bore witness to their purity and self-denying lives, and by letters and visits kept up her friendship with them.

While she remained with them, her Sundays were spent with her uncle in Washington.

At seventeen, she left school, and was placed at the head of his house.

Buchanan himself inherited the versatile talents of his Irish ancestry. He graduated from college with honors at the age of eighteen; was tall, graceful, handsome, overflowing with animal spirits. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at twenty-one, and before he had finished his third decade stood at the head of the Pennsylvania bar with an extensive practice.

He was opposed to the war of 1812, but when Baltimore was threatened, he enlisted as a private and marched to its defence. He entered the State Legislature at twenty-three; served five terms in Congress; appointed by Jackson, was minister to St. Petersburg, where by his skill in diplomacy he gained important privileges for his country in the waters of the Black and Baltic seas. He was a senator to Congress, Secretary of State under Polk, Minister to St. James's under Pierce, and President of the United States — a galaxy of honors, and had he

lived in less troublous times, his name would be among the first on the page of history.

He had endorsed Clay's compromise measures and much was hoped from his election, as he avowed in his inaugural, that his policy would be "to destroy any sectional party, whether North or South, and to restore if possible, that national, fraternal feeling between the different states that had existed during the early days of the Republic."

In the last months of his administration, men who had scorned the hero of New Orleans, would wring their hands in agony and think a day of the ignorant Jackson, would be better than a cycle of the learned and elegant Buchanan, hopelessly bewildered, folding his arms in weak despair, declaring that by his constitutional oath he had no power to save the Union. Jefferson stretched the Constitution to buy Louisiana, and it did not give way; and now it did seem as if the warp and the woof of it might be tested for the saving of the Union.

Yet Mr. Buchanan had the jewel of consistency. In his early manhood, he had said, "The older I grow, the more I am inclined to be what is called a State Rights man." He had endorsed Tyler, opposed the Ashburton Treaty, favored the annexation of Texas, on the plea of affording that security to the southern and southwestern Slave States, which they have a right to demand; assisted Polk in his meas-

ures to bring on the Mexican War, opposed the Wilmot Proviso, approved enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law to the letter, and at Ostend urged wresting by force from Spain her fairest jewel, lest she should abolish slavery and thereby "her possession of it should endanger the existence of our *cherished Union.*"

The man with this record was the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1856, and received the necessary electoral votes, though Fremont, his opponent had the popular vote.

He was an adept in the arts of diplomacy, and as a foreign minister maintained the honor of his country and gave satisfaction to all parties.

The first vexed question at the English court was the important one: in what manner he should array his person to appear before the Majesty of England?

Years before, when this matter of dress was discussed at home, and the court dress exacted by crowned heads forbidden, Mr. Buchanan had said: "Imagine a grave and venerable statesman, who had never attended a militia training in his life, appearing at court arrayed in a military coat, with a chapeau under his arm, and a small sword dangling at his side."

In the happy days of her married life, Victoria always opened parliament in person. By her order a circular was sent to Mr. Buchanan, inviting him to

be present—but there was an addendum saying that no one would be admitted who was not in full court dress.

If Mr. Buchanan could not go as he would before the majesty of his own country, he would not go at all and he did not. Stay away when bidden by the Queen of England! The American minister not present at the opening of Parliament! The English press had a theme.

He wrote home to the State Department that he will wear no gold or lace embroidery, but that he has consulted the Master of Ceremonies about a dress which will not shock the Queen, and yet be not much different from that of an American citizen at home.

It was suggested that he should wear the civil dress of Washington. Go back half a century and presume to affect the style of the Father of his Country? make himself ridiculous? Not he.

“Fashions have so changed,” he said, “that if I were to put on this and wear it at one of our President’s receptions, I should be the subject of ridicule for life.”

He had written for his niece, Miss Lane, to join him in England. Now he wrote that it would be better for her to be at home, for his contumacy will probably prevent his being invited to court, and if the Queen drop him, she may be sure all London society will.

The Queen was to hold a levee and she was gracious enough to repeat her invitation, making no stipulations as to dress.

Mr. Buchanan was every inch a gentleman, and wished to yield so far as his dignity as an American citizen would permit. Again he took counsel with the Master of Ceremonies. At his suggestion, he added a plain dress sword to his usual evening suit.

He wrote Miss Harriet that he expected to produce a sensation and to be a subject of court gossip. When it was over he wrote again, "I appeared at the levee on Wednesday last in just such a dress as I have worn at the President's a hundred times, a black coat, white waistcoat and cravat, and black pantaloons and dress buttons, with the addition of a very plain black-handled and black-hilted dress sword. This, to gratify those who have yielded so much and to distinguish me from the upper court servants. I knew that I would be received in any dress that I might wear; but could not have anticipated that I should be received in so kind and distinguished a manner. Having yielded, they did not do things by halves. As I approached the Queen, an arch but benevolent smile lit up her countenance, as much as to say, 'You are the first man who ever appeared before me at court in such a dress.'" I confess that I never felt more proud of being an

American than when I stood in the brilliant circle in the simple dress of an American citizen."

Miss Lane joined him and then came another vexatious question. In the American minister's house there is a presiding lady who is neither wife nor daughter — what shall be her status? how shall she rank in the diplomatic corps? In those days, Victoria, with her wise domestic counsellor at her side, was ever gracious; the elegant Buchanan had become a favorite, and she had seen his blue-eyed niece, with her wealth of golden hair, had noted her grace and beauty, and decided that she should have the precedence due to a wife.

At the first drawing-room, Miss Lane made a great impression. On their return home, her uncle said: "Well, a person would have supposed you were a great beauty, to have heard the way you were talked of to-day. I was asked if we had many such handsome ladies in America; I answered, 'Yes, and many much handsomer — she would be scarcely remarked there for her beauty.'"

Americans abroad were enthusiastic over their receptions, and the grace and dignity with which Miss Lane presided at the Embassy.

Her robust figure and fine color, added to her blonde beauty, gave her an air so English that some questioned if she were an American; it was said that she looked like the Queen before her marriage. If it

be true that she ever resembled Victoria, she must possess some elixir for preserving beauty which the Queen kens not of.

When Leo XIII., in the spring of 1887, gave the red hat to Cardinal Gibbons, the tribunes of the *Salva Regia* of the Vatican were crowded with princesses, ladies of the diplomatic corps, and distinguished personages, who had flocked there from all parts of Europe, and it was remarked that among the handsome women, the most remarkable looking was Mrs. Johnston of Baltimore, *née* Lane.

Victoria has the air of a queen, can step so royally that she appears taller than she really is; but her face has the stamp of a fat, blowzy cook.

Miss Lane enthusiastically loved England and everything English — English people, unless they came as lovers, and there was a string of those.

Her uncle was always her confidant, and many a love tale had she to pour into his ears, but never for a moment did she propose to become one of the Queen's subjects and expatriate herself.

When Mr. Buchanan was nominated for the presidency, he returned to America. The contest was a violent one, but in March he was inaugurated in a more imposing style than any who had been before him.

At the time, Miss Lane was in mourning for a sister, whom she dearly loved; in a few weeks she

lost a brother, who was to have been an inmate of the White House. The first season she paid no visits, but at a reception she was always at her uncle's side, and never did a more imposing couple receive the nation's guests.

A foreign correspondent described her at the first New Year's reception: "The Anglo-Saxon beauty in full toilet *de demi-deuil*, wearing no ornament but a necklace of seed-pearls, looked charming, receiving the ladies and gentlemen presented with grace and affability. She was surrounded by groups of diplomatists and officials, with ladies of her acquaintance, forming a picture more beautiful, although not so gaudy as the sovereign she resembles; that is, before Queen Victoria became Mrs. Albert Guelph."

Buchanan had the honor of receiving the first Japanese Embassy to this country, numbering seventy-one; eight of the chief dignitaries were entertained at a dinner. The chief object of their visit was to procure an English copy of the treaty between Japan and the United States, signed by the President, the original one having been burned. The Japanese copy had been saved, and they brought an unsigned duplicate of it, which they never allowed out of their sight.

When Queen Victoria and Prince Albert sent their first-born to visit Canada, the President sent an invitation for him to extend his trip and visit the

United States. It was accepted, and Count Renfrew, as the Queen preferred that he should be called, and his suite were entertained at the Executive Mansion with princely hospitality. The young gentleman wearied of the ceremonies, but patiently went through a public reception and a diplomatic dinner.

Miss Lane took him to a young ladies' boarding-school, and this was an amusement more in accordance with his tastes and his age. There was a dreadful rumor that at Washington, as at some other cities, he slipped away from his guardians, and visited some places from which Victoria's son and the heir of England's throne might as well have stayed away.

Born and reared amid pomp and ceremony, he naturally preferred pleasures and people where they did not come in. He would have liked a dance, even went so far as to propose it, that he might mingle with the beauties of the capital, but Mrs. Polk had properly settled that matter, and Buchanan declined to revive it, even for his princely guest, on the score of propriety.

What *was* thought a proper amusement for the great grandson of George the Third was a visit to the grave of Washington. The President, Miss Lane, the diplomatic corps, and the chief officers of the government, with the prince and his suite, sailed to Mount Vernon in the steamer "Harriet Lane." The

Prince stood beside the President, looked solemnly if not reverently at the tomb ; planted a tree to shade the grave of the man his ancestor would have liked to have beheaded, and then have placed the gory trophy on Tower Hill. The young man did what he was told to do, but he made no expression as to the enjoyment of such a treat.

When Victoria sent a letter of thanks for the courtesy and hospitality bestowed upon her son, she mentioned this trip, as if it were the crowning honor shown him, so of course it *really* was the proper thing for the President to take him there ; and the Revolutionary score is all blotted out.

It proved a rather expensive amusement for the government, and there was a contention when pay-day came. Buchanan insisted that if Congress would only pay the bill from the contingent fund, he would do it from his private purse ; after a good deal of haggling, the Secretary of the Treasury paid it.

Political affairs were like a seething cauldron all through Buchanan's term. In the first year, a fresh slavery difficulty stirred the country.

Dred Scott and his wife had been taken by an army surgeon to different posts in the Free States, and then were taken back to slavery in Missouri. Either from the air, or the Abolitionists, they had learned much about freedom, and claimed it on the

ground that, by an act of their master, they had been taken into free territory. The case was referred to the Supreme Court, and the Chief Justice ruled that they were slaves still.

This, added to the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas troubles, roused an insane fury among the Abolitionists.

John Brown, half crazy with what he had endured, had come from Kansas to Virginia, thinking to run a quixotic tilt with the institution of the South, and if he could not succeed was ready to wear the martyr's crown. To show his sincerity, he took his own sons for his esquires, and he was a particularly fond father. With a small band, he seized the United States Arsenal, at Harper's Ferry, thinking he could rouse a grand insurrection among the slaves, and when the scheme was well inaugurated, the Abolitionists of the North would pour down, and to himself would belong the glory of freeing his native land from what he called its curse. Unfortunately for him, the sons of Ham were not of the heroic type, and though the Abolitionists could sing pæans to him and for him, they were far too wise to join in so mad, so hair-brained a scheme.

For a while, a very short while, John Brown had things in his own way; then the United States troops were upon him. His boys were shot down, but the unhappy old man, taken while he knelt be-

tween them, encircling one with his arm, was reserved for the doom his fanatic zeal had courted.

The fire-eaters of the South had now the capital, which the Dred Scott decision had given the Abolitionists of the North. They accused the whole Republican party of complicity in what had been done on their sacred soil.

The troublous term of Buchanan was drawing to a close. Abraham Lincoln was the Republican nominee for the fall election of 1860, and the Democrats were divided. Mr. Lincoln's political notions were that slavery must be protected where it was, but must not be carried into the Free States. Under Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan, Southern leaders had had things pretty much in their own way and now they arrogantly said that if this Northern man, with Northern principles, were elected their states would secede.

People at the North had heard this bluster about secession all their lives, had heard that cotton was king, didn't care much if it were; could cry *vive le roi* without choking; they of the South thought the love of the Union and an undimmed flag was simply a sentiment, which Northerners were too sordid, too much taken up with money making, to fight over; then, if worst came to worst, they counted upon a host with Southern principles who would defend their cause.

Lincoln was elected. The government was out of the rapids now, and the solemn fall began.

General Scott begged, almost on his knees, that he might move, at least secure government property. Buchanan was in despair, impotently wringing his hands, but dared not move, or at least, would not. In his last message, he declared that the Executive had no constitutional power to use the army or navy to save the Republic. Scott had lived under an earlier *régime*, where there had been no pusillanimity, and he had been given *carte blanche* to use the forces of the United States for the suppression of secession, which under such measures soon came to grief.

Virginians deprecated secession, and proposed that all the states should send commissioners to Washington, to settle the feud. It was called the Peace Congress, and John Tyler was the president of it.

On Washington's birthday, there was a military parade, made up of the militia and the United States troops stationed at the Arsenal. Tyler had the audacity to sharply rebuke Buchanan for permitting it. He meekly excused himself, saying that he "Found it impossible to prevent two or three companies of regulars from joining the volunteers without giving offence to the tens of thousands of people who had assembled to witness the parade."

The Peace Congress was a failure, and the country presented the spectacle of two governments, two capitals, two presidents, and two flags.

Never had man worked and schemed harder than Buchanan to reach the seat of Chief Magistrate of the United States, and now he feverishly longed to have his evil days come to an end.

On the fourth of March, he rode to the Capitol with Lincoln, who walked into the Senate chamber, leaning on his arm; the inauguration over, he retired to his home in Wheatland.

Never was the Executive Mansion maintained in better style than during the days of Buchanan and Miss Lane; the President's salary, half what it is now, was wholly inadequate to its maintenance, and he encroached heavily upon his private fortune.

There is a sort of pathos in the man's whole history — a man so nobly endowed by nature; in his youth he was shipwrecked in love; in age, crowned with his country's honors, he left the chief magistracy with tarnished honors, and spent his last years writing a book defending his course.

Some said that he was a traitor; a larger number, that he was only weak, without will, or moral courage; had not the endowments for emergencies. One, rather severe, claimed that in the tentative period of political issues assumed by his party, Mr. Buchanan could always be found two paces to the rear, but in

the hour of triumph he marched proudly in the front rank.

In his retirement, by no word or act did he ever take any part or show any sympathy for or against the great Rebellion, but he lived to see the North triumph, and the Union intact.

When he had passed his seventieth year, he was asked to give away the niece he had taken and trained from childhood. At Bedford Springs, where they were accustomed to spend their summers, Miss Lane had met and loved Mr. Henry Elliot Johnston. In January, 1865, she wore the orange blossoms; the marriage ceremony was performed by her uncle, Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan; the remainder of the winter was spent in Cuba. On their return, the pair settled in Baltimore, where the husband had bought and furnished a house, which was his wedding gift to his bride.

Her pleasure in the Episcopal church service led her to be confirmed in the church of which her uncle Edward was the rector. She had two sons, and the elder bore the name of James Buchanan.

At his death in 1868, Buchanan left his fortune to Mrs. Johnston, and Wheatland is her summer home. Brilliant as was the career of her youth, the latter part of her life has been shrouded with sorrows. She has outlived all the numerous relatives of her early years. She has become a widow and lost both her sons

within the last seven years. Two years since, she visited at Washington, staying with Mrs. Hornsby, the daughter of Mr. Buchanan's Attorney-General, Judge Jeremiah Black.

After having been for twenty-five years a prominent figure in official and diplomatic society, she leads a life of great seclusion.

MRS. LINCOLN.

As one reads the story of Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, one can but feel as if human history as told by Homer, were repeated in this woman's sad life—as if she were another Cassandra, having the power of foretelling future events and having all her predictions disregarded and, like the Cassandra of old, was thought to have “eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner.” The elder had one advantage over this nineteenth-century woman, for the ancients looked upon the mad as outside the pale of humanity, and thought their fantastic brains somehow allied them with the gods, and so treated them with reverence.

Miss Todd was well born and well bred, was the daughter of Hon. Robert S. Todd of Lexington, Kentucky. As a child she was restless and peculiar, and in her early girlhood she would talk of her future as if she saw it all mapped out before her. She was to be the wife of a president, and queen it over the White House. She wearied of her father's house, and went to her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, in Springfield.

She was rather attractive, and young men sought her society; she scanned them all; never thought of love, only weighed the chances each had of leading her to the goal of her ambition. One brilliant suitor came wooing; of all she knew, he, to the common eye seemed most likely to reach the presidency; but her prophetic vision told her that the wife of Stephen A. Douglas was not to be the wife of a chief magistrate of the United States.

When she was twenty-one, Abraham Lincoln paid his suit. He was a lawyer by profession, had been a member of the state legislature, a member so poor that he had walked to Vandalia, the capital, one hundred miles away,—his only luggage being a bundle which he carried in his hand, and when the session was over, he went as he came.

Every feature of his sober, grave face, sad-eyed even then, was more than plain, and he was long-legged, awkward, gaunt,—one whose exterior would hardly have suited the fancy of a young girl, eleven years his junior.

Endowed as she was with second sight, she had a terrible shrinking,—once declined the proffered love, then placed her hand in his, feeling sure that she had taken her first step toward the White House.

What made this engagement more peculiar than any ever told was that the lover too had shrinkings; morbidly doubted if his love were strong enough to

make the girl's happiness safe in his keeping. His proposal was made upon the most trifling acquaintance, made because he sensitively thought that she expected it. When she declined, he thought that she did it on his account, and with a singular power of tormenting himself felt that he had touched and wounded her heart, and must urge the girl again, even after each had expressed open doubts of their fitness for each other. An unsuccessful lover sometimes falls into the depths of despondency and is profoundly miserable, but here we have one in this state because he is a successful one. No wonder that the towns-people thought that the girl's fantastic brains were to be matched with brains equally fantastic. Miss Todd had not won beauty, but she had pledged herself to a man whose heart was full of tenderness and honest, manly devotion, nor was the "rail-splitter" the boor that he was represented.

Before the marriage, his fidelity led him into what he deemed to be one of the most foolish acts of his life. Miss Todd had written a satirical poem about a young lawyer in town, and a mischievous friend had had it printed. The lawyer was very wroth and insisted that the editor should give him the name of the writer. To screen his betrothed, Mr. Lincoln said: "I take the responsibility." A challenge was sent and accepted; preliminaries were settled, and the choice of weapons fell to Lincoln; he chose

broadwords, hoping to make it simply a fencing affair; however, at the time of the meeting, friends interposed and the difficulty was amicably arranged.

In the Executive Mansion, Lincoln was once asked if this story were true. He admitted the fact, but bade the man, if he valued his friendship, never allude to it again.

As one reads the singular story of Lincoln's life, one feels that he was born great, that greatness was never thrust upon him. He was born in a log cabin, a son of the poorest of the poor, of a man who could neither read nor write, a wandering day laborer, without any force. It is said that mothers not fathers transmit their qualities to their sons. Abraham Lincoln had an excellent mother, and when he filled the highest station he bore testimony to her worth: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother; blessings on her memory!" Her impress was made early, for she sunk under hardships and died when he was but ten years old. It was she who taught him to read and write, and managed that he should have a little schooling, six months, — all that he ever had.

The family were Baptists, but in the sparsely settled neighborhood where they lived, there was no clergyman of any kind. The boy could not be content to have his mother laid away without a funeral sermon, and wrote an itinerant preacher,

who had known her, but was a hundred miles distant; the man came on horseback to perform this simple service.

At twenty-one Abraham Lincoln bade good-by to his father's house, and went forth, as he said, to seek his fortune. He worked as a hired laborer, glad of any honest service; but the dream of his life was to acquire an education, and half the night, and every spare moment of the days, was given to attain it.

He was the captain of the volunteer band that Colonel Zachary Taylor took out of the state of Illinois to follow Black Hawk. General Jackson appointed him postmaster of New Salem, but as he carried the mail in his hat and distributed the letters and papers when he chanced to meet their owners, it hardly seems as if he had made a rise in the official world. At twenty-five he had mastered English grammar, was a good speaker, and elected to the state legislature. This was a step forward, and he began the study of law. Post-office duties kept him at New Salem, but he would walk to Springfield, borrow and carry home a load of books on his back, and under trees master their contents. Law books he would borrow at night and return at the opening of the office in the morning.

Who, but one endowed with a prophetic gift, could have divined that this man was to be President of the

United States, and come down in history as the peer of Washington?

In October 1842, he is doubtful if he will ever marry, but in November he overcomes his reluctance, and stands up and meets his fate like a man bent on doing his duty. He took his bride to the Globe Tavern in Springfield, where he mentions in a letter, that board was to be had at four dollars per week. Prosperity began to dawn, and his spirits to rise; the anxieties and forebodings which had so tortured him seemed to have passed away, or with a strong hand he had crushed them beneath his feet, as if they were disloyal to the woman who bore his name. Four children were born, and one died.

He always inclined to the side of mercy, never refused a case for the lack of a retaining fee; would boldly defend a man who had helped a fugitive slave to Canada; whether it were right or wrong, it showed a pitiful heart, especially as it brought him a load of obloquy.

He almost lost his faith in the capacity of the Americans for self-government when Clay was passed over for Polk, who, after the Mexican War, he always maintained had washed his hands in innocent blood. In 1847, he was elected to the lower House in Congress. Mrs. Lincoln had no desire to accompany him, until she came to her own — she could see her early vision coming true.

The calamitous term of Buchanan was drawing to a close. The cracks in the Union were gaping wider and wider, and the only man who had known how to make and apply the cement was gathered to his fathers. Patriots and statesmen were very sober.

In the Convention of 1860, Seward and Lincoln were the prominent candidates, and heavy bets were made in favor of Seward. In Chicago an immense building called the "wigwam" was prepared; while the balloting went on, a man was stationed on the roof to announce the result to the masses in the streets. At the first and second ballot Seward led, as the third was taken, one of the secretaries shouted to the man: "Fire the salute, Abe Lincoln is nominated."

Mr. Lincoln sat in a newspaper office in Springfield to hear the returns. At last they came, in his favor. The excitement and enthusiasm of his townsmen knew no bounds. In the midst of it all, he pocketed the telegram and said: "There is a little woman on Eighth Street who has some interest in this matter." As the news of his election was flashed over the wires, this little sentence came too; many sneered that this should be his first thought. He only knew how quivering with excitement the little woman was; how she had foreseen and pictured it years before he saw her face, — knew she took his hand with the conviction that he would bring this thing to pass. It was wise to keep her calm by end-

ing the suspense, for there was but little doubt of his election, when nominated.

Now that she had the sugarplum for which she had so long waited, she had no patience with the confusion it entailed, nor with the guests it brought to do her husband homage.

The sorely tried man took a room at the State House and received his friends there.

Just after his election, Mr. Lincoln had a vision, and his sibyl interpreted it—oh, how truly! He told the story himself: “It was after my election when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great ‘hurrah boys,’ so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a couch in Mrs. Lincoln’s sitting-room. Opposite was a bureau, upon which was a looking-glass. As I lay, my eye fell upon the glass. I saw myself reflected full length, but my face had two separate and distinct images; the tip of the nose of one, being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, I may say startled—got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, even plainer than before, and then I noticed that one of the faces was much paler than the other. I got up, the thing melted away, I went off, and in the excitement of the times forgot all about it, nearly, not quite, for the thing would once

in a while come back to me and give me a little pain, as if something not pleasant had happened. When I went home I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough the thing came back again, two faces, and one so much paler than the other. But I never could bring the ghost back after that, though I once tried very hard to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She said it was a sign, and her interpretation of it was, that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not live to its end."

In the latter part of February, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln's two sisters, with the boys, Robert, Willie, and Tad, left Springfield for Washington. There were rumors that Lincoln was to be assassinated as he passed through Baltimore. The chief of the police had kept his eyes open, and through one of his corps of detectives had learned that a gang of roughs were to get up a row and, in the confusion, one, detailed with a revolver, was to do the work. A special train was, therefore, arranged at Harrisburg to take him through in the night, and as soon as he started, the wires were cut. His early coming made a great stir; it was said that he came in disguise, but the disguise was nothing more than a travelling cap and shawl, which were loaned him. His friends were confirmed in their

belief that there had been a plot, by a Southern member of the Peace Congress exclaiming, in the excitement of his early appearance: "How in the mischief did he get through Baltimore?"

Mr. Lincoln told an amusing story of the coming of his inaugural. He had put it in what he called a gripsack, and given it to the care of his oldest boy. "When we reached Harrisburg," he said, "and had washed up, I asked Bob where the message was, and was taken aback by his confession, that in the excitement caused by the enthusiastic reception, he believed he had let a waiter take the gripsack. My heart went up into my mouth, and I started downstairs, where I was told that if a waiter had taken the article, I should probably find it in the baggage-room. Hastening to that apartment, I saw an immense pile of gripsacks, and thought that I discovered mine. The key fitted it, but on opening, there were inside but a few paper collars and a flask of whiskey. Tumbling the baggage right and left, in a few moments I espied my lost treasure, and in it the all-important document, all right."

The President-elect paid his respects to the President in power. Members of the Peace Congress called to see what the "beast" was like. Maybe he was not versed in all the refinements of society; but somehow he pleased even the prejudiced ones of this class. He seemed to know the antecedents of each

one, and as he shook hands, had a pleasant and appropriate word for each; to the son of Clay, he said: "I was a friend of your father." The members expressed themselves as agreeably disappointed, — said that artists had done his face injustice. There was something in the eye and expression of Abraham Lincoln that an artist could never catch.

Times were very ticklish, and there was a great uncertainty about the ceremonies of the inauguration. General Scott had a batch of letters, each telling of some fiendish plot, and he protested against a procession. The Republicans had triumphed, and their organization in Washington determined to celebrate their triumph by very grand doings. To the threats of assassination they said "fol-de-rol."

General Scott gave a reluctant consent, provided there were no Wide-awakes connected with the affair. He directed the committee to consult with Buchanan and Lincoln.

Buchanan said that he could see no reason for departing from the general usage. He thought General Scott unnecessarily alarmed, but it was best to have deference to his opinion. He bade them say to Mr. Lincoln, that it would give him pleasure to loan him his carriage and ride with him to the Capitol.

They repaired to Lincoln's hotel and delivered their message. For answer, — "Mary, Mary, come here." Mary came. "Mary, the President has tendered the

use of his carriage, and agreed to accompany me to the Capitol when I am sworn in." "That was very kind, and of course you'll accept the offer," said Mary. "Mary, by the way, I see some one has presented you with a carriage."

After this domestic dialogue, Mary retired, and the committee presumed to speak again and tell him what they wanted. He rose, threw his leg over the back of a chair, rested his chin on the palm of his hand and said: "When I was practising law in Illinois, a client of mine, a peculiar sort of a fellow, was brought before the court, and the judge asked, 'Do you swear or affirm?' 'Mr. Judge,' replied my client, 'I don't care a —— which.'" The committee took this for consent, and made their arrangements for a fine inauguration.

Scott had been curbed in his desire of crushing the rebellion at the outset, but to protect the President-elect, he put all his engines in motion.

Washington volunteers had the honor of forming the bodyguard. United States troops were in the rear, and in every intersecting street, sharpshooters were stationed on the roofs all along the route. Police and detectives in uniform and out of uniform lined the walks. Scott would say now and then: "Thank God, all is going on peaceably."

Buchanan and Lincoln rode in the same carriage, preceded by a triumphal car containing thirty-four

young girls, each representing a state in the Union ; none were recognized as having seceded. Lincoln entered the senate chamber leaning on the arm of Buchanan, who looked pale, anxious, and excited, and Lincoln firm and very serious.

As he read his inaugural, it was Douglas, the "little giant," whom he had distanced in love and in the race for the Presidency, that held his hat and for the short space of life left him, endorsed his measures.

For a time it seemed as if the government had gone to pieces, and the parts were in the whirlpool clashing against each other.

Senators, representatives, officers of the army and the navy went one after another. Lee denied that there was cause for secession, but when Virginia went, there was a pathos in his remark to Scott : "General, the property belonging to my children, all that they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined if they do not go with their state. I cannot raise my hand against my children." When told that Scott had called him traitor, he went away silently, almost with humility. General Scott was also a Virginian, and when his state sent a member from its convention to tender him the command of Virginia troops, with tempting promises of wealth and honors, he sternly bade the man stop, lest he were compelled to resent a mortal insult.

The first great act in the drama to be played was forcing the lowering of the flag at Sumter. By the rejoicing at the South, one would have thought that their cause was fought and won. The rebel Secretary of War said, "By the first of May, the Confederate flag will float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington," adding: "Let them try Southern chivalry and test the strength of Southern resources, and it may in time float over Faneuil Hall itself."

Surely, "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

People at the North had been apathetic; said there must be "no coercion"; but when the news came over the wires that the stars and stripes were down at Sumter, sparks touched tinder, or as Beecher eloquently expressed it: "The spark that was kindled at Fort Sumter, fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies."

None who can remember the day will ever forget it.

The President called for seventy-five thousand men, and they sprang into line. The miners of Pennsylvania came first. The first blood was drawn at Baltimore as the "Old Sixth" of Massachusetts passed on its way for the defence of the national capital. Every drop of blood shed on that memorable nineteenth of April was but the sowing of the dragon's teeth, and "armed men sprang up from every acre of ground in the North and West, ready to sweep Balti-

more into the sea for her assault and her presumption," and to protect the Union.

The Southerners said Alabama needed blood to keep her in line. The blood was shed, and the South was unified as well as the North. The war spirit swept over the country like wildfire.

The second act was the Battle of Bull Run. It was Greek meeting Greek, and the Northern troops stampeded before Southern chivalry. The grief and the rejoicing were all repeated.

The North never flinched, but braced up with the same stalwart vigor that nerved Peter the Great when beaten by Charles the Twelfth.

The Southerners thought they had already donned their boots for Faneuil Hall, the goal of their hearts' desire.

The Abolitionists had denounced the Union and the government, and it was supposed that they would be in their element amid the strife they had helped to stir up. If there were an undercurrent of exultation in the thought that the slaves would rise, and the work for which they had schemed would be done, yet they, with Northern men with Southern sympathies, rallied round the flag. In the second year, the President issued a call for three hundred thousand men, and they went into line, singing, —

“ We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.”

So the miserable months wore on; the North almost always the under dog, but plucky.

The canny Scotch tell us that "it's a lang lane, that has nae turning."

The story of Vicksburg and of Gettysburg, told on the same day, told the North and the South that the lane had come to a very sharp bend. At the North there were budding hopes, that when the lane turned again, it would have a well-rounded corner to meet the Southern lane, and the two would run in no tandem style but abreast.

Upon the arrival of the family at the Executive Mansion, Mrs. Lincoln was all bustle and excitement, and began at once to prepare for the reception which she had so often planned.

She was "fat," hardly "fair, and forty"; that she was the successor of the popular, elegant, and accomplished Miss Lane was not a point in her favor.

At the first levee, she appeared in pink silk, *décolleté*, short-sleeved, and a floral headdress, which ran down to her waist and destroyed what comeliness simplicity might have given her. If to dress and reign as a queen had been the fond dream of her life, in the waking reality she was far from happy. The President did not share her tastes, and, weighted with care and sorrow as he was, she could not mould him to her notions. The *élite* of the old Washington society did not take kindly to her,

indeed would hardly recognize a woman whose dress was fantastic, and whose conduct at times was so at variance with good breeding. She was not at all conciliatory toward those who came to see the President ; from first to last, never did anything to stamp his career with even social success. Dinner entertainments were given up, the large dining-room was closed, and the press said by the parsimony of Mrs. Lincoln. She was a bitter cup of domestic misery pressed closely to the lips of a man who was contending with party hate and rebellious strife, and he quaffed it with a Godlike patience, always treating her affectionately, and calling her "mother" ; if she were rude to his guests, he treated them with a tender delicacy, as if he wished to atone.

A portion of one of the President's messages was telegraphed to the press in advance of its delivery. When the matter was sifted, the offender said that he was under promise of strict secrecy as to how he came by it. Lincoln intuitively knew the source of the mischief, and when a garbled story was told by the gardener, he begged that it might be accepted and he be spared from the disgrace of the truth.

February 5, 1862, when the hospitals were crowded with wounded soldiers, and everything wore a gloomy outlook for the government, Mrs. Lincoln gave a large party, honored by the presence of the French princes. The press was very severe upon her, say-

ing, "Come what will, the queen must dance," but if she had expected pleasure, it proved an evening of unendurable length and every smile was forced. Willie, a bright, intelligent lad of eleven years, was very ill. For two nights his mother had hung sleeplessly over him, and every now and then did she and the President steal away from the gay throng to spend a few moments by his bedside. He never recovered; Mrs. Lincoln would never again enter the room where he died, or the Blue Room where his body lay in its casket. The President's natural tendency to melancholy deepened, and he would often say: "Whichever way the war ends, I have the impression that I shall not last long after it is over."

Mrs. Lincoln, after the loss of her boy, indulged in more vagaries than ever, and the most mortifying one was jealousy. One would have thought that the homely, angular Lincoln, haggard and careworn, was an Adonis, the sight of whom would win a woman's heart. By chance, a gentleman once alluded to a favor the President had granted a lady. Mrs. Lincoln fell into such a paroxysm of rage and jealousy, declaring that she never allowed the President to see a woman alone, that she shamed all present, and her husband left the room with bowed head and averted face.

At another time a lady, mounted, rode by the side

of the President, while Mrs. Lincoln followed in a carriage; her anger knew no bounds, and when she saw the woman, upon their arrival, she taunted her with her conduct as if she were one of the *demi-monde*, even (vainly) insisted that her husband, who was an efficient general in the army, should be discharged. The popularity of General Grant roused her ire against Mrs. Grant, and she accused her of scheming to get the White House for herself. At another time, she flew into a rage because she sat unbidden in her presence, and asked her, "how she dared?"

The New Year's reception of 1863 at the Executive Mansion is particularly memorable, being the day when the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect. The blacks gathered in the grounds about the house, and when the white folks left, poked in their woolly heads, furtively at first, then boldly made a rush to shake the hand of "Massa Linkun" and say a "God bless you."

The people endorsed the measures of Lincoln in 1864, by a re-election; this, and the hopeful state of military affairs, rather roused him from his constitutional melancholy and the beckoning finger of the skeleton, death, seemed for a time overshadowed. From the imbecility of the government of his predecessor, he had inherited a thorny wilderness of perplexities, and he had bravely trod its paths,

though with a bleeding heart; once had said, "I shall never be glad any more." The prospect of peace, a united and a free country, seemed to open a brighter vista. The Southern Confederacy had been kept in its fatal isolation by an abhorrence of slavery prevailing among civilized mankind.

Clay had said in his last days that a war for slavery would have no sympathy, no good wishes, all mankind would be against it, and the history of the country itself would be against it. His vision was clear, but it went no farther; only eleven years had passed since his death, and the country had been baptized in blood and slavery, was a thing of the past, destroyed by its own supporters.

The inauguration of 1865 passed off quietly; the precautions of 1861 were unthought of. In the evening there was a brilliant ball, and the President and Mrs. Lincoln sat on a raised dais; though the President had become feeble, weary, and worn, his face wore an unusual air of smiling content. At the time "it was thundering all around the heavens," and the plucky under dog was the upper one, with its fangs fast closed upon its adversary.

General Lee surrendered on the ninth of April, and on the eleventh the White House was brilliantly illuminated, and crowds gathered to offer their congratulations. The President made what proved to be his last address; there was only a passing

allusion to the success of the army, but he pleasingly dwelt upon reconstruction. The "erring sisters" had come back and the chief object was to hold them in a close embrace, and cover them with the flag.

Good Friday, April 14, the President and Mrs. Lincoln, with a party of friends, by the invitation of the manager, attended Ford's Theatre to see Miss Laura Keene's company in the "American Cousin." To attract a crowd, a personal notice had appeared in the daily papers that both the President and General Grant would be present. At no time did Mrs. Grant care to go in company with Mrs. Lincoln, and just now she was longing to see her children, who were at school in New Jersey, and she persuaded the general to accompany her. The tired, soft-hearted President went, lest the people would be disappointed if he didn't go.

The theatre was packed, and as the party entered their private box, every one rose and vociferously cheered. Soon after, John Wilkes Booth, an actor of disloyal repute throughout the war, by showing a false card to the President's servant, gained access to the box. He held a small Derringer pistol in one hand and a double-edged dagger in the other. The President's back was towards him, and so quiet were the assassin's movements he did not turn. The pistol was held close to his head, and the bullet fired.

There was a report and a puff of smoke, but before any one could realize what had happened, Booth exclaimed, "*Sic semper tyrannis!* The South is avenged," jumped upon the stage, left the theatre, was in his saddle, and gone.

The President did not move, but soon the people realized what had been done. The excitement and confusion were intense. Men shouted, and women shrieked and fainted.

Miss Laura Keene was the most self-possessed, and procuring water and cordials climbed into the box from the stage. The unconscious President was taken across the street and examined by surgeons, who pronounced the wound a mortal one.

Mrs. Lincoln followed the men who bore her husband, uttering the most heartrending shrieks, and through the night sat with her son Robert, moaning in an adjoining room, — at times she would wildly start and cry: "Why didn't they shoot me?"

Several of the cabinet, with Senator Sumner, watched over the sufferer and at times sobbed like women. He died about half past seven in the morning, and, placed in a coffin, was borne by six soldiers to the Executive Mansion.

Only children had slept in Washington that night; it had been one of terror, soldiers had stood to their arms, mounted men had patrolled the streets, and every one was inquiring for the latest news.

As the sad story sped over the wires, bells were tolled from ocean to ocean, and flags were at half mast. Every church, town, and hamlet was draped in mourning—even the supply of black goods was exhausted.

The President was embalmed, and on the following Wednesday, funeral services were held in the East Room. The body was removed to the rotunda of the Capitol, where, under guard, it remained overnight. It, with the body of his little son, Willie, was placed in a funeral car, and the sad pageantry began.

Never before had there been such a procession or such a funeral.

The remains were taken to Independence Hall, Philadelphia; City Hall, New York; and at Cleveland a building was erected in the Park, and Bishop McIlvaine, read the burial service upon the opening of the casket. The sons, Robert and little Tad, were the chief mourners, and the abandonment of the latter to tears and grief touched every heart.

May 4th, dust was committed to dust, and ashes to ashes at Oak Bridge Cemetery, Springfield, his old home. His martyrdom had placed the final seal upon his renown, and his name will fill a place in the annals of the world which will ever be held sacred.

A political opponent, one, whose name figured in the history of the war, said of him: "Abraham Lincoln was all that his admirers claimed. He was

a Providence. The abolition of slavery was beyond man ; it was of God, and Abraham Lincoln was his chosen instrument."

His miserable assassin was tracked and hunted like a dog, and when tracked to his hiding-place shot down as he was about to use his weapon against his pursuers. A couple of extracts from his diary give his version of the matter, and explain what was half suspected, —

"April 14, Friday, the Ides. Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture ; but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted, '*Sic semper*' before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets ; rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before

the deed, I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the South."

"Friday, 21. After being hunted like a dog, through swamps and woods, and last night being chased by gunboats, till I was forced to return; wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for,—what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself, the other had not only his country but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone, a country ground beneath this tyranny; and prayed for this end, and yet, now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet, I cannot see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name, the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all! For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the heavens for me, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what

has been done (except what I did myself) and it fills me with horror. God! try and forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intention to cross, though I have a greater desire, and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me; when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a care to die like a criminal. Oh, may He, may He spare me that and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it is with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy, Harold, with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

Perhaps it was well that he was shot down by Sergeant Boston Corbett, as the masses, in their frenzied rage, only thirsted for his blood, and it

would have required a large force to have protected him from being torn in pieces. His body lies in an unknown grave; it is believed to have been taken in the night upon the Potomac, and, well weighted, flung to its bottom.

The half-demented Mrs. Lincoln, hugging her misery, clung to her palace. Johnson was very courteous, and bade her remain as long as it suited her to do so. Congress paid her eighteen thousand dollars, — the remainder of the year's salary.

Though there was no need, she applied to Congress for a pension, and even to private individuals for money, and of course it was bruited abroad by the newspapers. The Republicans, who had subscribed to the fund of one hundred thousand dollars, paid to Mrs. Lincoln after the death of her lamented husband, were naturally very angry.

The English know just how many Sepoys to bind and shoot from one cannon's mouth, *always* know what is justice, and are *always* bowed to the earth at injustice, and so stood on their side of the water and shied stones, declaring that the American people owed this woman reverence for her very name's sake, — the widow of the "Emancipator."

Mrs. Lincoln created a sensation in the autumn of 1867, by offering for sale, in a small upstairs room on Broadway in New York, what she represented to be her wardrobe in the White House.

Those who inspected the collection said the object of this exhibition could not have been to realize money from the sale. With the exception of some lace, camel's hair shawls, and a few diamond rings, there was nothing which any lady could wear or which would not have been a disgrace to a second-hand clothing store. The dresses, those that had been made up and worn, were crushed, old-fashioned, and trimmed without taste. The skirts were too short for any but a very short person, and were made of the commonest muslins, grenadines, and bareges. All were cut extremely low in the neck and could not be available for any purpose. There were some brocaded silk skirts in large, heavy patterns, which had been made but not worn, but these had no waists, while the prices put upon them and the other articles were exorbitant. The object was to stimulate Congress to grant her a pension. Thurlow Weed said that the Republicans, through Congress, would have made proper arrangements, if she had deported herself in a way to insure respect.

The miserable woman's troubles multiplied. Tad, the pet and darling of his father, died at eighteen. She went abroad and lived obscurely for years, not always in the best of company. On her return she quarrelled with her son, and dragged their private affairs into court at Chicago, where the secret malady under which she labored was first disclosed,

and his conduct vindicated. Congress had granted her a pension of three thousand dollars, afterward increased to five, but her doings became such a scandal, that both her person and finances were placed under supervision. She died at Springfield, Illinois, July 16, 1882, in her sixty-third year.

In 1876, there was an attempt to steal the body of Lincoln, which was in a marble sarcophagus within the tomb. This led some young men of the place to form what was called the Lincoln Guard of Honor. In 1878, lest the body might be stolen, they removed it from its marble tenement and placed it in a secret grave, and when Mrs. Lincoln died, they placed hers beside it. April 14, 1887, the Guard surrendered their trust to the Lincoln Monument Association. The bodies were each in walnut coffins, inclosed in a cedar one and that in a pine box. When they were exhumed, the lid of the President's was removed, and those who stood around and had known him alive, easily discerned his features. The silver plate was bright on which was inscribed, "Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States. Born Feb. 12, 1809, died April 15, 1865." While the remains were exposed to view, the president of the Guards turned them over to the Association.

The Guards signed a certificate that the remains were those they received from the Association in 1878, and they in turn signed a certificate that the

remains were those of Abraham Lincoln ; then the coffin was sealed by a plumber.

In the vault of the old tomb a cavity eight feet long, six wide, and five and a half deep, bricked and cemented, had been prepared, in which the coffins were placed side by side. A brick arch was built over them, this was covered with cement mixed with small, broken rock.

Two guards remained on duty at the tomb until the cement became hard.

The marble sarcophagus, in which the public had supposed the remains to be for so many years, is still within the vault.

MRS. JOHNSON.

As Mrs. Lincoln sat in the White House, half demented, wringing her hands, not so much for the dead husband as for the grief of giving up what her fantastic fancy had ever pictured as if it were her inheritance, another woman of an entirely different type, advanced to take her place.

Grief, ill-health, and hardships had made her prematurely old ; but for her husband's sake, she would have preferred her humble home among her neighbors in the Tennessee mountains, where she was born and married, had borne and reared her children.

She had been the pretty daughter of a poor widow, and, with the improvidence of the poor, had married at sixteen a boy of eighteen. He had come a stranger from North Carolina and worked as a journeyman tailor ; belonged to the class called the " poor whites."

When hardly past infancy, his father was drowned, and until he learned his trade, his mother had supported him by the hard labor of her own hands. His thoughts turned to love early ; before he emigrated to Tennessee, he had won the promise of a young girl, but her father set him aside as too young, and

forced his daughter to take back her troth. In emigrating, the boy, with real manliness and filial affection, had taken his mother with him, saying his turn had come to support her.

He could neither read nor write ; while learning his trade, he had, by the aid of the other apprentices, mastered the alphabet. A philanthropic missionary wandered among the Tennessee mountains, and, wherever he went, tried to rouse a desire for mental improvement among the young men — pictured the advantages of learning, and the assistance it would be in advancing them in life.

This tailor drank in every word and formed heroic resolves. His young wife was his superior in literary attainments, and she became his teacher in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The working days were long, not ten hours as now. The wife would hurry through the household tasks to attend her pupil-husband in the evenings. If we may judge from his progress, either she was a remarkable teacher, or he was a remarkable scholar ; later days and events show that both were remarkable.

Words came easily to his lips, and the towns-people soon dubbed him with the name of Demosthenes. At twenty, he was an alderman of the little city of Greenville, and two years later, mayor ; at twenty-seven, in the state legislature ; at thirty-five, member of the lower house in Congress ; at forty-five

Governor of Tennessee, twice elected, and thrice United States senator. Surely, Andrew Johnson had been no common boy.

He boasted of, indeed, gloried in his humble trade, seemed to think it had the patent of nobility upon it, and bespoke the respect due to age, inasmuch as it was Adam's trade, the first manual work of which we read.

That went a little too far for the rest of the world, who had always considered Adam's stitching of fig leaves an act of shame; and, when cursed or blessed with legitimate work, was a tiller of the soil.

It was natural, however, that this man should pride himself upon his ability to step from so humble an origin to the high plane upon which he stood beside the educated and the learned.

While governor, he cut and made a suit of clothes for the governor of Kentucky, and sent it as a gift. The friend was a blacksmith by trade, and he returned the favor with a pair of shovel and tongs, forged by himself.

Johnson, like Jackson was a North Carolinian, and in the senate he had fought secession as Jackson would have fought it. He was the only senator from the seceded states who retained his seat, and was wiser than the Southern leaders; knew if it came to war, the South were to be the losers. He used no fine terms; rebellion he called treason, and the leaders,

traitors. "Were I the President," he said, "I would have every one arrested, tried, and if convicted (emphasized with a big round oath), they should hang as high as Haman."

The fire-eaters were in a blaze of fury ; burned him in effigy, and threatened him with lynching ; even a price was set upon his head.

Lincoln appointed him military governor of Tennessee and he entered upon his Jacksonian methods with vigor. The mayor and common council of Nashville, with the editors, were in the penitentiary at once.

He issued an order declaring that if one Union man be maltreated, five rebels shall be seized, imprisoned and suffer the full rigor of the law. If Union property be destroyed, rebel property shall make it good, with pressed down measure.

Then came a still more stringent order. If a disloyal *word* be spoken, the offender shall take the oath of allegiance to the Union, give bonds in one thousand dollars for keeping quiet, or otherwise be sent South, and if such an one ever came again within Federal lines was to be hung.

Six clergyman were charged with preaching treason from their pulpits, and these were added to the number behind the bars.

The city was besieged by the rebel army, and some would fain surrender, lest worse might come.

“I am no military man,” thundered Johnson, “but any one who talks of surrender, I will shoot.”

One so loyal, so bold, won the hearts of the Republicans, and he was put on the same ticket with Lincoln for his second term.

When the intelligence reached Nashville, he was asked to address a mass meeting which had assembled to ratify his nomination.

In his speech, he said: “Slavery is dead. I told you long ago what the end would be if you tried to go out of the Union to save slavery, — that the end would be bloodshed, rapine, devastated fields, plundered villages and cities; and therefore I urged you to remain in the Union. In trying to save slavery, you killed it and lost your own freedom. Your slavery is dead; but I did not murder it. As Macbeth said to Banquo’s bloody ghost,

‘Thou canst not say I did it:
Never shake thy gory locks at me.’”

Lincoln seemed tame, inert, beside this man of might. Johnson had in his own family suffered grave injuries from the rebel troops. His household was made up of women and children, and they were ordered from their home. Women of the North and those out of the military districts of the South can form little conception of the sufferings and anxieties of those exposed to the mercies of the troops.

Mrs. Johnson spent two months of the spring of 1861 with her husband at Washington, but her failing health unfitted her for hotel life, and she returned to her home among the mountains. At that time, none thought things would come to the pass they did.

In the spring of 1862, East Tennessee was in the hands of the rebels. Mrs. Johnson, with her family, were ordered by General Kirby Smith to leave their home and pass beyond the lines in thirty-six hours. She was too ill to obey, and the rebels mercifully allowed her a respite.

In the autumn, she, with her children and her son-in-law, Mr. Stover, started for Nashville. The rebels held Murfreesboro, and for Union people there were no accommodations. They wandered about in the night, asking for food and shelter; as they were plodding back to the station, which was a long way from the town, one woman with a soft, pitiful heart, yet full of terror lest her mercy should be her ruin, offered them shelter, if they would leave at dawn. An order to go back to Greenville awaited them at the station; they could not pass the lines. Back they started; Mrs. Johnson was in constant terror lest her sons and son-in-law would be shot before her eyes, for again and again it was threatened. Somehow, a friend got a pass for them to go to Nashville, which was within the Union lines. A second night they were at Murfreesboro;

this time they did not try the hospitalities of the town, but remained at the station through the night, without food or beds, save some dry bread for the little ones.

A noted rebel, who had known them in happier days, pitied the helpless women, and telegraphed to Richmond for a safe-conduct.

Mr. Johnson awaited them at Nashville, though they had been told repeatedly that he was killed. For many months Mrs. Johnson never left her room. Some time after their arrival, her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, with her children, passed through the military lines, and the family were united. A terrible grief was in store for them. A son, who was a surgeon in the army, was thrown from his horse and instantly killed.

When the military governor was chosen vice-president, he went to Washington, and the family were about to return to their home in Greenville, but the fatal Good Friday came, with its awful tragedy, and they went to Washington instead.

Mrs. Patterson was the oldest of the five children; the poverty and cares of her parents in their early married life had imposed such serious burdens upon this daughter, that she seemed from childhood unlike other girls; she said herself, she never had time to play. When her father was chosen senator, he brought her to Washington, and placed her at the

famous Academy of the Visitation at Georgetown, where so many of the senator's daughters were educated.

While Mr. Johnson was in the service of the state, his family spent some time with him in Nashville and made acquaintance with Mrs. Polk ; when Miss Martha came to Washington, she gave her a standing invitation to spend her holidays at the Executive Mansion ; though the lady was very kind, she was so stately, and the house was conducted in so ceremonious and so grave a manner, that these visits were dreaded seasons for the shy country girl. Her education finished, she returned home, and five years later married Judge Patterson. The wedding trip was to Nashville at the time her father was governor, and then extended through the Southern states. After joining her family at Nashville, in 1863, Rebel and Union armies by turns held East Tennessee, and the entire contents of her house were destroyed. Mrs. Polk in her carriage joined the procession in honor of Lincoln when the funeral *cortège* passed through Nashville, and Mrs. Patterson was by her side.

In June, the president's family joined him in Washington. The White House, after all the sad scenes enacted in it, was dirty and dilapidated. Mrs. Johnson never appeared in society but once, and that was at a party given by her grandchildren, and her careworn, pale face, and sunken eyes attested that she

was physically unable to preside over the Executive Mansion or receive its guests.

Those who thought the President's family were to be a weight upon him, were little acquainted with his daughters. Mrs. Patterson was reserved, dignified, possessed all the mental characteristics of her father, and upon her devolved the social duties of the White House. She could hardly be called a novice, for in her frequent visits with Mrs. Polk she had become acquainted with Mrs. Madison, the Blairs, and many others of the old families, who gladly welcomed her return to the capital.

When some of the new leaders of Washington society tendered patronage, Mrs. Patterson quietly remarked: "We are a plain people from the mountains of East Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity, but we know our position and know how to maintain it."

When interviewed by a reporter, she said: "We are a plain people, sir, from the mountains of Tennessee, and we do not propose to put on airs because we have the fortune to occupy this place for a little while." In this dignified manner she disarmed criticism and repulsed impertinence.

On New Year's Day, 1866, the President held his first reception, assisted by both his daughters, who were dressed richly, but very simply. Mrs. Stover was a blonde of the statuesque style, and looked

very lovely in the mourning she wore for her husband, who had died two years before.

In the spring, Congress appropriated thirty thousand dollars for renovating the mansion. It was a very small sum for the needs, but Mrs. Patterson's good taste and prudence in buying made it look handsomer than ever it had in times past. The traditional colors were preserved in the drawing-rooms, the walls were panelled in gilt mouldings, and the furniture was far more elegant than that which it had replaced. She kept the rooms ornamented with a profusion of rare flowers, and they were always ready to be seen by the crowds who came daily.

The State dinners were particularly elegant, and conducted on a generous, princely scale.

She confined herself exclusively to the social duties, and never could be induced to use her influence in official affairs. When the unhappy Anna Surratt threw herself prostrate upon one of the floors of an ante-room in the White House, begging to see Mrs. Patterson, she said: "Tell the girl she has my sympathy, my tears, but I have no more right to speak than the servants of the house."

During the impeachment, she was particularly dignified and reticent, went on calmly fulfilling her duties, saying, "we have nothing to do but wait." Johnson was not a drinking man, but unfortunately, not feeling well, he took two glasses of brandy, and

came to take the oath of office as vice-president in a state of extreme intoxication, disgracing himself and his high position. Lincoln had known the man for years, and comforted a Republican bowed with shame, by saying, "he (Johnson) made a slip, but don't be scared, Andy ain't a drunkard." This "slip" occasioned much unfavorable comment, and in his unpopular career he was often taunted with it. Three hours after the death of Lincoln, he took the oath of office, and quietly assumed the duties of the Presidency.

The difficulties of Johnson's administration grew out of a difference of opinion between himself and Congress upon the reconstruction of the states. When traitors rioted in their treason, and flaunted their rebellious sentiments in the Senate as they were retiring, Andrew Johnson roared defeat to secession, and defence of the Union into their ears, while Northern men stood shaking with their fears, but now his measures were softer toward the "erring sisters" than Congress approved. He wished to grant pardons and receive states as if the executive power were supreme; on the other hand, it was claimed that Congress alone had the power to make conditions for the re-admission of the seceded states, and many were inclined to make the way of the transgressors very hard, and the conditions severe.

It was war to the hilt between the President and

Congress ; the latter would pass bills and the former would veto them, and again Congress would pass them over the President's veto, asserting that he had broken his promises and betrayed his friends.

They surrounded him with hedges and ditches, but Andrew Johnson, to have his own head, had spirit enough to break through the densest hedges, and bridge the broadest ditches. The obstructions themselves seemed to rouse the natural obstinacy of the man, and a defiance of all control.

When he would remove one of his cabinet in violation of what was called the Tenure of Office Bill, which he had vetoed, Congress cast off all restraint, and ordered that he be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.

After a tedious three months' trial, he was acquitted by a single vote, which was said to have been given, lest worse might come through Mr. Wade, who would fill his place.

The objectionable and discomfited Secretary of War, Stanton, resigned, and Evarts, who had defended the President, was appointed in his place.

Johnson's best friends had not approved his course, but they manfully defended him from the charge of conspiring to sell the fruits of the war to the South, or, in other words, of having turned traitor.

The English and French had refrained from active intervention in favor of the Confederate States, but

the latter had taken advantage of our divided household to attempt a settlement upon the American Continent, and an Archduke of Austria had been chosen Emperor of Mexico. At the time, the United States government had made as strong an effort as they were able, to enforce the Monroe doctrine, but upon the surrender at Appomattox, the dream of dominion upon American soil faded from the mind of Napoleon III., and the French troops were withdrawn, leaving the luckless Maximilian to his fate. If the United States government had interceded, he would probably have been saved, but it was thought wise that foreign potentates should understand that the Monroe Doctrine would be enforced to the letter.

The Indians in the southwest were suppressed by General Sheridan, and the Fenians coming over the Canadian border, bent on some mad scheme for delivering Ireland from British rule, by General Meade.

No wonder that the massive, resolute face of the inflexible President grew haggard, and his four years of office turned him into an old man, for, with all these cares and anxieties, he kept up his impotent conflict with Congress.

However, there were some very notable events in his administration, which savored only of peace and good will. By diplomacy and money, the country

was enlarged by the five hundred thousand square miles of Alaska. A Chinese Embassy came for the first time, granting the government immense commercial advantages, and the people liberty to pray and worship among the sons of Confucius, according to our own customs.

Perhaps the most wonderful achievement of all was the successful laying of the Atlantic cable by Cyrus W. Field.

Slavery was entirely abolished, and civil rights given to the blacks.

The President's gracious Christmas gift in 1868, was a full pardon to all, save the President of the Confederacy, who had taken part in the rebellion. The interest on the immense public debt was promptly met, and many round millions paid upon the principal.

Out of the thirty-four states, all but three were in amicable relations with the government, and for the presidency, as well as Congressmen, to represent themselves, voted just the same, as if they had not hustled out of the Union eight years before.

Surely it was an administration fraught with great events successfully brought to a close. Notwithstanding the ruin and destruction by the war, the country was prosperous.

The bullet of an assassin had placed Andrew Johnson in the presidential chair, but the voice of

the nation was that he had not honored his high office. His own party would not nominate him, his best friends had become his most bitter foes, and he sank into obscurity.

General Grant was his successor, and the two were at variance. Johnson had once impugned the honor of the soldier, which had so offended him that on the day of his inauguration, he refused to ride in the same carriage with him.

The family had no sooner returned to their home among the Tennessee mountains, than a terrible domestic affliction fell upon them. A second time death came like a thief in the night, and snatched one of their number when in perfect health. A son was walking in the street at five o'clock, and at eleven mysteriously died.

The cares of office and the discordant tumult in which Andrew Johnson had lived, seriously impaired his health.

After a retirement of six years he was elected United States Senator from Tennessee.

He took his seat March 4, 1875, and died in the summer at his home, soon after the adjournment of Congress.

The invalid wife whom he had so tenderly guarded outlived him, reaching the allotted span of three-score years and ten.

MRS. GRANT.

IN the first quarter of the present century there was a man in Ohio, of Scotch descent, who had three sons. The man was a tanner by trade, and would fain have brought up his sons to the same business, but the eldest had no mind to be a tanner. He had been a hard-working boy, with no advantages but the common village school, which was only open three months in winter.

The father had no means of helping him outside of his own career, but if he could gain admittance to the Military Academy at West Point, government would support, educate, and teach him a trade, whereby he might earn his own living. The boy proved to have fine abilities, and this economical plan was successfully carried out. He had been named Hiram to please his grandfather, and Ulysses to please his grandmother, whose fancy had been taken by the story of Penelope, who, to keep off suitors, sat for twenty years among her maidens unravelling by night what she had done in the day, feeling sure, if she were patient and faithful, her great husband, the Grecian Ulysses, would come back to her ; the boy's surname was Grant.

By some mistake of the congressman who appointed him to a cadetship, the War Department entered his name as Ulysses Simpson, and as it is made up of a class who are too busy to be bothered with trifles, his name was as fixed as if he had been christened thus ; he was never christened at all, so it didn't much matter.

At the end of the four years' course, he was sent, with the rank of second lieutenant, to Jefferson Barracks, the largest military post in the country, near St. Louis, to watch and keep in place the vagabond and exasperated Indians. It was a monotonous, dreary life, and for a time the young man rather chafed under it, but fate opened a way to lighten it.

One of Lieutenant Grant's classmates at West Point was Fred T. Dent, whose family lived on an estate called White Haven, only five miles from the barracks. It consisted of his parents, two bachelor brothers, and a couple of misses still in short dresses. Often did the young soldiers of the garrison gallop across country and have a taste of domestic pleasures. In the winter, a seventeen-year-old daughter, Miss Julia, just out of the schoolroom at St. Louis, came home. The house was none the less attractive, for the girl was full of life, high spirits, and gladly joined in the rides and walks of the young men.

Lieutenant Grant had a furlough, which he employed to visit his parents in Ohio; while there, he heard that his regiment was ordered to Fort Jessup in Louisiana to form a part of General Taylor's army, which was gathering to provoke, if possible, a war with Mexico. He had chafed under the garrison life at Jefferson Barracks and longed for more active service; the active service loomed before him and he shrank from it. Why? The old story, not as old as Adam, who never went a wooing, but old as Cain, who did. A girl had coiled herself around his heart; he did not know nor even suspect that the coil was clasped until these orders came. He was tormented with fear, lest the girl had never given him a thought, might reject a plea if he made it.

To dare and to do began with Cupid before it began with Mars and with as much determined pertinacity—perhaps, however, his natural coolness played him false with the former. In a state of suppressed excitement he mounted his horse; the short cut to White Haven was crossed by a fordable creek or river, which at that time was dangerously swollen by a heavy rain.

Grant was a man who had his superstitions, and one was, that if you wish to do a thing successfully, do it, with never a step backward. He was too modest a man to hope for an easy triumph, and in business so momentous as this it would never do to

have a "sign" against him. He was a bold horseman and into the current he rode; it was well that he was a bold swimmer, too, for he was soon breasting the current, as well as the horse. They were swept down the stream, but he had the animal by the bridle and you may be sure he headed him toward White Haven, where he astonished the family by his half-drowned appearance.

One of the young gentlemen came to his rescue, and in dry, but ill-fitting habiliments, he *partially* explained his foolhardy attempt. He never could make a speech, but when he found Miss Julia alone, he uttered some jargon, that would have been unintelligible if it had been heard by her mother, but quickening heart beats in her own bosom gave the girl marvellous powers of comprehension. If she didn't say yes, she acknowledged she had been depressed since she heard that the regiment had marching orders, and now that he had half drowned himself for her sake she could not but admit that the depression was only on account of *one* soldier, and *he* was that one.

Perhaps this was as much as was maidenly for a girl of seventeen, especially as the matter was not to be referred to her father. Though the whole thing was irregular, the young soldier sailed down the Mississippi with the light, happy heart of a successful wooer.

The parents had not been quite so blind as the pair thought, and they deprecated what they saw, for the young man was not particularly prepossessing, nor did his prospects seem brilliant; however, the acquaintance was very brief, and then there were the chances of war; for the love affairs of a chit of seventeen, they would cross no bridge, until they saw the timbers laid. The girl kept her own counsel and her constancy.

Lieutenant Dent nearly lost his life; was only saved by the aid of his friend, who risked his own, and he wrote home a glowing account of the affair, which of course won the gratitude of his parents.

General Taylor's army was first called an Army of Observation, then an Army of Occupation, and when the Mexicans were goaded to extremities, an Army of Invasion; before it assumed this latter name, with the duties it involved, Lieutenant Grant asked for a short furlough. His engagement was not quite on a footing that pleased him, and a longing to see Miss Dent before entering upon actual war made him restive. Again he astonishes the family at White Haven, but this time in proper military trim. He plucks up courage to interview the father and when he leaves an engagement *en règle* was admitted and announced.

The regiment took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey; before Buena

Vista was fought, they were sent to General Scott, who was making his way to the Mexican capital. Several times did the services of Lieutenant Grant have honorable mention in the official despatches.

Upon the return of the regiment in 1848, Lieutenant Grant married Miss Dent and after his four months' furlough, spent in visiting took her to the barracks at Sackett's Harbor, a military post on Lake Ontario and thence to Detroit. After testing the pleasures and discomforts of garrison life, Mrs. Grant paid a visit to her home at White Haven, where a son was born.

In 1852, the Fourth Infantry, to which Grant belonged, was ordered to the wilds of Oregon. It was not advisable to take his wife, and he left her for a time with his family, from whence she was to go to her own relatives.

Camp life in time of peace was ever irksome to Grant, and added to the separation from his family seemed insupportable ; though he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he resigned and came home. He was poor, had no prospects, and his family was increased by the birth of a second son.

Mrs. Grant owned some land near St. Louis ; thither he went, and with his own hands put up a house which sheltered them from the weather ; then he began farming. It was not that he shirked honest work — would cut, load, and draw his wood to

market, like any practical farmer ; but there was no aptitude in the man for business or money making. The farm in his hands began to run behindhand, and the poor locality brought on fever and ague, which incapacitated him from work.

His wife's family did their best to prop him up, and under their auspices, he tried the business of a real estate agent, tax collector, and auctioneer, but nothing prospered or afforded support for his growing family — now, there were four little ones to care for, and each was born in the home of his father or of hers.

Disheartened, he went to his father in Galena for counsel. The tannery business which he had refused to learn when a boy, was prosperous, and work in it was offered him. The vats were no more to his liking than they were years before ; indeed, were doubly distasteful by being under the control of his younger brothers, but to gain honest bread for his family, he sacrificed inclination, crushed down pride, and upon meagre pay settled at Galena. He was not a Republican ; his political sympathies were rather with the South, and he had voted for Buchanan, but the firing upon the flag at Sumter to him, as to most Northern people, meant rebellion and treason.

“ Uncle Sam,” he said, “ educated me for the army, and, although I have served faithfully through one war, I feel that I am still a little in debt for my edu-

cation, and I am ready and willing to discharge the obligation."

Step by step he rose, and wherever he went, swept like a tornado among the rebels and mowed with a bloody scythe, but he was matched with foemen worthy of his steel, and on both sides priceless blood flowed like water.

That miserable four years of Civil War seemed, even to those far away from its horrors, like a cycle of time, which would have no end.

He, who had begun as a simple volunteer captain brought it to a close at Appomattox with the rank of lieutenant-general — rank which had only been held in our country by Washington and Scott, and Scott only by brevet.

General Grant's moderation and magnanimity to the conquered placed a stamp on his greatness, even greater than his military skill.

Mrs. Grant had spent much time at army headquarters, but now a house was taken in Washington, and for the first time in her married life, a home and easy circumstances were combined; the next four years are said to have been the happiest in the general's life. With honors enough to sate ambition, an appointment for life in his favorite line, ample pay, a pleasant home, — what more could man desire? He was content, but not the Republican party: they chose him for their standard-bearer, and in an evil

hour for his peace and comfort, he lifted the standard aloft, and had become so used to success, that when elected, he said: "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but I accept them without fear;" as fearlessly had he accepted military responsibility, saying: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond, as I do of dying."

He asked no counsel, — had no confidants, and even playfully teased his wife about his fears lest she should rise in the small hours and read his secrets. His sobriquet was the sphinx, and no man better deserved the title.

Men had crowded from all parts of the country, and never was there a more imposing display at the national capital, than at the inauguration of General Grant. The day was wet, bitterly cold, and the mud ankle deep. He had refused to ride to the Capitol in the same carriage with Johnson, who sat, soured and sad, in the White House, until the booming of cannons warned him that he was no longer master, and must give way to the man whom he most detested.

The new President began somewhat as an autocrat, and had a plenty of difficulties before him.

Owing to his secretive methods, there was a difficulty in the beginning about making up a cabinet. Those chosen, first read of their appointments in the newspapers after the inauguration; one was ineligible, some declined the honor, and there were repeated changes.

The Senate had rejected the Clarendon-Johnson treaty, in the Alabama affair, and unless a new treaty could be arranged, war might be the result ; the English tories were doing their best to bring it about, urging a violation of the treaty for arbitration, and there was much bitter feeling. The Secretary of State was very wise and very moderate, but he insisted that there should be on the part of England an expression of regret for the escape of the "Alabama" and the depredations upon our commerce, — the pay for damages was to be an after consideration. Only those in power knew the ominous size of the war cloud — but firmness and nice diplomacy dissipated it, and the United States, having but just emerged from a civil war, were spared a foreign one. England expressed proper regret and awarded fifteen million dollars in gold for direct injuries.

At the time we acquired Oregon, no one comprehended its value, and now the English raised a difficulty about the justice of the northwestern boundary, but by mutual consent the question was submitted to the German Emperor, who decided in favor of the United States.

The little republic of Santa Domingo had conquered independence, and knocked for admission to the Union of the United States. To receive her was a favorite measure of the President, but Congress took an opposite view, and he was wiser

than Andrew Johnson in his dealings with that august body.

When the Spaniards, in their vigilance to guard their fairest jewel, fired upon the United States flag on the high seas, before any overt act had been committed by the fillibusters on board the "Virginus," the Executive carried a high hand and a resolute spirit. Spain was compelled to make an apology and restore the vessel.

Iron had forged a path from ocean to ocean, and the dream of the fifteenth century was fulfilled by finding a short route to India.

With no foreign inbroglio, an abandonment of the ironclad oath, and an amnesty to all save one, an era of peace and prosperity seemed to dawn upon the country so recently rent in pieces and baptized with blood. When one city fell in cinders, the South as well as the North stretched forth a helping hand; surely, the wounds are all cicatrized and it is to be hoped the next generation will see no scar.

The social life of the White House went gayly on. Mrs. Grant was not one to like the mansion for its associations with the historic past — would have preferred a new, modern palace, but she enjoyed her position as first lady and if not "to the manner born," had too much sense of her own importance to allow any patronage.

Coming after Mrs. Lincoln and the daughters of

Johnson, who lived under a cloud, and played their *rôles* from duty rather than inclination, she formed a pleasing contrast, and the best society of the capital flocked to her receptions, where she introduced the pretty custom that still prevails, of surrounding herself with ladies of distinction to assist in doing the honors.

The state dining-room was frequently opened and everything was conducted in a liberal style. It is said that she entertained more distinguished guests than any who had preceded her.

Among all the nations of Europe, Russia had been the most friendly during the Rebellion, but unfortunately, when the czar's son, the Duke Alexis, came to our shores, there was an unpleasantness with the Russian minister, and as he was not included in the proffered hospitalities of the Executive Mansion, the grand duke declined to receive them. The czar thought it was not good treatment, and said so plainly to the American ambassador at his court.

Victoria's son, Prince Arthur, came, and he too thought proper attention to his royal highness was wanting on the part of the Executive. The beardless boy of nineteen expected a man representing the majesty of the United States, and old enough to be his father, to return one of his visits. The President invited him to a dinner and went to a ball given in

his honor, and thought that it was not befitting his dignity to do more.

Among the royal guests came Dom Pedro and Donna Teresa, who found no cause for complaint; perhaps, because the blood of Braganza is regenerated on American soil, and not so deeply imbued with divine rights as that of European princes.

If there were any one thing in Grant's administration for which sober-minded men honored him, it was his veto of the inflation bill. It was such a party measure that his action was unexpected and un hoped for. He was a man of quick decision, but to do or not to do this thing, hung in the balance for nine days and robbed him of sleep. Senator Edmunds came at the last moment, ready to go on his knees, if need were, but was made happy by being told that the President had decided without regard to party, and a veto was ready.

The eldest son of the President was a cadet at West Point.

Miss Nellie, the only daughter, was placed at a boarding-school; but life at home with her saddle-horse, her pony carriage, and a plan of conducting affairs very much as she pleased, was much more to her taste, and she usually managed to enjoy it. She was too sweet and natural to be spoiled, and became a universal favorite.

Four comparatively quiet years rolled by, and there

was to be another election. The President was not as popular as he had been; there were outspoken charges of incompetency and nepotism, but he was unanimously nominated, and elected by a large majority. Once more there was a grand inauguration. It fell upon one of the coldest days ever known in Washington. The breath of the musicians condensed in the valves of their instruments. The President rode in his open barouche, drawn by four bay horses. The cadets from West Point were privileged to come and witness the honors lavished upon one who had risen from their ranks. A distinguished feature of the procession was the First Troop of Philadelphia City cavalry, carrying its historic flag bearing thirteen stripes, presented in 1778.

There was no heating apparatus prepared for the hall of the inaugural ball, and the ladies danced in their wraps and the gentlemen in their overcoats; the ices and drinks were frozen solid.

Speculation had been rife for months. Thoughtful business men had dimly dreaded a crash, realizing that the apparent prosperity was only seeming.

It was on the principle expressed by Lincoln's homely saying, "never swap horses in the middle of a stream," that the Republican candidate had been elected. In the summer came what bears the name of "the panic of 1873," as memorable as that of

1837. All at once the corruption of the administration was unveiled. The details of whiskey rings, frauds, steals, and swindles, coming one after another appalled the nation. The President and his family had accepted so many gifts, that Sumner stamped it as "the epoch of gift enterprises."

It was at this time that Conkling won his imperishable renown of being an honest man. So many of his peers had gone down in the Credit Mobilier Company, that he seemed to rise to a colossal height, to whom the nation were expected to make obeisance, as if honesty were an abnormal trait among Americans. It would indeed have been a bold man to have asked official action for private gain of Roscoe Conkling.

The President had had no political training, and was not given to taking advice from those who had. He was exonerated from all personal complicity in the frauds, but the dishonor reflected upon the administration. Never was there a time when so many prominent men were tried for bribery. The President boldly said: "Let no guilty man escape," and never had one in his station so many personal friends behind the bars. He had, unfortunately, surrounded himself with men, who, if they were born honest, were as weak as Eve, and fell under the first temptation.

England and the Indians generally loom up with

a difficulty in every administration, and Grant's formed no exception to the rule.

The Modocs played a treacherous game in Oregon, and the Sioux, exasperated by being driven from their reservations by the white man's greed for gold, donned the war-paint and began their futile struggle for their rights. They were routed, punished, and scattered, as usual; but the nation had to mourn the loss of the heroic Custer and his brave band.

The centennial observances made the era memorable. The one at Philadelphia, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, brought crowds from all parts of the Union, and the products of all lands to our shores.

It gave us an impetus in decorations and the arts, which we have never lost.

Grant has been called the regenerator of the national capital. Immense sums were wisely spent. The city was paved, and the mud and dust for which it was noted are things of the past, and since, it has been classed among the most beautiful cities in the world.

General Grant wished for more power than he had been willing to accord to Johnson. If he said to a cabinet minister, "Go," he expected him to go, and didn't like to turn to Congress and say, "by your leave."

Mrs. Grant was not a woman to offensively meddle

in official affairs, nor was the general a man to allow it. It was naturally a matter of pride to have her family provided with soft places by her husband, who had leaned on them in the early married days, and had been looked upon as a failure. She gave a gay wedding to Miss Platt, who married General Russel Hastings.

Miss Nelly was verging toward womanhood and was a cause of some anxiety. She was quite bewitching, and beardless boys flocked admiringly about her. Perhaps Mrs. Grant had in mind her own early heart-giving, and feared that this daughter might give hers, but not so wisely. A friend was going to Europe, and it was planned that she should take this school girl, or, rather, girl who wouldn't go to school, just to keep her out of harm's way.

The American minister to St. James's, knowing what was exacted when the royal children went out of the kingdom, determined that due honor should be accorded to the daughter of the man who represented the majesty of his own country. He informed the Minister for Foreign Affairs of her arrival, and he informed the Queen. Victoria was gracious, and sent an invitation for "Miss Grant and the lady who accompanied her" to pay a visit at Buckingham Palace.

There were garden parties, and all kinds of social gayeties among the nobility, where Miss Nelly was

treated as if she were an American princess. Had she not been received by the Queen at a private audience! If she were not versed in conventional forms, her winsome ways, and sweet, unaffected manners stood her in better stead, and she was much admired.

Miss Nelly was an excellent sailor, knew nothing of *mal de mer*, while her chaperon on the return voyage was so grievously afflicted with it that she was constantly confined to her stateroom, the only time her services were seriously needed by her charge.

The mother's plan has signally failed. An English lover paid his suit, and Miss Nelly did not say him nay. Mr. Algernon Sartoris was the second son of Mr. Sartoris, who married one of the talented Kemble family; he had no property or business prospects. The practical father of Miss Nelly would listen to no such love tale as that, and the young gentleman was dismissed. A few months later, his elder brother died. The English lover was now the heir, and with bolder mien he came again and stood before the President, and asked to wed sweet Nelly Grant. The father was not pleased, but the girl's heart had gone into this man's keeping, and it would be tyranny to refuse consent.

In May, 1874, there was a braw wedding at the White House; the bride was arrayed in white silk,

trimmed with almost priceless lace, the gift of her father.

“Marry in May,
Rue it alway.”

If report speak truly, Mrs. Sartoris has a pleasant home, but instead of being a cherished wife, is rather the beloved daughter-in-law of an old man. Mr. Algernon Sartoris spends most of his time away from home, and his infrequent visits are hardly a source of pleasure to his family.

Mrs. Sartoris is the mother of three children, — has grown stouter and coarser, and looks older than her years, but has never lost her talent of winning the hearts of those with whom she comes in contact.

The cadet at West Point had graduated, and after Mrs. Sartoris left, married Miss Honoré of Chicago, and became an inmate of the Executive Mansion; in due time the family party was made up of three generations.

The second term was drawing to a close, and there was even the talk of a third, but the prestige of the President was gone; he declined to have his name used, and it was said that if the party were to remain in power, there must be a new standard-bearer.

Mrs. Grant loved place and power, and was too much imbued with a sense of her husband's greatness and importance to fear defeat. She could

hardly forgive him for having, unknown to her, refused to be a candidate.

The frauds and corruptions developed in the administration told heavily against the Republican party, and the election was a hotly contested one, and when it was over, it was a disputed one. For a time, the aspect of affairs looked very critical; looked as if what the grinding rocks of Scylla had spared, the whirlpool of Charybdis would swallow.

When Congress assembled, none knew whom to call president-elect. An electoral commission was devised to examine the returns, and determine the result, which was in favor of the Republican candidate, Mr. Hayes. The Democrats felt that fraud had been practised, and were naturally outraged. Mr. Tilden, their nominee, was urged to stand for his rights, and the party would have endorsed him, but he was too much of a patriot to fan the flames of a hardly quenched civil war for his personal aggrandizement or party power. General Grant took no active part until the decision was announced. It brought the man into his natural element. If there were to be a conflict, he made ready to meet it. There was no offensive display of power, but there was a masterly skill in the arrangement of affairs which ensured a peaceful compliance with the laws.

Let none ever doubt the strength of the warp and

the woof of our constitutional government. An ex-president of the French republic said 'other governments might have coped with civil war and lived, but none but the American could have borne the strain of a disputed election treading upon the heels of the war. The decision of the electoral commission was given only three days before the day of the inauguration.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes came to the capital on the second; General Grant not only courteously invited them to dine at the Executive Mansion on the third, but to name the guests they would like to meet. The fourth came on Sunday, and as Mr. Hayes had scruples about being sworn in on that day, the general made arrangements that he should take the oath that Saturday evening, which was quietly done in the Red Room, without the knowledge of the other guests.

Mrs. Grant's feelings were so strong that she would not witness the inauguration of the man who displaced her husband, yet she did the unusual but graceful thing of remaining to receive her successor. A handsome entertainment was laid and a party of friends stood ready to welcome and congratulate the inaugural company. The mansion was left in perfect order; thoughtfulness had even gone so far as to provide a day's supply for the table.

As travelling was General Grant's favorite amuse-

ment, he determined, upon being freed from the cares of office, to make a journey round the world. Preparations began at once, and in May he sailed, accompanied by Mrs. Grant and their youngest son, Jesse. Ovations and honors such as he received at home awaited him on English soil. Even royalties deigned to entertain him, and the newspaper accounts of their manner of doing it amused his countrymen. The Prince and Princess of Wales who were entertaining the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, led royalty in dining the American chieftain. A bidden guest is treated with honor even in Arab tents, but among the Guelph aristocracy they have a code of their own. If we Americans were to take a course of study on the divine right of kings, we should never graduate with honors. The Prince and Princess tendered no reception to their guests upon their arrival; no seats were offered. As the dinner hour approached, the company were asked to range themselves, men on one side of the room, and women on the other, Quaker meeting style in America. Between these lines walked their Royal Highnesses, mated with their imperial guests. Donna Teresa, once politely entertained by Mrs. Grant, put American good manners before Guelph etiquette, and stopped and greeted Mrs. Grant, but there was no recognition from the Prince, upon whose arm she leaned. Royalty conversed with royalty, titled

aristocracy with titled aristocracy ; if those below that rank could find amusement well and good ; if not, the same. The dinner over, the hostess disappeared with Her Imperial Majesty. As the General and Mrs. Grant were in the anteroom, about to don their wraps, a servant stepped up and said the Princess would like to bid Mrs. Grant good-night ; she came forward and graciously did it.

Commend us to those Hanoverian Guelphs for bad manners. Alas that the sweet Danish princess should have imbibed them !

The next royal dinner offered was by the Queen herself at Windsor, which included an invitation to pass the night. If the visit were not conducted according to the highest code of American politeness, there was none of the ill-breeding shown in the household of the Prince.

The Queen's carriages awaited the guests at the station. Arriving at the castle, they were informed that the Queen was out driving. It looked as if their former experiences were to be repeated. However, when Her Majesty did come, she was very gracious, greeted and conversed with each in the kindest manner, and it is said when Victoria means to be kind, she has a winning smile and a royal grace of manner which is irresistible. At dinner, General Grant was asked to take in one of her daughters and he sat but two removes from the

Queen. No place of honor was accorded Mrs. Grant.

A little difficulty arose, which nearly sent the party dinnerless back to London. Master Jesse was told that he was not to dine with the Queen, but in another room, with the ladies and gentlemen of the household; he insisted that he would dine with his hostess or not dine at Windsor at all. The matter was referred to Her Majesty, who with tact and good sense admitted the boy to her table. There is an apology for the seeming discourtesy of the Queen. Master Jesse had not been included in the invitation to his parents, but they had allowed a request to be made that he might be added to the party, which was hardly good form. The Queen had graciously responded with a card of invitation, and probably thought that the table which was sometimes graced by the presence of the premier was not unsuitable for this temporary scion of the White House.

The General and Mrs. Grant wandered over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and at every court out of England, were treated according to the rules of good breeding established throughout the world.

After more than a two years' absence, the family returned to America, where all the old enthusiasm revived for the hero of Appomattox. His friends suggested that he should be a candidate for a third

presidential term. The idea of again wielding the power of the high position was very attractive to him, and still more so to Mrs. Grant, who had yielded it up so reluctantly. Both felt themselves better fitted by their foreign travel to act their parts. The nomination of 1880 was more fiercely contested than elections usually are. So tenacious were his friends, a permanent division of the party was feared; they stood with a solid front that neither broke rank nor wavered, but the adverse side won, with Garfield to lead them on to victory. The result was very mortifying to General and Mrs. Grant, and the disappointment keen.

If an administration be to be used for the benefit of poor relations and personal friends, the president in power naturally chooses that they shall at least be his own. The ex-president had only done what he said was his duty in placing Mr. Hayes in power, yet he thought himself ill-used in not being allowed to control a goodly amount of patronage, and the relations of the two soon became strained. It was the same with Garfield; he had given efficient help, used his influence in the campaign, and deemed it ingratitude that a man should be called into the cabinet of whom he disapproved. Arthur had been raised to power by the dastardly deed of Guiteau, but the quondam chief went so far beyond the bounds of delicacy in asking places for his followers

and relatives that the President was forced to assert himself. Like Garfield, he had committed the enormity of placing in his Cabinet a man who had opposed the third term, and added to the flagrancy by passing over a man not only recommended by General Grant, but his personal friend.

The third term proving a failure, the General settled in New York, and, by the advice of one of his sons, invested all his capital in the bank of Ward and Fish, which was making large returns. His little fortune grew and doubled, and soon he counted himself a millionaire. He could draw checks at will, used his power generously, and no man ever enjoyed it more. Ease, prosperity, and enjoyment seemed to be but the proper crown for his great deeds.

On Christmas Eve, 1883, an era of suffering began and a train of misfortunes followed which ended at Mount McGregor in the summer of 1885. He fell upon the ice at his own door and ruptured a muscle in his thigh, which confined him to his bed for weeks—the suffering intensified by a sharp attack of pleurisy—and crippled him for the rest of his life.

In the spring there were suggestions of presenting his name in the coming campaign, but the soreness of the mortification of 1880, kept him silent. If the party had placed his name at the head of their ticket and elected him, he would gladly have served, but

no persuasion could induce him to declare himself a candidate.

In May, his financial difficulties came, and temporarily clouded his honor, which put him out of the race. The firm with which he was connected, whose name had been changed to that of Grant and Ward, stopped payment. Hobbling into his office one morning on crutches, his son, Ulysses, stepped forward, saying: "Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed."

Two days before, without security, Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt had made him a temporary loan of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he, in good faith, had entrusted to his faithless partner. Three days before, his youngest son, by his advice, had placed eighty thousand, his all, in the bank. Even Mrs. Sartoris had invested her pin money, and several relatives the savings of a lifetime. It is not strange that his cheek blanched, but he remained calm and faced this accumulation of losses like a man; but worse was to come. His integrity was called in question. He who had been weighted with honors in all lands, was stamped as a defaulter. Then the iron entered his soul, and the strong man bowed in agony.

Mr. Vanderbilt behaved with princely generosity, and would have made the loan a gift to Mrs. Grant. She, with proper pride, and with a heart overflowing

with gratitude, wrote that she could not and would not accept it.

People, grateful for the services of her husband, had given her a house, and to the general the income of a Trust Fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but with his inaptitude for keeping money, which exceeded that of earning it in a business way, the task of supplying him seemed as hopeless as filling a fountain from a sieve; the man himself wearied of the efforts made in his behalf, and forbade further ones.

The house and its valuable contents, including the swords and presents which had been lavished upon him at home and in foreign lands, were made over to Mr. Vanderbilt.

No business could be entered upon by himself or sons until they were released from their liabilities. The editors of the *Century Magazine* offered him handsome remuneration for some articles upon the war. He was averse to literary work, but honest independence was a spur to effort, and he made it.

American people never tire of the stories of Shiloh, Vicksburg, and the Wilderness Campaign, and when the editors of the *Century* presented them direct from the hand of the great general himself, the magazine became so remunerative that they, with rare generosity, paid a sum far beyond the stipulated price.

This success suggested the writing of his "Memoirs," and several prominent publishers made him offers. He had no sooner settled to his work than shooting pains in the throat, slightly felt in the summer, painfully increased. Mrs. Grant's anxiety and urgency induced him to consult a physician, and the terrible truth was expressed in the word, cancer, which told of a death warrant to be shortly served. His last days were fearfully pathetic, and touched the deeper feelings of his countrymen.

His name and fame under a cloud, prostrated by a mortal illness, entailing sleepless nights and fearful suffering, he spent his days writing the story of his life, modestly (one must read it to realize how modestly) telling of his great deeds in a graphic way, and his only incentive was the all-absorbing love he bore his wife, children, and grandchildren. Surely, the greatness of the past was overshadowed by the heroism of his last days.

The gloom of that trying period was lightened by the sympathy expressed in every section of the country.

There was a legal examination of the affairs of the suspended bank, which swept away the film that had tarnished the general's honor. It was made clear to all the world that he had been deceived — was never the deceiver.

Arthur's last official act was to sign a bill to place

him on the retired list in the army, and Cleveland's first, after forming his cabinet, to sign his commission. This so revived his spirits that death itself seemed to recede. He finished his "Personal Memoirs," and thanked God that he had lived to see "harmony and good feeling between the nations."

He was spared the acute agonies feared by his physicians, and passed quietly away on the twenty-third of July, surrounded by his wife and children.

Mrs. Grant showed uncommon fortitude throughout his entire illness, put aside her grief, and was cheerful for his sake; even in the dying hour she controlled herself, held his hand and looked lovingly into his eyes until they were closed in death.

The "Memoirs" have been even more successful than was anticipated, and the entire family are placed in easy circumstances by the almost superhuman work of the great general in his mortal illness.

Mrs. Grant is one of the four living widows of ex-presidents, and receives a government pension of five thousand dollars.

MRS. HAYES.

MISS LUCY WEBB was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, when it was the capital of the state. Her father and grandfather were North Carolinians — were born and bred in the midst of slavery, and inherited slaves.

Removing into a free state, they at once imbibed free state principles. At a serious cost they became Abolitionists, years before the abolition party reared its head.

In 1833, the cholera raged throughout the western country, and Dr. James Webb, father of Miss Lucy, fell a victim to it at Lexington, where he had gone to make legal arrangements for freeing his own and his father's negroes. The maternal grandparents were of good Puritan stock.

Mrs. James Webb was left with a son and a daughter, the former fitted and about to enter Wesleyan University. In her fresh grief she felt that if she were to be parted from her only son, she would be doubly widowed. Chillicothe offered no special advantages for her daughter, and it was arranged that the family should remove to the town of Delaware, the seat of the university. Miss Lucy studied with her brother, and recited to the college professors.

When he graduated and entered a medical school, she entered the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, the first ever chartered for girls. Her vacations were spent with her mother at Delaware.

In the town, and not far from Mrs. Webb, lived another widow, who also had one son and one daughter. Her husband had died of malarial bilious fever, which is as deadly and speedy in its work as cholera. Migrating from Vermont in her early married days, she seemed an old settler in the town, which was the birthplace of her boy.

She had brought from the Green Mountains a young brother, Sardis Birchard, who had amassed a fortune and never married. He requited her early care by his devotion to her and her children; one son, her elder one, had been drowned while skating.

The uncle's pride and affection centred upon the remaining nephew; his interest in him was as active and engrossing as that of a father, and he pleased his fancy by picturing a great career for the boy, but even his fond fancy fell short of the reality. To be sure, his mother had once prophesied that he would rise to the presidency — but it was a jesting remark, made to a neighbor who had said that the feeble, wailing baby with the big head could not live, or live only to suffer.

The boy, guided by his uncle, went to New England to be tutored for college, and a year later,

entered Kenyon College, Ohio. Upon graduation, he returned to New England and went through the Harvard Law School, at Cambridge.

He opened an office at Fremont, and lived in the house of his uncle. He showed no special ability; men said, if he were a poor boy, and dependent on his own earnings, he would make his mark; but life was too easy.

It chanced that Miss Webb and this new-fledged lawyer, Rutherford Birchard Hayes, spent a summer vacation at Delaware, and met for the first time. He was a very quiet, self-contained man, — florid, blue-eyed, and sandy-haired, what might be called the pure Anglo-Saxon type.

She was vivacious, dark-eyed, with a broad brow and handsome chin. In repose, she simply looked very intelligent, but engage her in conversation and the radiant smiles which constantly flitted and lighted her face, disclosing fine teeth, made her beautiful.

Mr. Hayes found a fascination in watching her. He wished to provoke those smiles, and asked for an introduction. He had not thought of love, but the refined, sprightly girl was a sort of inspiration to him — life seemed to have more meaning, and his ambition was roused to do something worthy of a man.

Upon the return to Cincinnati, he became a frequent visitor at the Friday evening receptions allowed the young ladies, in the college parlors, and in his

eyes, no girl possessed the attractions and beauty of Miss Lucy; soon he won a promise that she would be his wife.

Hitherto, his uncle Birchard had held a silver spoon to his mouth, but now the spirit of independence awoke. He would fashion a spoon for this girl in which there should be no silver but that earned by his own industry. Under this new inspiration he applied himself to the law, and developed those powers of which his fond uncle had so long boasted.

It was the last decade before the Civil War, and at no time was the business of the country so prosperous, or money making so easy.

Miss Webb became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and her religious zeal acted upon her lover. He won an honored name among the poor; fugitive slaves sought him without fear, and found a ready advocate. He had spent the two happiest years of his life in association with Miss Webb, and his business prospects entitled him to ask her to redeem her promise. Professor L. D. McCabe, of the Wesleyan University, performed the marriage ceremony. The bride's only attendant was Mr. Hayes's little niece, eight years old, who held her hand through the service.

Mr. Hayes was at the zenith of his profession; children were born, and wealth, honors, and domestic

happiness seemed to stamp his life with permanent comfort, when "the shot that was heard around the world" was fired at Sumter.

From the day that South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession, Mr. Hayes rather wished that war might come, and that the vexed question which so often disturbed the harmony of the Union might be settled. He foresaw a long and bloody contest, and pledged himself to serve to the end.

With the rank of major, he enlisted in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, which did such valiant service and had so bloody a record at South Mountain. Major Hayes had become colonel, and after being severely wounded in his arm, led the Twenty-third in one of the terrible charges up the heights. The flag hung in rags, but it never went down, though there were but one hundred men left to rally round it, and their colonel was carried from the field, fainting from the loss of blood.

In her home at Cincinnati, Mrs. Hayes read the name of her husband in the list of the wounded; with no clue to guide her, save that he went down at South Mountain, she hastened to search for him. The wounded were scattered over all that region; those who could be moved were sent a long distance away. Every church, house, barn, or shed, were full. Mrs. Hayes had a weary search for six — what seemed endless, days — often obliged to

retrace her steps. Sick at heart, she went through house after house, scanning the ghastly faces of the wounded, before she ascended a flight of rickety stairs in a little, old, dilapidated, two-story brick building, where lay the gallant colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers.

Fortunately, he was attended by Mrs. Hayes's brother, who determined to make an attempt to save his arm, which had been pronounced impossible, and he had himself requested amputation. Ohio surgeons, who were looking up and caring for the wounded of their state, came in just after the arrival of Mrs. Hayes. The colonel, suffering with pain, threatened with mortification, gave them for parting words: "Tell Governor Tod that I'll be on hand again shortly."

When he returned to active duty, he held the rank of brigadier-general, and served in the Shenandoah Valley, saving the supply train when Sheridan made his twenty miles ride. He lay bruised from a fall, when that gallant officer dashed up upon his black horse, flecked with foam, shouting to the routed troops: "Turn about, boys—we are going the other way—we are going to have a good thing on them now, boys!" The "good thing" is immortalized in the annals of the war.

Mrs. Hayes, who spent two summers and one winter in camp, endeared herself to the regiment

by her attentions to the ill and the wounded. The general laughs, and says she won favor by mending an old blouse for a half-witted fellow. His comrades told him that a woman had come to do the mending for the soldiers, and was lodged at the general's headquarters. In good faith he carried her his tattered garment. Mrs. Hayes comprehended the situation in a moment, and mended the blouse as if it were her business, determined to save the fellow from being the butt of the regiment. The men were somewhat ashamed, but declared the general's wife was "game," and gave her the name of "Mother of the Regiment."

In 1864, General Hayes was nominated for Congress, and a politician wrote, urging him to come and canvass the state. "Any man who would leave the army to electioneer for Congress ought to be scalped," was his answer. "Hayes is stumping the Shenandoah Valley," was placed on the banner of the party, and roused a wild enthusiasm. He was elected but refused to resign. To a friend who wished him to come and share his apartments, he wrote: "I shall never come to Washington until I can come by the way of Richmond." In the winter of 1865 he entered Congress, and resigned in 1867, having been chosen Governor of Ohio. In 1874, his uncle, Sardis Birchard, died, leaving him heir to his large estate and banking business.

In the Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1876, Mr. Hayes was nominated for the presidency. Though he was no party to it, it is a little singular that fraud was attached both to his nomination and election. Mr. Blaine was expected to be the winning candidate. The Sunday previous to the Convention, a sudden illness, induced by excitement and extreme heat, prostrated him on his way to church. This slight attack, magnified by his opponents, worked unfavorably, and, added to the false statement, crowded him from the place. For hours the voting had gone on and the "Plumed Knight" was gaining at every ballot, but the long summer's day was waning and the tellers called for the lighting of the gas. "The building is not supplied with gas," spake a prominent citizen, with bold effrontery. In the hubbub the Convention adjourned. The next morning the tide for Mr. Blaine had ebbed, and Mr. Hayes received the nomination.

The first returns in November gave the election to Mr. Tilden; soon fraud was charged. An Electoral Commission, chosen to decide the matter, gave a report in favor of Mr. Hayes. Those who asserted there was fraud were strengthened in their belief by the refusal of the party to allow Conkling, the Colossus of honesty, on the Commission, and boldly declared that there had been a cunningly devised plan for declaring Mr. Hayes legally elected, con-

trary to the face of the returns. Rather than abet fraud, Conkling would have been drawn in pieces.

Governor Hayes, with his family, left Columbus on the first of March, having been notified by his friends that the Electoral Commission would decide in his favor. The certified result was telegraphed and received on the train.

Arriving in Washington in a pouring rain, they were met by Senator Sherman and driven to his house. The city was crowded with people and there was a fine procession on the fifth, but owing to the shortness of the time there was less display than usual, and no inaugural ball. The President tendered his carriage, drawn by four horses, and rode to the Capitol with the President elect. Mrs. Grant, with some friends, received the family, and she presided over the handsome lunch she had prepared for them.

Mrs. Hayes was no *parvenu* — was versed in the social etiquette of the best society, and frankly acknowledged her pleasure in becoming the mistress of the Executive Mansion. Unlike Mrs. Grant, she was charmed with the house; every room had its history. “No matter what they build, they will never build any more rooms like these,” she would say, as she took her friends over it. Her own husband had already enacted a strange scene in

the Red Room, secretly taking the oath of office before the Chief Justice, with only herself, General Grant, and his son for witnesses, taken it, lest a revolution might follow the uncertainties of his election.

Mrs. Hayes was an element in the administration, and placed herself beside her husband in his official rank, yet outside interference she met with dignity and rebuke. To one woman, who came with suggestions as to the presidential housekeeping, she said: "Madam, it is my husband, not myself, who is President. I think that a man who is capable of filling so important a position, as I believe my husband to be, is quite competent to establish such rules as will obtain respect in his house, without calling on members of other households. I would not offend you and I would not offend Mr. Hayes, who knows what is due to his position, his family, and himself, without any interference of others, directly or through his wife."

This was very dignified, but no woman in the White House ever exercised such power over public affairs and such rigidity in domestic affairs. She not only believed in and practised total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, but she determined that all who came within the doors of the national mansion should practise, whether they believed or no.

The Secretary of State declared it was not seemly to invite the diplomatic corps to their annual dinner and serve no wines; he refused to consent to it. Mrs. Hayes would not yield the point, and as usual in such extreme cases, a plan was made to circumvent her. Oranges were prepared, filled with delicious frozen punch. Mrs. Hayes and the uninitiated wondered why this fruit was preferred above all other. Unknown to her, Roman punch was served at every State dinner, the steward duly instructed just how to temper the potency for each guest. Those who partook, laughingly called it the "Life Saving Station."

The name of Mrs. Hayes was trumpeted over the land as one who, sitting in the highest place, had set a noble example to the world. By her devotees, she was even compared to the Marys who stood beside the cross, though one fails to see the resemblance between those sorrowful women and the social, prosperous, radiant Mrs. Hayes. Perhaps Mrs. Cleveland, quietly drinking her glass of Apollinaris water, has quite as potent an influence for good, and men would scorn to indulge in excess or do an underhand thing in her gracious presence.

No one doubted the sincerity and purity of Mrs. Hayes's motives, but she was a devout follower of a sect who frown upon what are usually deemed innocent amusements. The billiard table was removed

from the house at her bidding ; did her husband plan a social game of cards in his private room, there sat his lady, more entertaining and winsome than ever, full of interest in the domestic affairs of each guest. Once a gentleman ventured to remark that he was afraid that the party were detaining her from ladies, and the pleasant duties of her station. Ah, no indeed ! This was the hour with her husband and any of his intimate friends who happened to drop in. The President yawned and the guests withdrew with the sweetest "parting benedictions" from Mrs. Hayes. The next day Mr. Hayes said to his disappointed friends : " It's no use ; Lucy won't have it. She doesn't say a word, but you see how she works it. There won't be any kind of wickedness in the White House, if she can help it. There is a great deal of intriguing which she knows nothing about ; but that doesn't count. When she strikes anything off color, she shoots it on the spot."

A crusader, passing through a little Pennsylvania village, was told that the postmistress had so offensively meddled in the temperance movement, attacking every man, not teetotal, who came into the office, that the citizens had complained, and she was about to be superseded. The man, relying on a potent factor in the White House, boldly telegraphed for a stay of proceedings. The story, as he told it was listened to by the Lady President.

Though the order for removal was made out at the Post Office Department, the next that the member of Congress from that district knew, the woman was reinstated.

Mrs. Hayes was a devout woman, an attendant on prayer-meetings, and lifted her voice in the rousing hymns of the Methodist psalm book. Baseborn motives were not within the ken of her comprehension, but office-holders and office-seekers would often play the hypocrite's part to ingratiate themselves in her favor; once winning it, by teetotalism, prayers, and psalm singing, they feared neither President nor Secretary of State.

One shameless fellow told his own story as if it were too good to keep. He knew he was not, nor did he deserve to be in good repute with his superiors, but did he imitate the zeal of John Wesley and preach the doctrine of Father Matthew, he might hope to retain his position. He went regularly to church and prayer-meetings where Mrs. Hayes attended; would at times look over the same book and sing psalms with her. It worked well and paid. Such a zealous, stainless young man without a home, was just the *protégé* for Mrs. Hayes, and he had the *entree* of the White House.

There was to be a little official junketing down the harbor in a government vessel. Cards were issued to those who were to make up the party. This

young gentleman was designedly excluded. He called upon Mrs. Hayes, and casually mentioned that he had no card. "Oh come, and go with us, and a card will not matter," said the gracious lady. His planned scheme was a success, but a success that worked his official ruin.¹ Mrs. Hayes's guest was invited to the gentlemen's cabin, where champagne corks were popping, and stronger drinks flowed as freely as water. The gentleman completely lost his balance and in this condition appeared in the presence of Mrs. Hayes. All pressure was removed, and a letter of dismissal lay among his official papers upon the following day.

Mrs. Hayes was the mother of eight children, three of whom died in infancy. The eldest was an established lawyer in Ohio. The second son, Master Webb, was private secretary to the President; his coming of age was duly celebrated in the White House. A governess, granddaughter of the late Bishop Johns of Virginia, was employed for the younger children.

Mrs. Hayes was always richly and becomingly dressed, wore no jewelry, but indulged in priceless laces. To a friend who once asked her why she did not conform to the fashion in the arrangement of her hair, she said that after she came to the White House, she sent for a hairdresser. He did his work and she consulted her glass; she appeared so ridicu-

lous to herself, she took it down and arranged it in her usual style.

She made but few changes in the White House. The furniture, like the rooms, was more to her taste than anything new and modern. She ransacked the storerooms for discarded pieces, had them renovated, and if possible learned their age and history. From the appropriation of Congress, she purchased a state dinner service, illustrating the fauna and flora of the United States.

The President and Mrs. Hayes had the honor of receiving the Grand Dukes Alexis and Constantine, sons of the Russian Czar. This time there was no imbroglio with the Russian minister, and the visit passed off smoothly.

The most prominent entertainment given was the silver wedding of President and Mrs. Hayes. Rev. Dr. McCabe was present, and renewed the marriage ceremony. The little girl of eight was in the prime of womanhood, and held the bride's hand as she had done a quarter of a century before. No presents were written on the wedding cards. Only the officers of the Ohio volunteer infantry, presumed to offer one—a silver plate, imbedded in a mat of black velvet, set in an ebony frame, given in memory of kindness to the wounded upon the field; inscribed, "To the Mother of the Regiment, on thy silver troth." There was a representation in silver, of a log-cabin in the

valley of the Kanawha; above it, the tattered and torn battle flags.

In the beginning of his term, Mr. Hayes was described by the press as a well-built man of a stalwart frame, ruddy with health, kind blue eyes, full sandy beard in which there was mixed a few silver threads, and a smiling, well-shaped mouth. He was an even-tempered, good-natured man, and his policy was to be conciliatory to all, especially to the South, where military rule supplanted civil law.

There had been rather universal carping over Grant's last administration, which had not filled the public records with a clean page, and Mr. Hayes thought his success depended upon an entire reversal of its measures, which was very offensive to the great soldier.

Forming his own cabinet with the utmost secrecy, taking no one's counsel, he was miffed that his opponents were selected to fill that of his successor. Judge Key, who had cast his fortunes with the South during the war, and was ruined, even beggared at the end, was chosen postmaster-general, the first among the disloyal so received.

United States troops were withdrawn from the South by the President, because he honestly thought it was the only hope of making that section peaceful and prosperous, and of cementing the bands about

the Union. His extreme conciliatory measures aroused the jealousy of the North.

At first, he boldly denied that those who had manipulated Southern electoral votes had any claim on him ; that some afterward received office as compensation was believed to have been owing to the pressure of the party, which he had not the backbone to resist.

The administration had as usual to face difficulties with the Indians and with England.

The Utes, robbed by the government agents, and pushed back by the miners at White River Agency, rose and were put down by United States troops. The vexed question of Northeastern Fisheries loomed up. This time England probably had a real grievance, for the commissioners assembled at Halifax awarded her five and one half million dollars.

Government relations were pushed with China, which resulted in a treaty favorable to commerce, and another regulating Chinese immigration, much to the relief of the people on the Pacific slope.

The last month of 1879 was made memorable by the resumption of specie payments, which seemed to lift the cloud which had hung over the financial affairs of the country for seventeen years.

The calamities of this term were the railroad strikes of 1877, which necessitated calling out United States troops, and the Yellow fever scourge of 1878, which raged in the Mississippi Valley.

Mrs. Hayes last New Year's reception, which fell upon the coldest day ever known in Washington, was a very elegant affair; surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, who throughout her reign, were ever flitting about the Executive Mansion, she looked more dignified and radiant than ever, in a dress of creamy white ribbed silk, trimmed with satin and pearl passementeries, her beautiful hair plainly knotted at the back and fastened by a silver comb.

Mrs. Hayes's friends, to show their appreciation of the stand she had taken upon the temperance question, had a picture of her painted full length, to hang in the White House. The selected space did not suit the fancy or æsthetic taste of President Arthur and he moved it, which brought about his ears such abuse that one would have thought that he had profaned something holy.

Mr. Hayes courteously accompanied his successor to the Capitol, and congratulated him upon his accession. Mrs. Hayes had kindly invited the venerable mother of Garfield to the White House on her arrival, and escorted her to the gallery of the Capitol to witness the inauguration of the son she called her baby.

Mrs. Hayes lunched the party, as she had been lunched by Mrs. Grant at her own coming. She and the ex-President were driven to the house of Secretary Sherman, where they had been received

on that wet March morning, four years before, when the gloomy outlook threatened revolution and the taunting name of usurper had so clouded their triumph.

In the evening, Mrs. Hayes went to the inaugural ball, arrayed in cream-colored satin, trimmed with ermine, and bade a dignified farewell to Washington society. The next morning the retiring family left the capital for Spiegel Grove, the name of the home in Fremont inherited from Sardis Birchard. Mr. Hayes is the only ex-president living; though the silver threads have multiplied, he was scarcely aged by official cares, perhaps, because they were so ably shared by his efficient helpmate.

MRS. GARFIELD.

MISS LUCRETIA RUDOLPH was the daughter of Zebulon Rudolph, whose uncle fought in the Revolution and afterwards went to France and fought in the wars of Napoleon, where he rose to a high rank. The family were poor, and there was nothing in the life of this girl to be noted, save that she showed uncommon intelligence and was eager to learn all that boys learned.

Living in the days when it was uncommon for girls to engage in classical studies, she zealously entered upon them at Hiram, where James Abram Garfield was teacher. It does not appear that he neglected her mental culture, when we read that twenty years after she had sufficient erudition to fit her sons for college, but with the Latin and Greek, he mixed lessons upon love, which she diligently conned.

If she had been a remarkable girl, the teacher had been a still more remarkable boy. He was the son of a widow, so poor that she worked in her own fields, split her own rails and built her own fences. Obligated as she was to do both a man's and a woman's work for the support of her little brood, she found

time to teach them to read. As they grew older, they helped to till the small farm, and "hired out" among the neighbors. When eighteen, this youngest boy left home against the mother's will, to seek his fortune; either his abilities did not fit him or his ambition did not soar very high, for he engaged as a tow-boy on the Erie Canal. Contracting malaria, he went home, and a long illness followed. In convalescence, his wise mother did not try to coercè his desire to return to the tow-path, but by gentle persuasions gained his consent to take three months' schooling at Hiram, until he had gained his full strength. His mind seemed to open and expand at once, the schooling developed powers he did not know that he possessed.

Life on the canal boat was not quite so alluring, and he was ready to accede to his mother's pleadings that he should try to acquire an education. In her straitened circumstances, she could do no more than advise. His splendid physique fitted him to bear bodily and mental strain, and he must work his own way. For years, life was a season of unintermitted toil, in which he managed to earn his daily bread, master the languages, science, literature, fine arts, and win a girl's heart.

There were lovers' quarrels, which sometimes threatened that the pair would walk in opposite paths, yet no sooner did he graduate from Williams

College than they united their fortunes upon the meagre salary of a professor of the little academy at Hiram. He joined a sect called Disciples or Campbellites and often officiated as preacher in their chapel.

At the beginning of the Civil War, he offered his services and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers. His regiment did good service in Kentucky under General Buell but it was at Chickamauga that Garfield won his military glory and for his services was promoted to the rank of major-general. By rigid economy he had saved eight hundred dollars, with which he purchased a little cottage for his wife and the children who had begun to cluster about his hearth. Once, when one, whom they called Little Trot, was lying very ill, he went home and was in time to hear her last sigh, lay her in the village churchyard, and place a stone with the inscription,

LITTLE TROT,

She Wears the Crown Without the Conflict.

While in the field, General Garfield was elected to Congress, and at Lincoln's urgent request, resigned his commission and took his seat. He was returned again and again, until in 1880, he was chosen United States senator from Ohio. In the small, quiet home at Washington, General and Mrs.

Garfield had a circle of their own, from the more cultured class of society, but were unknown in the fashionable world.

In the Republican Convention of 1880, at Chicago, there were three prominent candidates; Grant for a third term, Sherman, and Blaine. Garfield attended as the pledged supporter of Sherman. It was whispered in advance, that while ostensibly acting for Sherman, he would work for his own nomination, and that the Blaine supporters would forsake their favorite and wheel into line for him; were he but led out as a "dark horse," he could be his own groom and distance his competitors.

Though an able and fervid orator, his speech for Sherman was called a cold and studied eulogium; at the close he asked: "What do we want?" and then paused. A clear voice rang out "We want Garfield," and Garfield it was.

Conkling led the forces for Grant; ballot after ballot was called, and as the famous three hundred and six could neither add to nor diminish their number, he was asked to allow his name to be used. The man was indignant, would, he said, rather have his right arm torn away than work for himself when he was pledged to Grant.

Grant and Conkling faithfully supported the nominee of the party, who was elected by a bare majority. The imposing inaugural ceremonies were conducted

with martial precision by General Sherman, but the day proved to be cold and stormy.

The President looked jaded and worn, but his address was given in clear, ringing tones; he reverently took the oath of office, then turned and kissed his happy mother, who was the first mother to witness the inauguration of a son. At the ball in the evening, Mrs. Garfield made a very pleasant impression by her quiet, ladylike manners and appropriate handsome dress of heliotrope satin, trimmed with rich lace, a bunch of pansies in her corsage, and no jewelry.

Under Mr. Hayes's administration, the country prospered, and the public debt was greatly diminished, but the belief that fraud had been used in the election made the opposite party sullen and disposed to cavil at the President's well-meant efforts; now a new era had dawned, the cloud was lifted, and high expectations were formed of the success of this administration. Yet the President seemed to antagonize his friends from the beginning. The Grant faction carped over the selection of the Secretary of State; fierce discussions arose in the exposure of the Star Route scandal, which was said to have been designed to throw an especial reproach upon the Grant and Hayes administrations. According to the rules of courtesy recognized among politicians, senators are consulted, if not allowed to con-

trol the appointments in their own States. It was said by the aggrieved, that the President had expressly stated that the New York nominees should be submitted to the vice-president and the senators from that State. The man who was the most obnoxious to those gentlemen was selected for the Collector of the port of New York, and the minor offices were given to men who were objectionable to them.

The senators, Conkling and Platt, resigned and went home; this raised an adverse faction in the ranks of the Empire State. The President was competent to run the wheels of government, but he evidently had no idea of oiling the machinery.

In Mrs. Garfield's short occupancy of the White House, she showed a great deal of character, repelled any patronizing attempts to direct her movements. She was averse to publicity, reticent, retiring, and discreet; the President would sometimes say he never had to explain away any words of his wife. She did not frown upon the restoration of the billiard table, nor upon the glass of wine, in which her husband temperately indulged at dinner, and set before his friends. Desirous to fulfil the social duties of her station, she began with frequent receptions, but she was a woman of too fine a fibre for the political world. For months she had been under a mental strain, campaign stories — maybe, colored

to suit the opposition — had for her a barbed point ; were there a skeleton in her household, she was one who would rather die than make a public display. She possessed a complete mastery of politics, and the discordant elements of the government, so early displayed, probably cost her more anxiety than they would a franker or less-controlled woman. In a few weeks she fell ill, and for a time the illness boded a fatal result. When convalescent she went to Long Branch.

Henceforward, politicians might wrangle and toss about the apple of discord, and it would be nothing to her ; crowds might throng the Executive Mansion, but never again would she stand in her quiet, self-possessed way to take them by the hand and give them her sweet-toned greeting, yet the “coming events cast no shadow before.”

Early in July, the President, more jaded and worn than upon that wet, March morning, when he had assumed his heavy responsibilities, thought to put care and trouble behind him ; promised himself a real holiday trip. With a party of friends he was to travel North, add his restored wife to the party, make a sort of royal progress and at Williamstown receive the honors that his Alma Mater was ready to bestow on her favorite son, who had so indefatigably worked his way to the highest place.

Alas, the dreadful shadow was creeping on apace !

He had been spared once, though he knew it not, because he had his wife beside him, — now the miserable assassin saw nothing to prompt his heart to pity, and the fatal bullets were fired in the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. It was so unexpected, so quick over, that Mr. Blaine, who was with him, could not for a moment comprehend what had happened. The rest of the party were already in the cars, and when one came and said the President was shot, refused to believe it. The wounded man, writhing in pain was slowly borne back to the White House which he had so gayly quitted half an hour before.

Mrs. Garfield's trunks were packed and strapped, and as she was weaving pleasant fancies of the coming journey, the fatal message came over the wires. A special express car was placed at her service, and she sped over the weary miles, not knowing if her husband, the father of her children, were dead or alive. The suffering man lay listening to every sound, and when her carriage drove to the door, with a long sigh of relief, he said, "It is my wife." In another moment Jim and Crete, as they familiarly called each other, were face to face. Her long vigil of watching him going step by step into a martyr's grave began. Then and ever after, — to the days when in the funeral train she looked from the window with drawn-up blinds upon the people, —

her fortitude was something marvellous. Every paper told of her wonderful devotion, but woman and devotion are synonymous terms. A thoughtless, giddy wife would try to stand at her post at such a time, yet a weak woman would sink and give way under such tragic circumstances.

The solemnity of the time hushed the feuds of the politicians; though there were those so base-natured, if not baseborn, as to impute a feeling of exultation to the man who would profit by the dastardly deed of the assassin; for the sufferer every heart throbbed with pity; those who had criticised and censured spoke not at all, or spoke only to praise.

Before the tragedy, the proud old mother, affectionately called "Mother Garfield" by the people, had gone to Ohio with the younger children; after the wires had flashed the terrible news, the son, by a painful effort, wrote a note with his own hand, breathing hope and confidence. The physicians had said there was one chance, and he had bravely said: "I will take that chance; I am not afraid to die, but I will try to live."

For a time the reports were encouraging, and when the journey was planned to catch the sea breezes, there was a spirit of hopefulness throughout the land. The bulletins were more favorable than the condition of the President warranted. One Sep-

tember night, people were awakened from their first sleep by the tolling of bells, which told that the sufferer, by a singular coincidence, had gone to his rest on the eighteenth anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga. "Mother Garfield," weighted with age, slept on, and a granddaughter gently broke the news to her in the morning. An autopsy was held which showed that the diagnosis had been wrong, but showed the wound was mortal, so it didn't much matter.

Masters Harry and James, Mrs. Garfield's elder sons, were at Williams College; the first hastened to Elberon, and the other lay ill of malarial fever. From the sea, they took the dead President to Washington, and laid him beneath the dome of the Capitol, the scene of his triumph six months before. There was a pompous funeral, and the sad *cortège* started for the shores of Lake Erie, where, at Cleveland, dust was committed to dust.

The American people were very liberal to the family of the martyred dead. It was proposed to raise two hundred thousand dollars for their benefit, but the sum rolled up to nearly double that amount. Congress voted the life pension of five thousand a year, granted the widows of presidents.

Mrs. Garfield bought a house on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, where the family lived for a time; afterward, she went abroad with her only daughter, Miss

Molly. Satisfied with travel, they settled quietly at Bournemouth, where they received a good deal of attention in a quiet way from the English upper classes, but true to herself, Mrs. Garfield sought no favors.

Upon their return to America, they settled in the homestead at Mentor, where they are said to be very exclusive; so much so, they are unpopular outside their own small circle, which arises, probably, from Mrs. Garfield's dislike to have her private affairs discussed by the public.

On the fourteenth of June of the present year, there was a double wedding celebrated in the house. Miss Molly wore the orange blossoms, and plighted her troth to J. Stanley Brown, so prominent during the campaign that ended in Garfield's election, and the troublous political and bloody episodes that followed. Miss Belle Mason wore the orange blossoms for Harry Garfield, who has formed a partnership at Cleveland with his brother James, as Garfield and Garfield, attorneys-at-law.

The murderer had a trial which stretched through three weary months. It would be hard to tell why it was so spun out—all sorts of base motives were imputed to the lawyers who had the matter in hand. When the decision came to twelve men from the rank and file, who neither knew nor wanted to know, a quibble of law, they pronounced the wretch

guilty, and didn't recommend him to mercy. He soon suffered the full penalty of the law he had so wantonly broken.

A university in Kansas took the name of the martyred president, and recently, Mrs. Garfield has generously and gracefully donated it ten thousand dollars.

MRS. ARTHUR.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR was the fourth President, for whose occupancy of the Executive Mansion, death had swung open the door ; he was also the fourth to enter in without a legitimate mistress in his train, because that skeleton guest had crossed the threshold of his home and passed away with the immortal part of the woman he had chosen to be his wedded wife. He still wore black badges in her memory, and the great columns of the porch of the mansion were draped in mourning for the man, who, only a few months before, had come flushed with natural pride and ambition, — had been the mark of an assassin, and had passed away with the martyr's crown of suffering.

General Arthur repeated the oath of office in the Capitol, beneath whose dome the dead man lay. He had looked his mighty responsibilities in the face, and shrank from them ; the circumstances were enough to stifle pride and ambition in any man, but only those who knew General Arthur could realize the depth of his sorrow. For months he had been watched and scrutinized, and no man could say he

had acted unbecomingly in the trying position in which he had been placed.

There had been a political feud between himself and the stricken man, but he, like other opponents, had forgotten politics, and wished that he might be one to stand and minister to the sufferer, and when the good news came that the chances were in favor of recovery, no one rejoiced as he did.

Chester Alan Arthur was the oldest son of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Arthur, a learned and cultured man of Irish birth, and of the Baptist persuasion. There was a large family of children, and the means were narrow. The boy inherited the literary tastes and studious habits of the father, and under his guidance, prepared for college and entered Union, New York. Upon graduation, the first six of a class of one hundred and two received an especial honor, and Arthur was one of the six. He entered Ballston Law School; there, as in his college course, he taught some months in the year for his maintenance. Like Garfield he was a self-made man, the architect of his own fortune, but he had the advantage of having been bred in a cultured home.

By the strictest economy, he laid by five hundred dollars, went to New York, and entered the office of a distinguished lawyer as a student, and was soon admitted to the bar. If he were not what was termed

a rabid Abolitionist, he won favor by defending negroes, and always with success.

In the winter of 1858, there appeared in the upper circles of New York society, a young girl from Virginia, just out of her teens. She was called the beautiful Miss Herndon with the marvellous voice. Aside from her personal attractions, she was the object of especial interest, as being the daughter of Lieutenant-Commander Herndon of the United States Navy. When off duty, he was in command of the steamship "Central America," running from Aspinwall to New York, loaded with passengers,

"If the Bermudas let you pass, then look out for Hatteras," say the old sailors. As the "Central America" steamed up to the dangerous point, a terrible storm raged, and she became a perfect wreck. Under the admirable discipline of Captain Herndon, all the women and children were placed in boats, and safely taken on board a vessel lying to for their rescue. He sent his watch and a parting message to his wife, but nothing would induce him to leave his post so long as a passenger was left on board, and he went down with his ship. General Sherman has spoken of this grand deed of unselfish devotion to duty as the most heroic incident in our naval history.

The officers of the navy placed a monument in the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to com-

memorate his heroism; Virginia, his native state, presented a gold medal to his widow, and a large sum of money was raised for her benefit. She was the sister of Lieutenant Maury of scientific fame.

Miss Herndon's distinguished birth, her youth, beauty, and gift of song, joined to sweet Southern manners, made her a central figure in the upper circles of New York society. Mr. Arthur was fastidious and æsthetic in all his tastes — a connoisseur of beauty. Meeting this girl in the midst of a brilliant throng, she seemed his ideal of woman; hearing her sing completed the charm, and he set his heart upon winning her for a wife.

He had a handsome face and a magnificent presence, was easy and courteous in manners, and genial in temper; we cannot tell with what he tipped or how he sped his arrows, but we have proof that they went to the mark by a ceremony in Calvary Church, New York, in which he and Ellen Lewis Herndon repeated the vows required in the Episcopal marriage service.

This was in the autumn of 1859, only a year and a half before the fatal shot at Sumter. Mr. Arthur at once tendered his services to Governor Morgan, who appointed him quartermaster-general on his staff.

The Herndons and the Maurys had drawn their swords from the scabbard in the Southern cause.

Mrs. Arthur was a true Herndon, an ardent lover of her native state, a sympathizer in secession, and there was a—mother-in-law in Arthur's house. Fortunately, love and a dignified sense of what was due to a husband kept a divided house from falling, but it was well known that the loyalty and patriotism of General Arthur were submitted to a severe test and nobly stood the strain.

He scorned gifts; refused contracts, on the ground that a public official should be as Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. His eulogist said: "It is one of the proudest records of General Arthur's life that he surrendered his position to a successor of hostile political faith, to receive from him the highest compliments for his work, and to return to his profession a poorer man than when he assumed office."

He was twice appointed collector of the port of New York, and when removed by President Hayes, he and the Secretary of State bore official witness to the purity of his acts while in office.

In 1878, a great grief fell upon Mrs. Arthur. Her mother, travelling in Europe, suddenly died at Hyères, France. She went there and brought back the remains. The shock and the nervous tension caused by her bereavement and her long, sad journey impaired her health, and she never fully recovered from it.

In January, 1880, she was attacked by pneumonia,

and after an illness of three days, died in the prime of her beautiful womanhood. A rare and radiant soul had passed from earth, and her friends said, that, "to win such love as she won in life, to leave behind as dear a memory as she has left, is the lot of but few mortals." She had been always ready to use her glorious voice in the cause of charity, and the Mendelssohn Club of New York, with whom she had often joined for a benevolent object, begged the privilege of singing at her funeral service.

Her husband fondly cherished her memory, kept her room and personal belongings as she left them, was scrupulous even to the needle in her work. To associate her with his Washington life, he placed a memorial window in the church where he worshipped; in the White House her picture was hung, and daily fresh flowers were placed before it.

When Garfield received the nomination for the presidency in 1880, General Arthur's name was tacked to the ticket to placate New York and the Grant faction, which had suffered a defeat. Hope of Garfield's recovery gradually faded from the minds of the people, and there was a state of tense and anxious expectancy. From his successor nothing was expected, and a great deal was feared.

There was something reassuring in the short inaugural, in which he said: "All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression

in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration, to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity and promote the general welfare, to ensure domestic security, and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, — will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience.” To a friend he said: “My sole ambition is to enjoy the confidence of my countrymen.”

Though trained in the strife and turmoil of political life, he showed so dignified a sense of what belonged to his high position, that even his friends marvelled. The obnoxious collector of New York was, to his own astonishment, undisturbed. There was nothing indiscreet or aggressive in the administration to rouse the people, who needed rest from the strain to which they had been subjected, and his wisdom at this crisis has been accounted the greatest of his achievements.

Not even in the days of Buchanan were the domestic affairs of the Executive Mansion conducted upon a scale more befitting to the head of a great nation. The President had a brother in the regular army, and a bevy of married sisters. The youngest, Mrs. McElroy, came to preside over the White House and assist in the social entertainments. Like Mrs. Mad-

ison and Miss Lane, she is of Irish and American blood, which so often produces beautiful women. She has the rare combination of very dark hair and eyes and a most delicate complexion.

She bears a striking personal resemblance to her distinguished brother, and has also his high-bred airs, culture, and æsthetic tastes.

The appropriation for the mansion was spent in alterations and decorations which add much to its attractiveness ; the windows of the dining-room were changed to glass doors leading to the conservatory. The elegance of the state dinners was a theme for the press, and was about all the disaffected could find to carp about. One wrote that there was a "parade of feasting and ostentation, of public display and private junketing such as the Presidential mansion had never known." As a rule, people were pleased that an elegant etiquette was maintained, and that nectar and ambrosia were served to the nation's guests.

The most memorable event of the administration was the centennial celebration of the surrender at Yorktown. Delicate management was exercised to please the Germans and yet give no offence to the French. With President Arthur's great native dignity, he had the happy faculty of always doing the graceful thing. At the close of the celebration, where French, Germans, and Americans had fraternized and enthused over the glorious past, he directed

that a salute be fired in honor of the British flag, "in recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in the trust and confidence of peace and good will between the two countries for all the centuries to come, and especially as a mark of the profound respect entertained by the American people for the illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sits upon the British throne."

In Arthur's administration, a bill was passed for the distribution of the Geneva award, another, for returning convicts sent to our shores, and the importation of contract labor was forbidden. Postage was reduced, and the tax upon matches, checks, and drafts removed.

The beautifying and the improvements of the city, so magnificently begun by General Grant, were steadily carried forward.

The entire administration was so conservative, so dignified, that it commanded confidence, and gave an impetus to all business interests.

In the summer of 1883, President Arthur joined the Villard excursion party to drive the silver spike. Dr. Paul Lindau, the famous foreign journalist, was also one of the party, and sent the following description to the *National Zeitung* of Berlin: "President Arthur makes a good and distinguished impression. He possesses a broad, not high, but well-made fore-

head, a little stumpy nose, wears his mustache and side whiskers cropped short, and his chin smooth-shaven. His eyes are not very large, but unusually animated and of very sympathetic expression. His figure is tall and elastic, his carriage faultless. He dresses with great care, even with a certain amount of coquetry. He looks more like an Englishman of noble birth than an American."

After an administration so deservedly popular, it was expected that General Arthur would be the Republican nominee in the presidential campaign of 1884, but the party handed the standard to Maine's Plumed Knight; able, eloquent, and magnetic as he is admitted to be, the people distrusted him, and he brought upon the party the first defeat to which it had succumbed for nearly a quarter of a century.

Upon leaving the Executive Mansion, the tact, graciousness, and superb elegance of Mrs. McElroy's social sway was recognized in a markedly complimentary manner by Senator and Mrs. Pendleton, who gave a reception which was a very brilliant affair, even in Washington. The cabinet to go and the cabinet to come, the foreign ministers, officers of the army and navy, senators, representatives, and the *élite* of the capital were all bidden, and all came to do honor to the lady who for four seasons had right royally entertained and led society. The retirement of no lady since Miss Lane had caused so much regret.

It has been the ambition of every President, save Washington, who always stands alone, to serve a second term, more particularly of those who have been raised to the high position by death. General Arthur acted in his usual dignified manner, returned to his home and resumed the practice of his profession, but he was comparatively young, sensitive, and proud; the descent from being one of the greatest potentates upon earth to the simple rank of a private citizen, added to a morbid sensitiveness lest he had not come up to the requirements of his countrymen, destroyed, or rather, sapped, the springs of life; there was nothing for which to strive, no goal to win, — he had touched Ultima Thule. *

Two years from his dethronement, he fell into a lingering illness, which ended in death.

General Arthur's remains were taken to Albany, and in Rural Cemetary, laid beside those of his wife and infant son. His son, Alan, is a graduate of Princeton and is travelling in Europe. Miss Nelly, his daughter, the little maiden so often seen with her cousin flitting about the White House, is still a school-girl, under the care of her aunt, Mrs. McElroy.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

IN 1885, a new era dawned upon the United States government. For nearly a quarter of a century the Republicans had been in power, and had settled affairs pretty much in their own way. Big steals, even the stealing of the Presidency, and all sorts of lesser frauds and corruptions had been charged upon them. No one doubted that their opponents had a broad foundation for their accusations, yet, the government had somehow pulled through, and we were not only a great nation still, but growing greater. If politicians do wrong, they never come to the confessional, and the accused boldly retaliated by saying the Union had gone to pieces when a Democrat guided the ship of state, and they had restored it.

If history were repeating itself by restoring a Democrat to power, so it was in bringing another bachelor as master into the Executive Mansion. The new President had made such a flourish in reforming abuses as Mayor of Buffalo, and again upon a more stupendous scale as Governor of New York, that upon his nomination to the office of Chief Magistrate of these United States, we didn't have to ask: *Who is*

Grover Cleveland? That was one point in his favor. It is all very well for a man to be a cock-fighter and horse-jockey, to live in a log cabin, to split rails, and trot round barefoot, to sew on buttons or to tread the towpath, and, after, rise to the Presidency. American people honor such with all their souls — admit they were born great, which is so much better than having greatness thrust upon one; yet, there is something in human nature, call it by what name you will, which, with other things being equal, makes one more ready to doff the hat to one who is well-born and well-bred, one whose forebears held the rank of gentlemen.

When we have pen pictures of the Presidents, we are proud of the dignity of Washington, of his aristocratic ways; of the courtliness of Buchanan; of the elegance of Van Buren and of Arthur. There is a sort of pathos in the admiration which the manners of the former roused in the great Lincoln; born awkward, trained in, and used only to rough western manners, he exclaimed: "Why, he is enough to charm the birds from the trees!"

In the earlier days of the Republic, the clergy exacted and received reverence; either we, as a people, have less reverence, or they have developed so many who keep busy with affairs outside the Master's business, to which they are consecrated, that they have somewhat gone down in the scale; yet,

with all this falling off, both in people and ministers, such aristocracy as we admit of, they belong to.

Grover Cleveland, like Arthur, is the son of a clergyman. His family have been steeped in the ministry back to the days when the first came from England, which was nearly two centuries before our President was born. They have been a shifty race in their faith, or rather creeds. Dr. Aaron Cleveland came as a minister of the established Church of England, was a friend of Franklin, was nursed in his house through a lingering illness, and died there. Franklin wrote his obituary, which stated, among many good things, that he was indefatigable in his calling. Each successive generation has turned out ministers, the earlier ones joined the ranks of the Congregationalists, the present has veered round to the Presbyterians. A city missionary of Boston, so well known as Father Cleveland, whose life nearly rounded out a century, was a great-uncle of the President. His daughter married Dr. Cox, a distinguished clergyman of New York city, which brought that branch of the family back to the Episcopal Church, and their son became bishop of Western New York. The President's father married an Irish girl, which intermixture of races so often produces beautiful women and remarkable men.

Country ministers and poverty, or rather lack of worldly wealth, usually go hand in hand, and this

family was no exception, but the poor man's blessing was showered upon it and nine little ones clustered about the domestic hearth of the parsonage. The eldest embraced the family calling, and has a parish in a New York country village; a daughter married a minister, and the pair are missionaries in Ceylon.

The husband and father of the family suddenly died, when Grover Cleveland was sixteen. No hope of college life now; henceforth he must make his own way, and help the others make theirs. For a year he was a bookkeeper in New York City. At sixteen, without means, he had broader views of life than a clerkship. The great West seemed to be the field to make one's fortune, and he had plenty of energy and pluck. Cleveland, Ohio, was almost the extreme limit of civilization; borrowing twenty-five dollars from a friend of his father, he fixed upon that little, rising city as his goal. Going by the way of Buffalo, he visited an uncle, and unfolded his plans, which were to culminate in a profession; law rather than divinity was the bent of his mind. The uncle was intent on some literary work, in which he saw the boy had calibre enough to assist. He promised him help in his chosen career, and induced him to go no farther.

At twenty-two, he was admitted to the bar. Clients were coming, and success was dawning,

when the South made its grand fiasco. His mother had three sons ; no widow was asked to give all her sons ; none asked for an only son. In a family conclave, it was amicably settled that the young lawyer should be the one to abide at home ; maybe, because he could be of more material help than his brothers. When the call came for "three hundred thousand more," he didn't stand upon his rights as being the widow's stay, but hired a substitute, for which he had to borrow the money.

His firmness, straightforward uprightness, and reform flourishes as mayor and governor, pointed him out as one to whom it would be safe to give a wider field for his peculiar talents ; thus he rose to the Presidency. Men of his party settled down in the faith that honesty, not on Franklin's policy plan, but because it is right, was to be maintained. *This* did not matter to the fashionable society class of the capital, who were all agog as to what was to be the *régime* of the White House. Arthur had carried it on in a manner so agreeable and befitting — by gracious ways and courtly manners had kept up such a flutter of excitement in the bosoms of mammas with daughters, maidens, widows, and spinsters, that they were ready to look askance upon this man, who shunned women, and was intent only upon business — had won his way to fame and greatness by putting a veto stamp on steals and swin-

dles. It didn't sound interesting, and looked as if the White House were to be made over to the men.

Each inauguration becomes more imposing than the one which had gone before, and each one is attended by a larger number of people; but in these days of hotel palaces, the beds are equal to the heads. General Arthur escorted the President-elect in his own carriage.

The passing by the Senate, the signing by the President, and the announcing to the assembled multitude that the great soldier lying, dying, at Mount MacGregor was again a general in the army, was received with tumultuous cheers, and formed the most dramatic incident of the day; it was gracefully timed by General Arthur.

It was a mild spring day and the sun shone brightly as Mr. Cleveland stepped to his place and, almost without notes, delivered his inaugural in clear, ringing tones. For the taking of his oath, he had brought a little, time-worn Bible, which had been given him by his mother. In his solemn earnestness to preserve the Constitution, so help him God, he had a reverent, superstitious feeling that if his oath were taken upon that book, he couldn't swerve from the right.

His brother and sisters were present, and when a lady asked one how she preserved her composure, she said she conjugated a Greek verb; well, any one

who has tried to do that thing, can testify that it will crush emotion, as to do it successfully one must attend strictly to business.

It was soon learned that Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, of Greek verb fame, the youngest of the nine Holland Patent Clevelands, a teacher, lecturer, and an authoress, was to preside over the hospitalities of the White House.

Her life had been too serious and practical to fit her for the fashionable vortex of the capital, but she is a lady, has strong individuality, good conversational powers, and is far from being commonplace. She took care to keep up the *cuisine*, the floral decorations, and the entertainments. She held weekly receptions and gave frequent lunch parties, at which under her lead, there was much brilliant talk and sparkling wit.

The temperance people thought to run the house *à la* Mrs. Hayes. They laid their first parallel, but were met by such quiet dignity, they never began a second. At her own lunches no wine was served, but for her brother's guests she had too much good sense to interfere or he had too much to allow it; not knowing their domestic status, we will say that it was the good sense and the good taste of both to conform to society usages in the Executive Mansion.

Miss Cleveland knew what the public did not know — knew that her own reign was to be short —

that a young girl in Europe, "the sweetest in the world," she called her, was coming to reign as legitimate mistress over the White House.

In the years gone by, when the President had been only a city lawyer, he had had a partner who was a genial, generous, whole-souled, companionable man, and his handsome wife had charming manners. Many an hour had the President whiled away in their hospitable home. There was a blue-eyed, vivacious little daughter who often climbed upon his knee, and called him Uncle Cleve, — to-day she calls him Mr. President.

At a time when mother and child were away on a visit, Mr. Folsom met with a fatal accident. The tender and sympathetic nature of the President made him assiduous in his attentions to lighten the affliction and attend to their interests.

The girl had been taught in Madame Brecker's kindergarten, the Central School, Buffalo, and afterwards went to the High School at Medina, where her mother had gone upon the death of her husband.

The President had dropped Stephen from his name because it was too long, and this school-girl had added Clara (not exactly euphonistic) to hers, because it was too short and, being entered upon the school records as Frank, often got transferred into the boys' list. She entered the Sophomore class of Wells College upon the merits of her school

certificates. Every week came a hamper of flowers from the gubernatorial mansion at Albany, and upon her graduation, from the conservatories of the White House.

The interest and fondness of the President for the beautiful Miss Folsom was well known. She stood with her mother in the group behind him on the day he was officially notified of his nomination; the two also spent a few days at the Executive Mansion after the inauguration. It seems as if the social world were a little stupid in interpreting the signs of the times, but when a man lives nearly half a century without wedding, he almost rises beyond the suspicion of matrimonial intent.

The first rumor of the real state of things was by a telegram sent from Washington the evening Miss Folsom was about to sail for Europe. It was not so ambiguously worded but what it could be seen that it was indited by the little god. The unlucky wight of an operator had a mania for autographs, and was in the habit of cutting off names and preserving the messages. This one was so fraught with interest, that, under the promises of never telling; he showed it to his wife and landlady. Afterwards, the two women quarrelled, as women who live together, sometimes will. The operator and wife sought another home. In the bosom of the landlady burned not only anger, but the meaner passion—

revenge. She went to the telegraph office and told the story she had promised to keep. Secrecy is the strict rule of the company, and the man was discharged. The story got into the newspapers and caused a ripple of excitement, but the lady was gone and there was nothing to keep it alive. It was soon looked upon as a canard invented by a reporter to make himself interesting.

Now and then came a rumor from Paris that there was a beautiful trousseau preparing for Miss Folsom, and that it was to be worn in the White House. If she were the *fiancée* of the President, Minister McLane thought it incumbent upon him to do her honor, but the girl wouldn't be lionized in advance, and only went about in a quiet way to see sights and do her dainty shopping.

In May she sailed for America. Rumors had thickened as to the President's intentions, and when the steamer was due, his private secretary, Colonel Lamont, came and outwitted the newspaper men by quietly taking the party on board a little steamer held in readiness for the purpose.

Memorial Day followed, and the President went to New York, ostensibly, to listen to dirges; well, the dirges weren't neglected, but there seemed to be marriage bells tinkling in the air. Once, Gilmore's Band played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, another struck up "We've got him on the list," and

a third, "For he's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum." It was seen that the waving of a little handkerchief took the solemnity inspired by the work in hand, from the President's face. Yet, there was an air of secrecy which hardly seemed befitting in the marriage of the Chief Magistrate of these United States. Even on Memorial Day, Dr. Sunderland who performed the ceremony doubted if there were to be a wedding. Well, the President could explain.

Miss Folsom had a grandfather at Folsomdale whom she called Papa John, who was to give away the bride or do whatever Presbyterians do, when one of their women joins another clan.

While she was crossing the Atlantic, he died; what plans had been formed, were all agley. As the *fiancée* of the President, newspaper men would make life a burden, and it was resolved that there should be an immediate ceremony. With the unconventional ideas of a young girl, who is always supreme upon the matter of her wedding rites, she decided to plight her troth in the White House, which has added to the Mansion, so crowded with historic interest, its most brilliant annal, made brilliant by the young, beautiful woman who there became a bride.

It was a very private wedding, only the families of the bridal pair, and the Cabinet members, with their wives, being present.

A ring was used, though there had been some question as to the propriety of it. Dissenters are rising above the old prejudice against a symbol or ceremony which was originally introduced by the Catholic Church.

The social world were piqued, and frowned. According to their code, if the lady came as royal brides come to the houses of their lords, nothing but a wedding conducted as royalty would conduct it, could make the coming, seemly.

The people would gladly have rung marriage bells in honor of the pair, and with bared heads strewn roses in their path, as an open barouche wheeled them from the front portico of the Executive Mansion. To defraud them even of this small courtesy, carriages from the south entrance were sent to all points of the compass to cover or conceal their departure.

Mrs. Cleveland's pictures are everywhere, but not one does her justice; the gleam of the eye and the radiant smile are wanting. In repose, you say she is very pretty; if she smile, you say she is beautiful; if she take you by the hand and give you her cordial greeting, you feel for the moment she has given you a piece of her heart, and you are very sure she has won your own.

She has a tall, girlish figure, and there is a girlish delicacy in her pale, transparent skin, touched with a

roseate gleam, her eyes are sapphire blue, fringed with lashes so thick and long they look almost black, and the eyebrows are heavy, delicately arched, very dark, and nearly meet ; the broad, well-formed brow stamps her intellectually, and is shaded by fluffy, abundant waves of chestnut hair ; her lips are full and red, and the artist, Ammi Farnham, declares that she has the most beautiful mouth ever seen.

Don't tell us of the need of royal training to fit the well-born and well-bred American girl for high station ; if our "first lady" had been born in the purple, had come down through centuries of royal descent, she could not bear with greater ease, tact and graceful dignity the burden of social leadership which has fallen upon her.

Once, in company she stood back for an aged lady to pass before her ; the lady said, "The President's wife must precede all others." With a fleeting blush, and pretty deprecating air, she said, "Must I?" and passed on. A man who had a goose all trussed to toss into the Republican oven, sneeringly remarked, if she had been "to the manner born," she would have known *that*, without being told. Natural high breeding, which inspires reverence for age, goes farther than formal, royal etiquette ; only men who kept geese to roast took exception.

If she be, to be compared with the homely, inelegant Queen Charlotte, the prosaic, retiring Queen

Adelaide, the haughty, heavy Queen Victoria, the only English Queens since the States became independent, where will the honors lie? In this she does not stand alone. Lady Washington was born and bred in vice-regal courts, but Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Mrs. Polk, Miss Lane and Mrs. Hayes are a galaxy of fair women of White House fame who could stand *that* test.

Mrs. Cleveland, the youngest among the wives of the presidents, seems the soul of the administration; she has become an integral part of it by her sweet, womanly ways, which subdue even the bitterest political opponents; she has but to show her gracious presence and winsome manners to capture every heart and bridge every pitfall.

It is a comparatively easy thing for a beautiful woman to captivate men, but to please women is quite another thing and requires a different sort of talent, something in which a beautiful face is not the chief factor. The women do admire her grace and beauty, but it is her sincerity, naturalness, and cordialty, that has won their hearts.

One lady, high in the official ranks of the opposition, says she feels dreadfully guilty, as if she were conspiring to increase the lady's popularity by her own open admiration and willing allegiance.

Mrs. Cleveland laughingly turns from politics;

only reproaches wine-bibbers by her own abstinence ; is a religious woman and goes about her duties in a gladsome sort of a way, as if the Master's ways were ways of pleasantness.

The President is not magnetic, but he is said to possess wonderful tact in dealing with politicians ; can refuse those who come for favors and by some indefinable power send them away in good humor. His administration is noted for vetoing the pensions awarded to men who never fired a gun, and to women who never had husbands nor sons, off the pension rolls. The opposition say all these cases involve but a few thousands, and it is not wise to use such strictness. Be the matter small or be it great, the President refuses to bend to congressional pressure — holds to unflinching integrity, and fidelity to his constitutional oath.

The times present nothing which possesses dramatic interest. The Indians and the English are, or have been up in arms, as usual in every administration. This time it was the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in Indian Territory, who complained that they were encroached upon and crowded from their homes by the cattle-herders. The President gave their case thorough investigation, which ended in ordering away the cattle-herders. They pleaded in vain, and then declared obedience in the prescribed time was physically impossible. It is no

easier to deal with Cleveland than it used to be with Jackson when he believed himself to be in the right, though the former may not be so fond of hanging or of making so much bluster as Old Hickory. The presence of General Sheridan and United States troops made impossible things look easy to the herders. The result is that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are in full possession of all that belongs to them.

The English difficulty is the fisheries in the north-east, which is as old as the independence of the country, and for which Webster once almost traded off Oregon.

To settle it there has been a treaty on the *tapis*. Both sides claimed it gave them less than their rights, which led people to hope honors were easy, but Congress decided the highest honors were given to the English, which would snatch away ours, and they would have none of it.

If it be right for individuals to do as they would be done by—the President takes the ground that nations should do as they are done to; if the Canadians won't give as well as take, and do it fairly, a gulf is to open between us.

The Canadians claim the Treaty of 1818 gave us some good things to which we hold fast, and they won't abate a jot of their demands. This has raised a war-cloud as big as a man's hand, but it is to be hoped

nineteenth-century Christians can dwarf its growth, and in time puff it away.

Mr. Cleveland has entered upon the fourth year of his administration, and is the nominee of his party for a second term. There are no exciting issues, as in the *ante-bellum* days. The chief difficulty of the government is an overflowing treasury, which requires a revision of the tariff, and this is the hinge upon which the campaign is to turn.

The Republicans tell us, if the Democrats remain in power, we shall have free wool—deal England all our trump cards and financially ruin our own people; they promise, that if they may guide the ship of state, there shall be free whiskey and the status of every poor man shall be made better. This has a pleasant ring, but the Democrats come to the front and deny their statements *in toto* and tell us their fair promises are dishonest tricks to blind the ignorant and inveigle voters; they promise on their part, that if they may remain in power, we shall dress better, have more things for less money, but do insist we shall pay squarely for our whiskey

There is a third party, whose Rozinante is groomed to run a quixotic tilt against whiskey. They promise, if the people will elect their candidate, to prohibit all intoxicating drinks and save them in spite of themselves.

The women's party in the field won't count, unless they take Mrs. Cleveland for their candidate, — then!

Her popularity makes her the most potent factor in the administration which the Republicans have to face and fight against.

After the President had been renominated in the St. Louis Convention, the mention of her name elicited such rounds of applause that men lost their heads, just as Adam did once, and for a time it looked as if the Old Roman must fold his bandanna, and pass from the lists.

We may be sure that men will toss their hats and shout *vivas* for the Lady of the White House.

Long may she reign!





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